Treats and Treasures




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Treats and Treasures

Treats



and Treasures

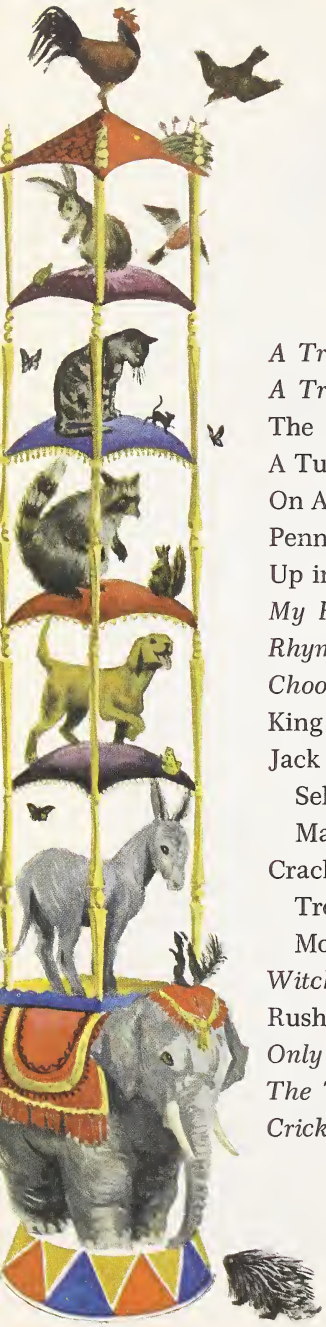
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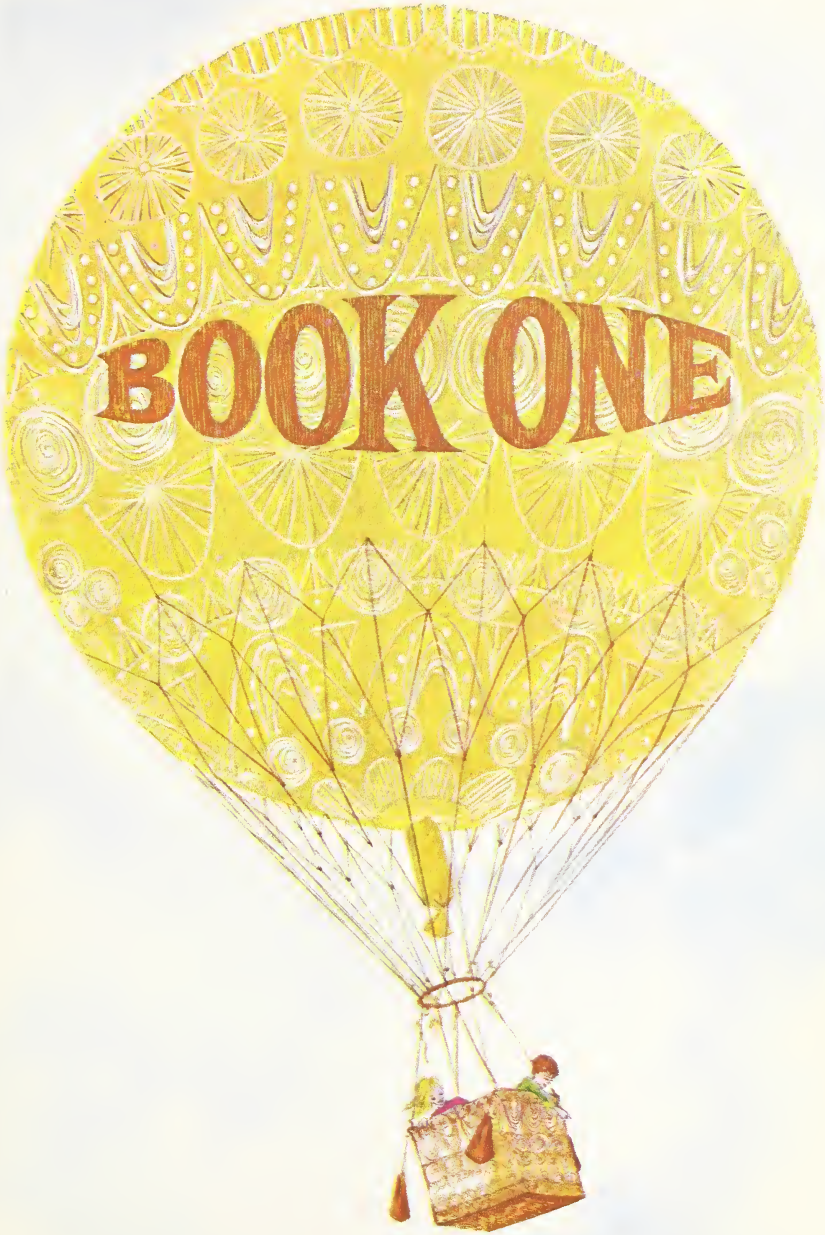
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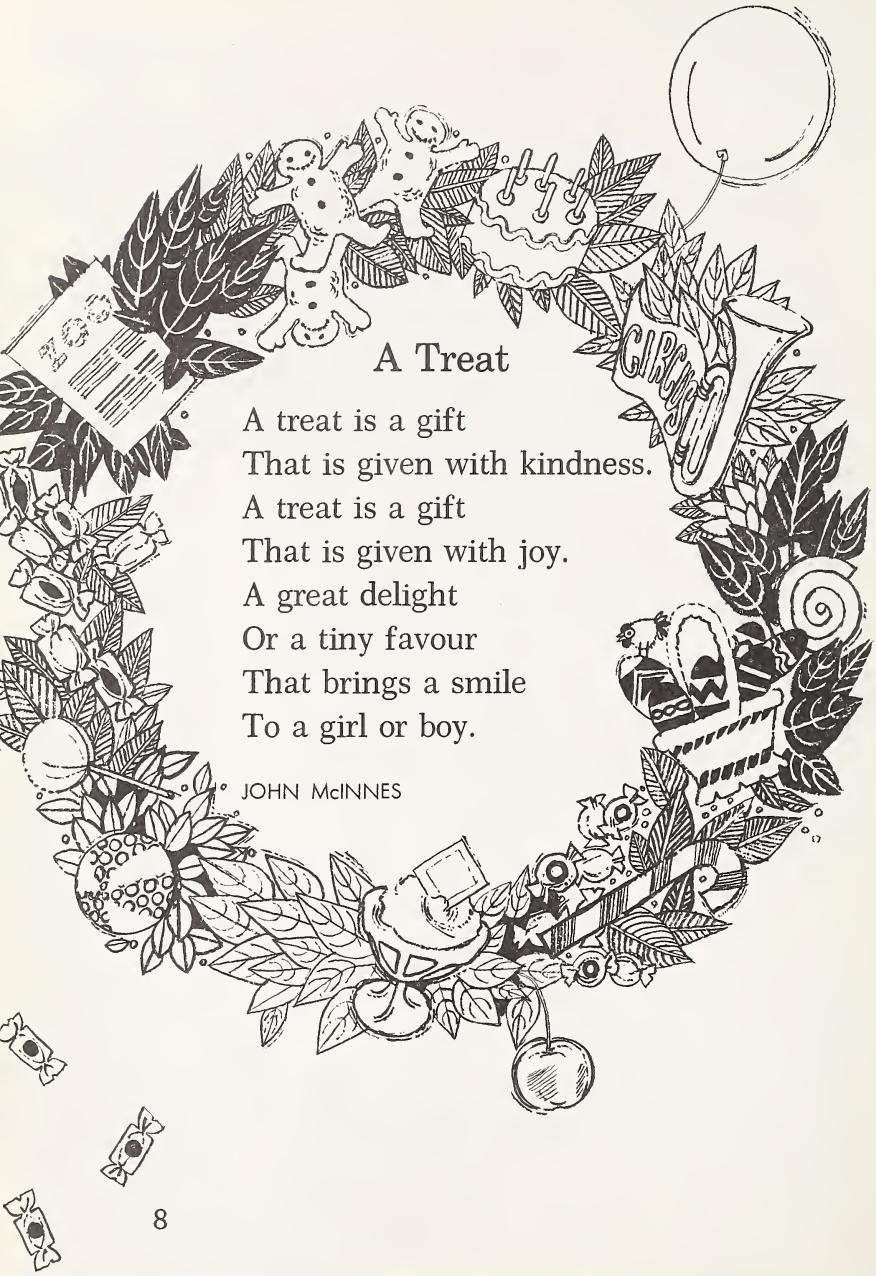
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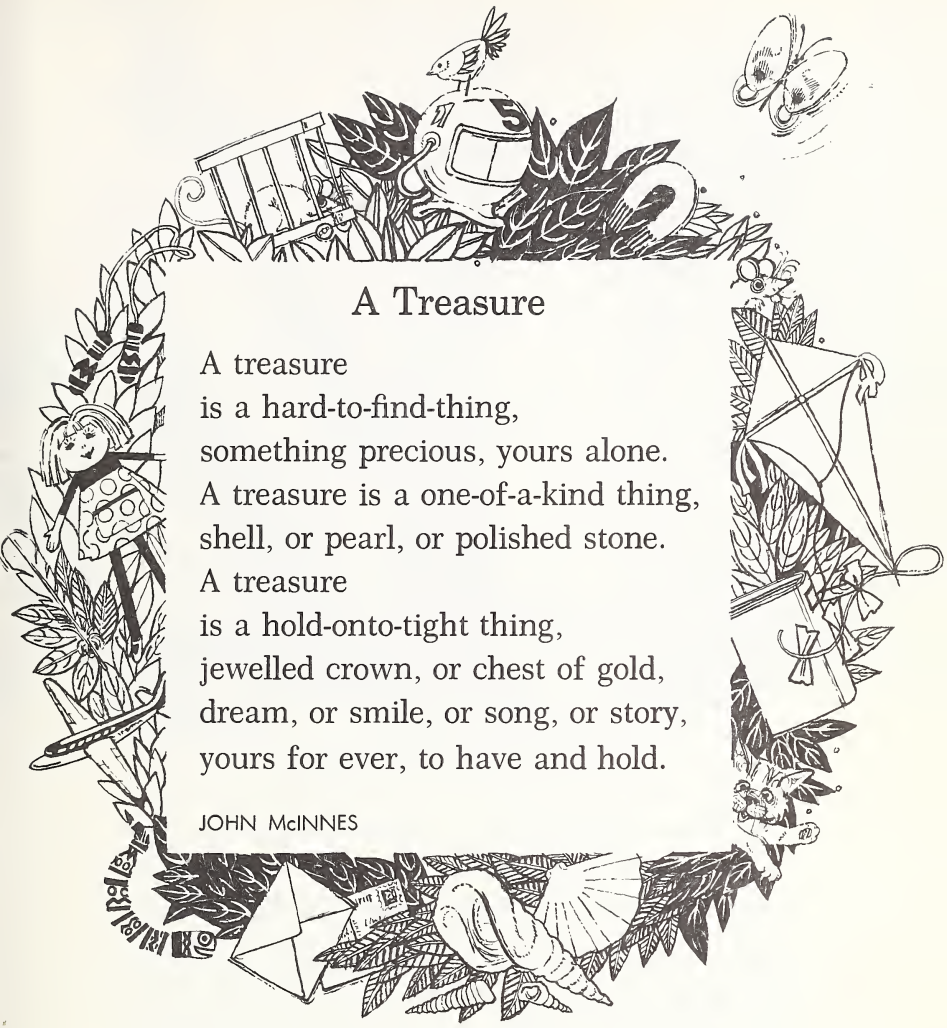

BOOK ONE



A Treat

A treat is a gift
That is given with kindness.
A treat is a gift
That is given with joy.
A great delight
Or a tiny favour
That brings a smile
To a girl or boy.

JOHN McINNES



A Treasure

A treasure
is a hard-to-find-thing,
something precious, yours alone.
A treasure is a one-of-a-kind thing,
shell, or pearl, or polished stone.
A treasure
is a hold-onto-tight thing,
jewelled crown, or chest of gold,
dream, or smile, or song, or story,
yours for ever, to have and hold.

JOHN McINNES



The Tree-house

Bobby Price and his friend, Billy Fair, had made a tree-house in the big tree that grew in Price's back yard. The tree-house had a floor and walls made of wood. It had a door, and windows, and two little rooms. The boys had to climb a rope-ladder to get into the tree-house. They had the ladder fixed so that they could hide it when they were not using it.

The two boys liked to play in the tree-house every Saturday morning. There was always something for them to do away up there in the tree. They wouldn't let any girls climb up into their tree-house, not even Bobby's sisters, Penny and Susan.

One Saturday morning, when the two boys were up in their tree-house, they overheard Penny and Susan talking to some of their friends.

"I know a secret," said Penny.

"Oh, tell us," said one of the girls.

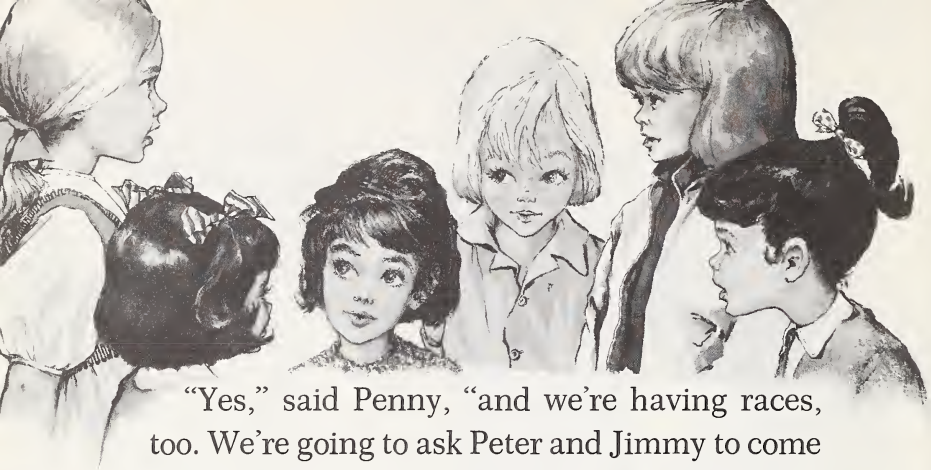
"Will you promise not to tell Bobby and Billy?" asked Penny.

"We never tell secrets to boys," said Judy.

Penny whispered to the girls, "We're going to have a surprise party at our house, and it's going to be fun."

Up in the tree-house, Bobby and Billy looked at each other. They both had heard what Penny had said, and they were curious. They wondered what the girls were planning.

"Are you going to play games?" asked one of the girls.



"Yes," said Penny, "and we're having races, too. We're going to ask Peter and Jimmy to come to our party. Mother said we could ask anyone we wanted."

"Are you going to ask your brother to the party?" asked Judy.

"No," replied Penny. "We're not asking our brother and we're not asking Billy Fair. They won't let us up in their tree-house, so we won't let them come to our party."

Penny and Susan whispered something that the boys couldn't hear. Then all the girls went to play in Penny's sand-box on the other side of the yard.

"I guess they didn't know we were up here," said Bobby.

"Do you think your sisters are going to have a real surprise party?" asked Billy.

"No," said Bobby. "It's going to be make-believe, I'm sure. Penny and Susan are always making up things like that."

"What if it is a real party?" asked Billy.

"What if it is?" said Bobby. "I wouldn't want to go to their party."

"I wonder what your sisters whispered to those girls. Does anyone in your family have a birthday today?" asked Billy.

Bobby thought for a minute. "No one in our family has a birthday today, so it can't be a birthday party," he said.

Just then, the boys heard Mr. Price calling to Penny and Susan. "Are you ready for the birthday party?" he said. "Uncle Jack is coming over to take moving pictures."



"Oh, good!" exclaimed little Susan. "I like having my picture taken."

"Your mother has finished the cake," said Mr. Price, "but you can't see it until this afternoon. I'm going down to the store to buy the ice-cream. I'll see you later. Do you know where your brother is?"

"We haven't seen him all morning," said Penny.

Mr. Price got into the car and backed out of the driveway.

Bobby and Billy knew that the girls had been talking about a real party. They were very curious.

"I wonder whose birthday it can be," said Billy. "Maybe that's what your sisters whispered to the girls."

"I don't know," said Bobby, "and I don't care. I'm glad that we don't have to go. We can play here in the tree-house all afternoon."

"It looks like rain," said Billy.

"If we went to the party we would have to get cleaned up," said Bobby. "We'd have to put on our good clothes."



"It sounds like a good party to me. I'd like some of that ice-cream and cake," said Billy. "Maybe if we asked the girls to come into our tree-house, they would ask us to their party."

"No," said Bobby, in a cross voice. "I'm not letting my sisters or any other girls come up here. This is one place they can't play."

The boys heard Mrs. Price calling, "Come, Penny and Susan," she said. "It's time to come in and get ready. Your friends should go home and get ready, too. Today is the day we're having a turtle for lunch."

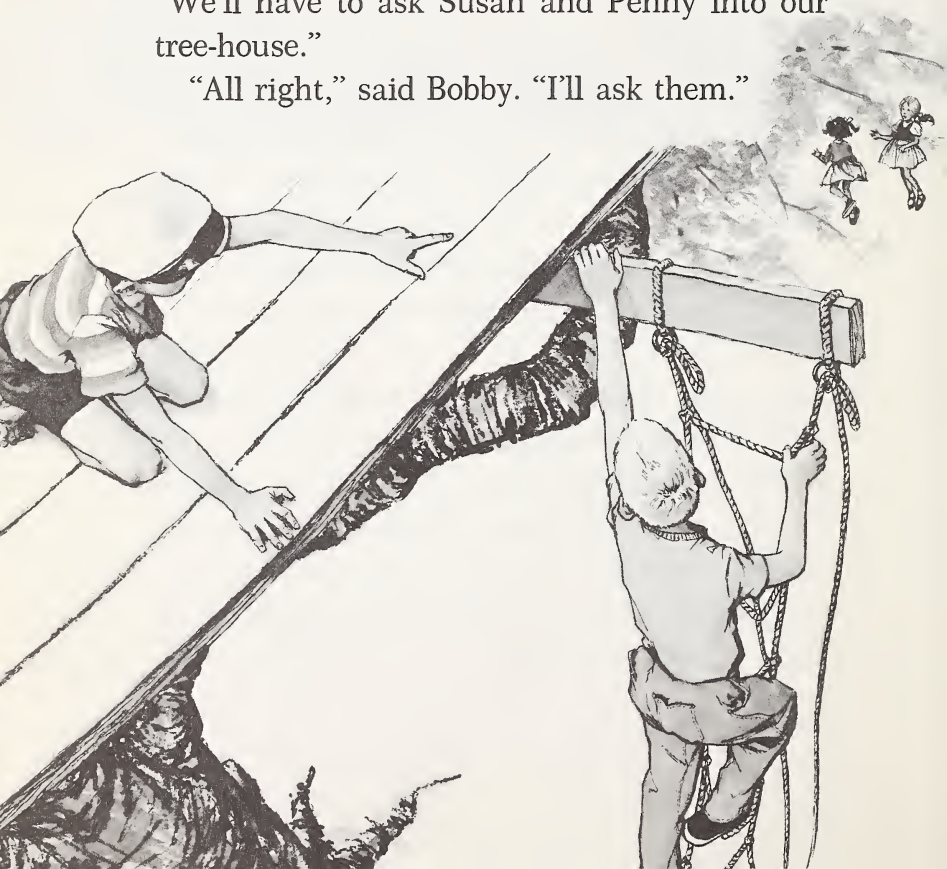
The two boys looked at each other in surprise. Now they were more curious than ever about the party.

"A turtle for lunch!" exclaimed Billy. "I wonder what that's all about."

"I don't know," said Bobby, "but we had better get ourselves asked to that party."

"There's only one way to do that," said Billy. "We'll have to ask Susan and Penny into our tree-house."

"All right," said Bobby. "I'll ask them."



Bobby climbed down the ladder as fast as he could and ran across the yard after his sisters. "Penny! Susan!" he called. "Wait a minute! I have something to ask you." The girls stopped and waited for him. "Do you want to come into our tree-house?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Penny. "Will Susan be able to climb up?"

"Billy is up in the tree-house now. We'll both help her," replied her brother.

The boys were very careful with Susan. She was only five, and not used to climbing rope-ladders. The girls were very excited to be in the tree-house. Bobby showed them all the things they had up there. They looked through the look-out, which was an opening in the tree. From it, they could see right into a bird's nest. The boys helped the girls down.

"Thank you, Bobby," said Susan to her brother.

"Thank you, both," said Penny. "Would you like to come to the party we're having?"

"Are you having a party?" asked Billy, as if he didn't know anything about it.

"Yes," said Susan. "There will be a lot of children at the party."

"Well, I guess I could come," said Bobby. "What do you think, Billy?"

"What time will the party begin?" asked Billy.

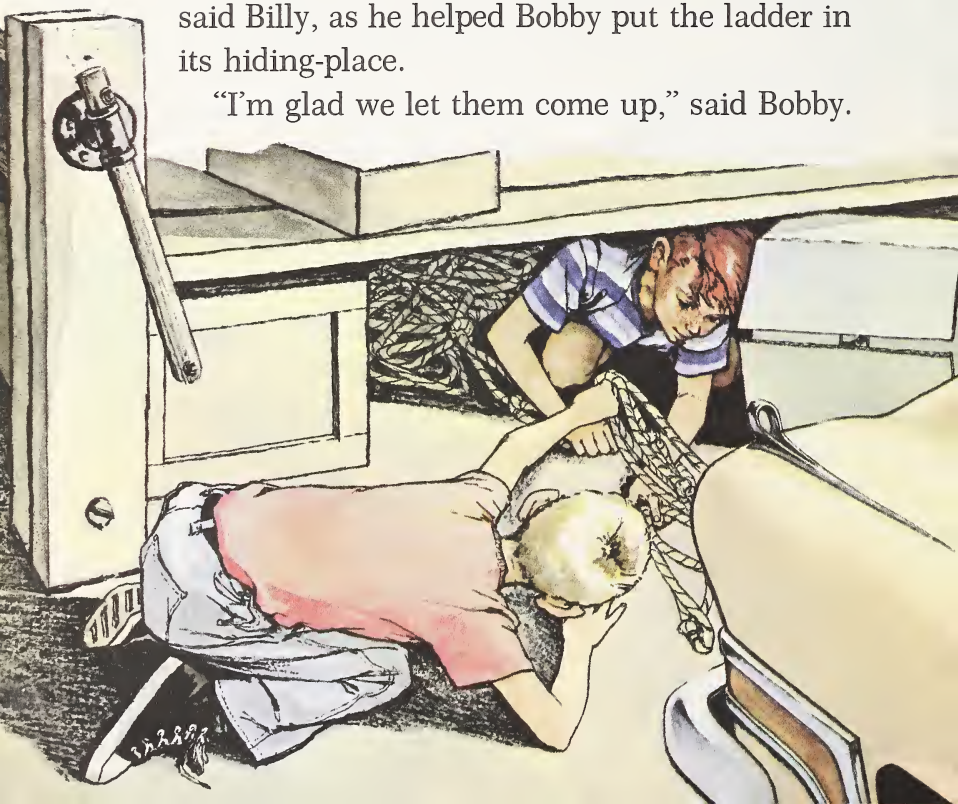
"At twelve o'clock," said Penny.

"We'll be there," said Billy.

The two girls hurried into the house.

"I think your sisters liked our tree-house," said Billy, as he helped Bobby put the ladder in its hiding-place.

"I'm glad we let them come up," said Bobby.





A Turtle for Lunch

It was nearly twelve o'clock and time for the party to begin. Penny and Susan were at the front door waiting for the children to arrive. Bobby met Billy at the side door and took him upstairs to his room. The boys did not want to be the first to arrive at the party. Besides, they wanted to see who was coming.

"I think that my sisters have asked every boy and girl who lives on High Street," said Bobby.

Billy and Bobby noticed that each boy and girl was carrying a box, but the boxes didn't look like birthday gifts.

"What do they have in those boxes?" asked Billy.

"I'd like to know," replied Bobby. "Maybe that's what my sisters were whispering about this morning when we couldn't hear them. Let's go downstairs."

The boys met Mrs. Price in the hall. "Where is everyone?" asked Bobby.

"In the living-room, having a race before lunch," she said.

"A race in the living-room!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Yes," said Mrs. Price. "Take a look."

Bobby and Billy went in. They could hardly believe their eyes. There was a turtle race going on. The children had brought their turtles. Now they were trying to get them to walk across the floor from the fire-place to the television set.

"Come on, Greenlegs," shouted one little boy, but Greenlegs stood still and wouldn't move.

"Oh, no," said a girl to her pet. "Don't pull in your head at a time like this."

"Come on, Sleepyhead," cried Judy as her turtle lay down and wouldn't move another step.

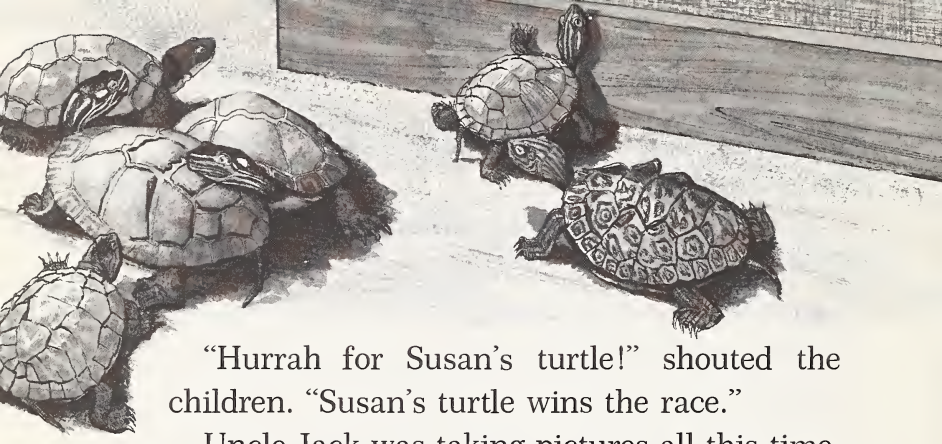
"I don't think Judy's turtle will win the race," said Billy.

The children laughed at the funny things the turtles did. One turtle kept going around in circles. Another kept turning back and going to the fire-place. Still another tried to go out into the hall.

The children were very excited. They shouted, "Come on! Hurry up! Get going!"

Of course the turtles took their time. They didn't know what was going on. At last, the smallest turtle arrived at the television set.





"Hurrah for Susan's turtle!" shouted the children. "Susan's turtle wins the race."

Uncle Jack was taking pictures all this time. Susan was so excited she didn't even notice him.

"I have a prize for you, Susan," he said. "It's something for your turtle."

Susan opened the big box. In it, there was another box. Susan took the paper and string off that box and opened it. Inside was another box, and there was a smaller box in that one. Susan was so excited she had trouble getting the string off the smallest box. When she got it open, she took out a tiny toy duck to put in the turtle's dish. The children laughed.

Bobby said to Billy, "I know now what Susan and Penny were whispering to the girls. They were telling them to bring their turtles to the party."

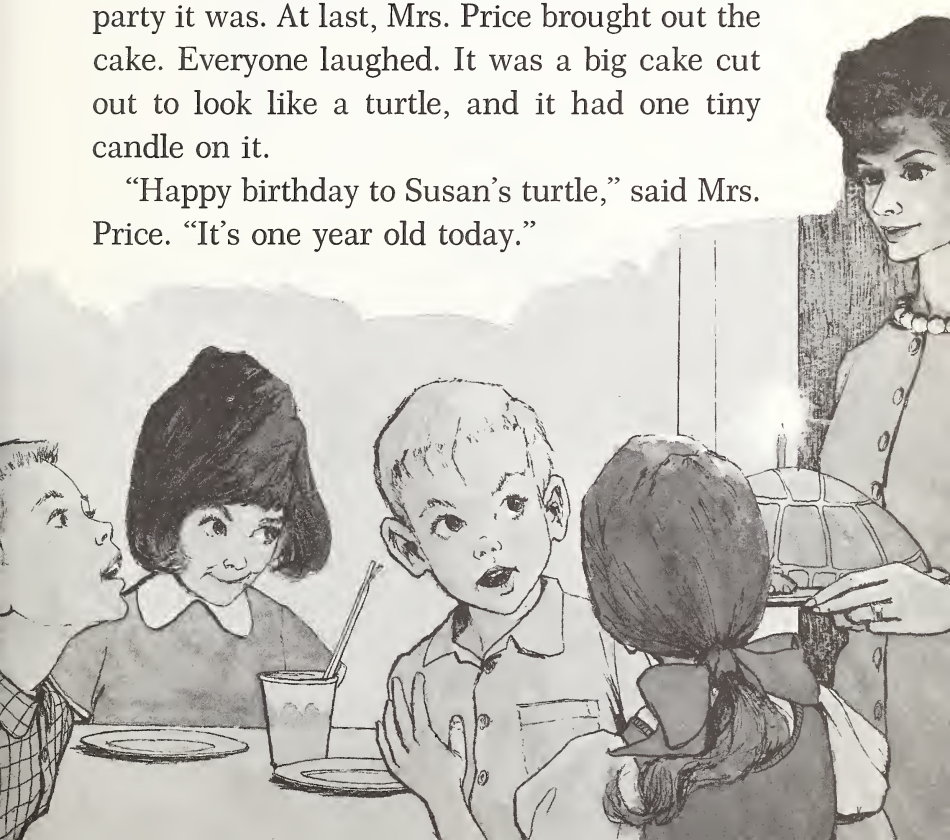
"I guess you're right," laughed Billy. "That was one of their secrets."

"It's time for lunch," called Mrs. Price.

Everyone put his turtle in its own dish. The children left them on the floor in the hall and went into the dining-room. The table was set with lots of good things to eat.

Bobby and Billy were glad they had come to the party. They were still curious about whose party it was. At last, Mrs. Price brought out the cake. Everyone laughed. It was a big cake cut out to look like a turtle, and it had one tiny candle on it.

"Happy birthday to Susan's turtle," said Mrs. Price. "It's one year old today."



The children sang Happy Birthday. They could hardly sing for laughing when they came to the part,

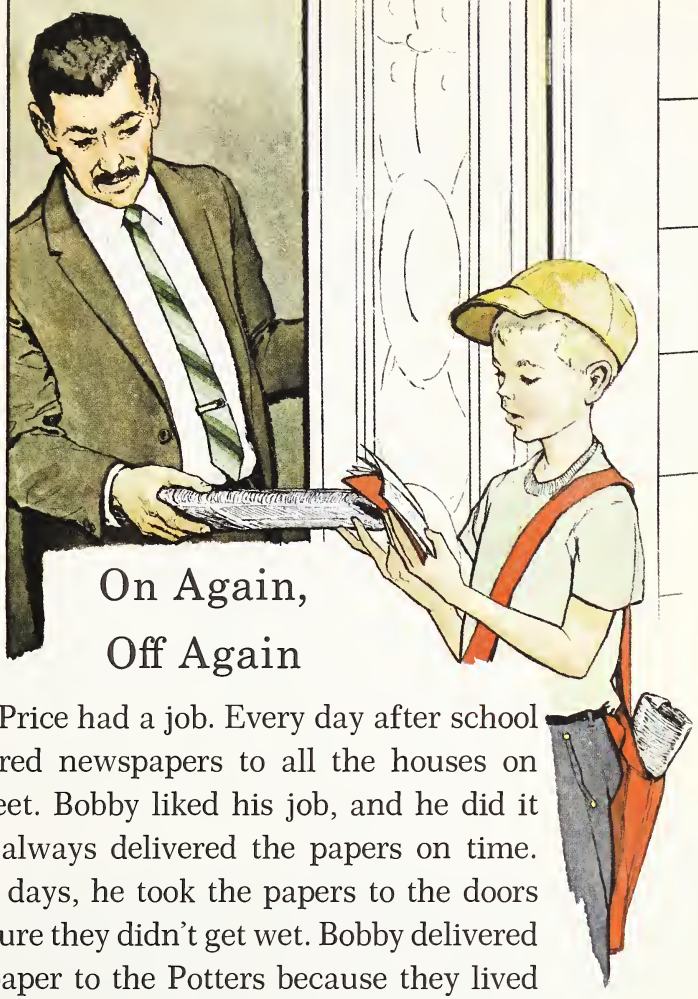
"Happy Birthday, dear turtle,
Happy Birthday to you!"

Susan blew out the candle.

"Well," said Billy to Bobby, as they sat at the dining-room table, "I guess we know all the secrets now. We know what was in the boxes the children were carrying. We know whose birthday it is."

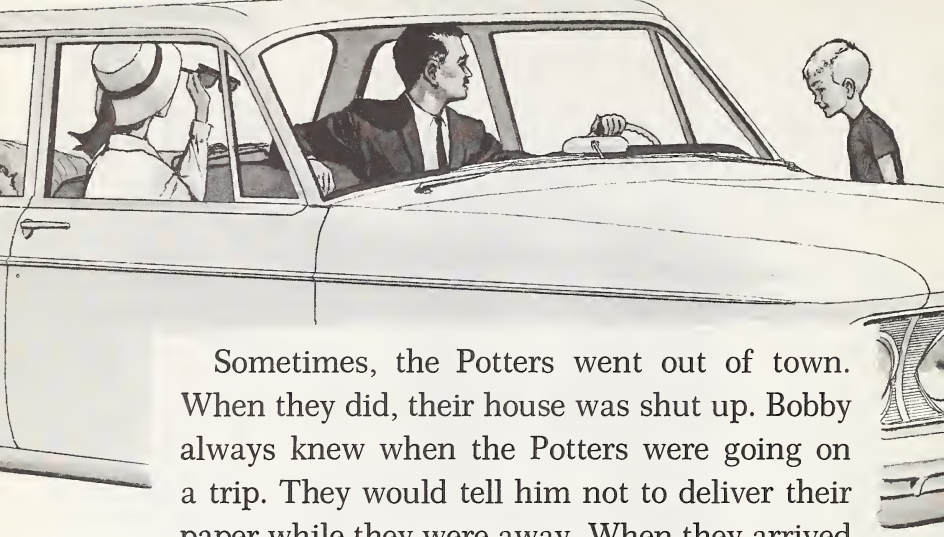
Bobby laughed. "And we know why my mother said that there was going to be a turtle for lunch."





On Again, Off Again

Bobby Price had a job. Every day after school he delivered newspapers to all the houses on High Street. Bobby liked his job, and he did it well. He always delivered the papers on time. On rainy days, he took the papers to the doors to make sure they didn't get wet. Bobby delivered his last paper to the Potters because they lived next door to him. Sometimes, Mr. and Mrs. Potter asked Bobby to come in and visit them. The Potters' house was big and old, and full of interesting things.



Sometimes, the Potters went out of town. When they did, their house was shut up. Bobby always knew when the Potters were going on a trip. They would tell him not to deliver their paper while they were away. When they arrived back, they would call him up and he would begin bringing the paper again.

Bobby knew where the Potters went. Mr. Potter's work took him to the islands in Silver Lake. There, he visited the Indians and worked with them. Mrs. Potter went along because she was interested in the Indian children. Sometimes, the Potters would bring Bobby a gift made by the Indians.

One day, Bobby noticed Mr. Potter carrying a lot of things out to the car. He knew that the Potters must be going away on a long trip. When Mrs. Potter called Bobby over, she told him not to deliver the paper for three weeks.

As they left, Mr. Potter said, "Look after our house for us, Bobby, while we are away. Don't let anyone run away with it."

Bobby laughed and replied, "I'll watch it."

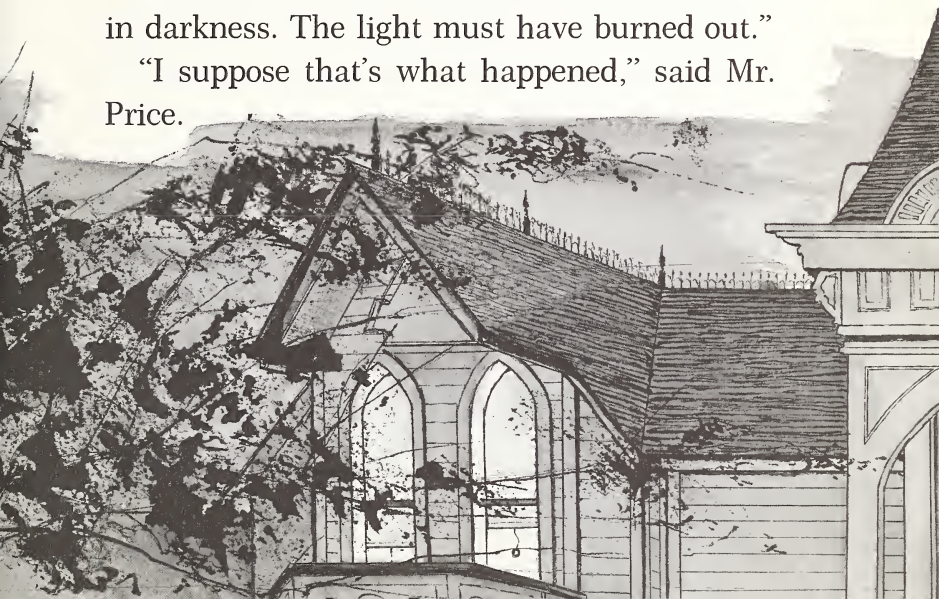
As Bobby was getting into bed that night, he looked out of the window. He was surprised to see a light in the Potters' house.

"The Potters must have forgotten to turn off that light," he said to himself. "It will be on for three weeks if it doesn't burn out."

The next morning at breakfast, Bobby told his mother about the light.

"That's funny," said Mrs. Price. "It was nearly twelve o'clock when I went to bed last night. I looked over at the Potters' house, but it was all in darkness. The light must have burned out."

"I suppose that's what happened," said Mr. Price.



"Maybe the Potters have come back," said Penny.

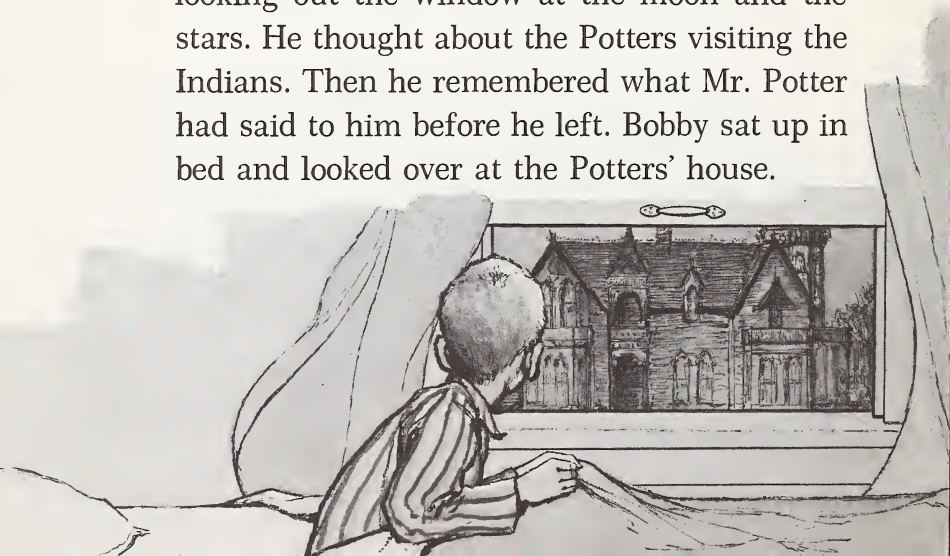
"I hope they have," said Susan. "I like Mr. Potter."

"When the Potters left yesterday, they said they'd be gone for three weeks," said Bobby. "If they've come back, they'll call to tell me to deliver the paper." He picked up his books and went off to school.

That night, as Bobby was getting ready for bed, he looked out the window at the house next door. It was all in darkness.

"I suppose the light did burn out," he said. He got into bed and pulled up the covers.

Bobby didn't go to sleep at once. He lay in bed looking out the window at the moon and the stars. He thought about the Potters visiting the Indians. Then he remembered what Mr. Potter had said to him before he left. Bobby sat up in bed and looked over at the Potters' house.



Suddenly, a light went on in one of the windows. It was the light that had been on the night before. Bobby was frightened. Now he knew there must be somebody in the Potters' house. He jumped out of bed, and put on his slippers and bathrobe.

"Dad, Dad!" he called as he ran downstairs. "Come up to my room. I want you to see something. I think there's somebody in the house next door."

"What makes you think that?" asked his father.

"A light just went on!" exclaimed Bobby.

Mr. Price hurried upstairs with Bobby. By the time they got to Bobby's room, the light in the Potters' house had gone out.

"Your eyes have been playing tricks on you," said his dad. "Maybe you've been watching too much television. Suppose you forget about the Potters' house and go to sleep."

"I'm sure I saw a light," said Bobby, "and I know the Potters are away."

"Maybe they have come back early," said Mr. Price. "Don't worry about it. Go to sleep."

Bobby got into bed and tried to sleep, but he couldn't. As he lay there he kept thinking about the light in the window. At last he got up and looked at the old house. When he did, he saw a light downstairs. As he watched, a shadow moved across the window-blind. Bobby knew that somebody was walking around.

He went back to bed. He could not help worrying, but he thought it would be best not to call his mother or father.

Next morning, Bobby said nothing to his family about the shadow he had seen on the blind in the Potters' house.

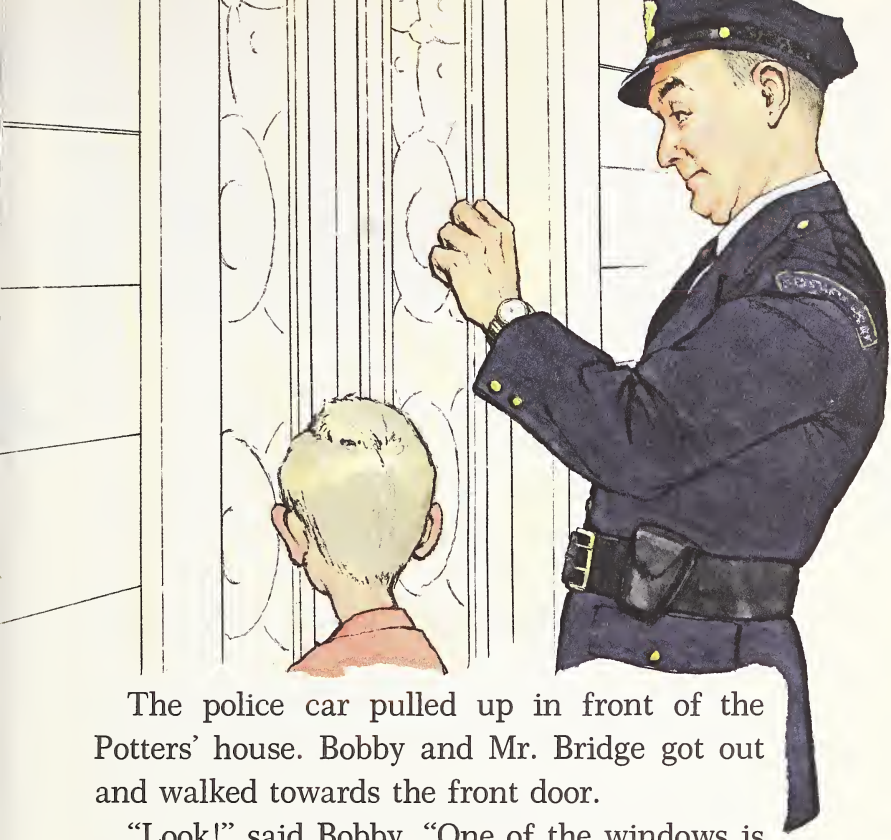
On his way to school, he went to see Mr. Bridge, the policeman.

"Good morning, Bobby," said Mr. Bridge. "Is there something the matter?"

"Yes," said Bobby. "I think somebody was in the Potters' house late last night and the night before." Bobby told Mr. Bridge about what he had seen.

"Maybe you and I should drive over there and see what's going on," said Mr. Bridge.

"All right," said Bobby, "I have time."

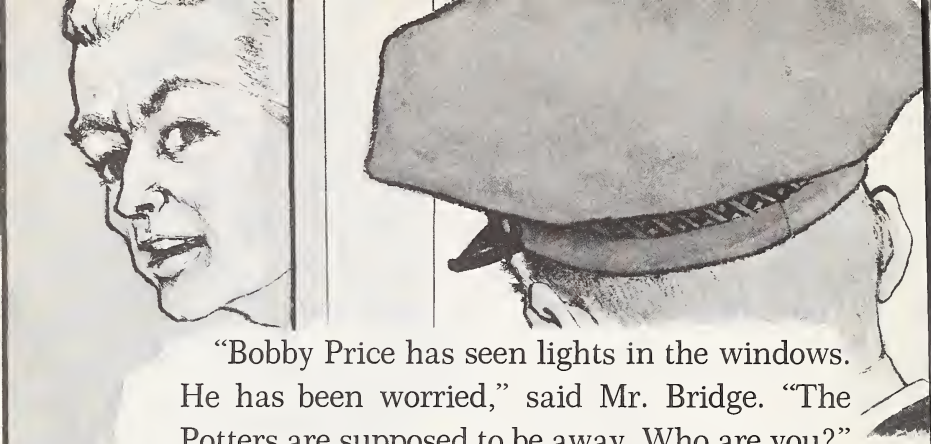


The police car pulled up in front of the Potters' house. Bobby and Mr. Bridge got out and walked towards the front door.

"Look!" said Bobby. "One of the windows is open. Maybe that's how somebody got into the house."

The policeman knocked and knocked on the door. At last, they heard somebody coming downstairs. A young man in his bathrobe and slippers opened the door.

"Hello," he said. "What do you want?"



"Bobby Price has seen lights in the windows. He has been worried," said Mr. Bridge. "The Potters are supposed to be away. Who are you?"

The young man smiled. "I'm Mrs. Potter's brother," he said. "I'm staying here while they're gone."

"I see," said Mr. Bridge. "Then everything is all right."

"The light is on late in the evening because I work at night," said the young man. "You see, I go out to work at twelve o'clock and come home at seven in the morning. I was just getting to sleep when you came along."

"I'm sorry we woke you up," said Bobby. "I'm the paper boy. I knew the Potters had gone away, and wouldn't be back for three weeks. That's why I was worried about the lights."

"I think Bobby did the right thing," said the policeman.

"Yes," said the young man.

"Would you like me to deliver the newspaper today?" asked Bobby.

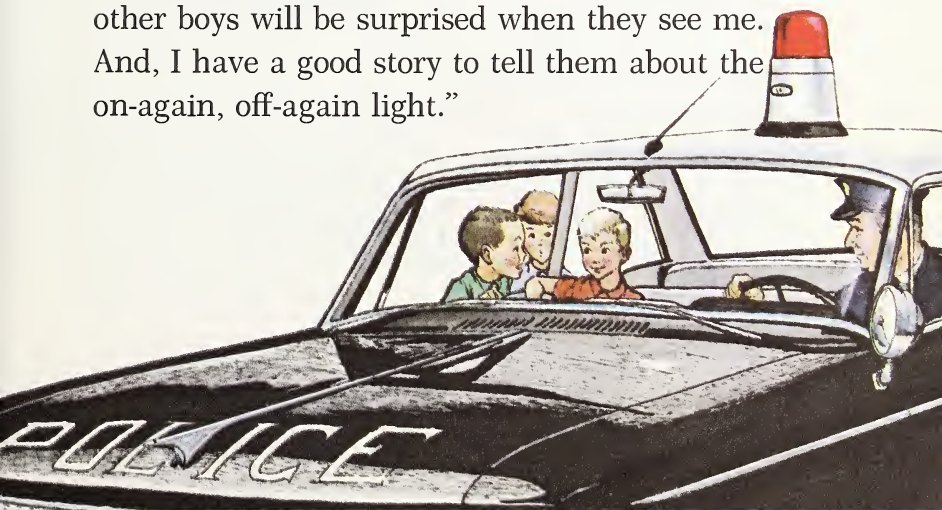
The young man smiled. "You won't need to do that," he said. "I work on the newspaper. I always know what's going to be in the paper before you get it."

"The Potters will be glad to know Bobby is watching their house while they are away," said Mr. Bridge.

"I told them I would," said Bobby. "I guess they forgot to tell me about Mrs. Potter's brother."

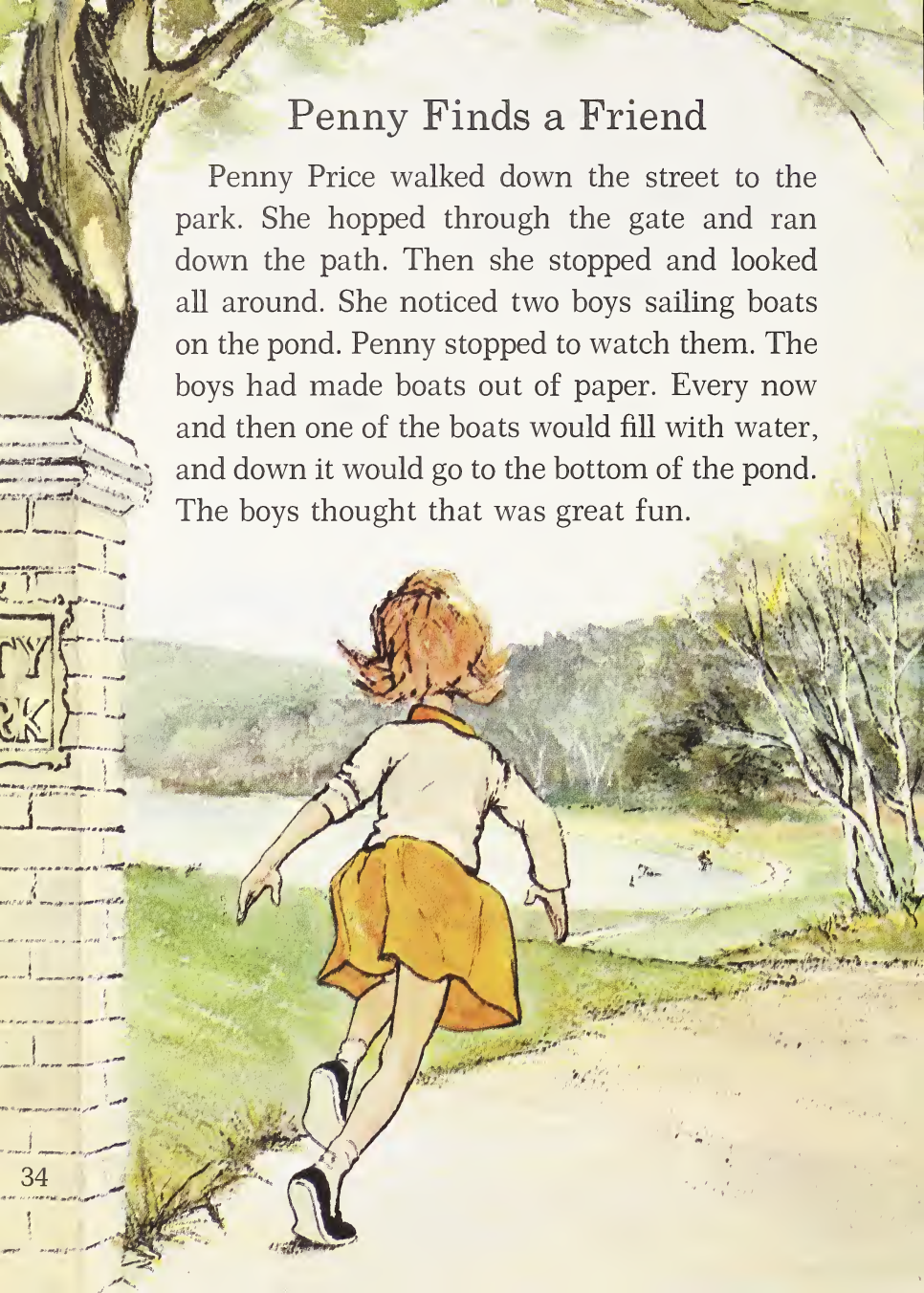
"Now we must get you to school," said Mr. Bridge. "Would you like me to drive you in the police car?"

"Would I!" exclaimed Bobby. "Billy and the other boys will be surprised when they see me. And, I have a good story to tell them about the on-again, off-again light."



Penny Finds a Friend

Penny Price walked down the street to the park. She hopped through the gate and ran down the path. Then she stopped and looked all around. She noticed two boys sailing boats on the pond. Penny stopped to watch them. The boys had made boats out of paper. Every now and then one of the boats would fill with water, and down it would go to the bottom of the pond. The boys thought that was great fun.



"Come and play with us," one of the boys called to Penny.

"No, thank you," said Penny. "I don't want to play with boats today."

After a few minutes, Penny went over to the teeter-totter. There were two girls riding on it. Up and down, up and down, went the teeter-totter.

"Come and play with us," called one of the girls.

"No, thank you," said Penny. "I like riding on the teeter-totter, but that's not what I want to do today."

Penny hurried along to the swings, where a lot of children were playing, but she did not go on the swings. She watched some of her friends taking turns on a slide.

As one of the boys was climbing to the top of the slide, he called, "Come and play with us, Penny." Penny waited until he got to the bottom of the slide.

"No, thank you," she said. "That is not what I want to do today." She sat down on the grass near the slide.

All at once, she saw a girl coming down the path with a skipping-rope in her hand. The girl was wearing a blue dress and red shoes, and she had straight black hair that was cut in bangs. She saw Penny sitting by herself on the grass, and walked over to her.

"Would you like to skip with me?" asked the girl.

Penny jumped up. "Yes, please, I would love to skip with you," she said. "That's the very thing I want to do today."

Penny and her new friend skipped and played together all afternoon.

"I love skipping better than anything else," said Penny's friend.



"So do I," said Penny. "Come to the park tomorrow, and I'll bring my skipping-rope."

"All right," said the girl. "I'll come here after lunch."

Penny and her new friend left the park together. "I go along High Street," said Penny. "Which way do you go?"

"I go the other way," said her friend. "I'll meet you here tomorrow. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Penny called, as she set off along High Street.

The next afternoon, Penny Price walked down the street with her skipping-rope in her hand. She went through the gate into the park. There were boys sailing boats on the pond, and lots of children on the slides and swings and teeter-totters. Penny looked for her friend. Just then, she saw her.

She was wearing a blue dress and red shoes, and she had straight black hair that was cut in bangs. She was carrying a big yellow ball.

"Hello," Penny said. "I brought my skipping-rope today." She held up the rope for her friend to see.

"I don't want to skip," said the other girl. "I want to play catch with my ball. I like that best."

Penny was surprised. "I thought you would like to play with my skipping-rope," she said, "but if you want to, we'll play catch."

The two girls played catch. Then Penny's friend threw the ball high in the air, and Penny ran to get it. She didn't watch where she was going, so she tripped and fell. Her friend ran over to her. "Are you hurt?" she asked.

When Penny got up she saw that there was a large hole in her dress. "I'm not hurt," she said, "but look what I've done to my dress! I've torn it! I'll have to go home and ask my mother to fix it."

Her friend was sorry that she had to leave. "Will you meet me here tomorrow?" she asked.

"Yes, I will," said Penny. "Then we can play catch."

The next day, Penny walked down the street to the park. When she got there, she looked for her friend. She passed the pond, she passed the swings, she passed the teeter-totters, and the slides.



Suddenly, she saw her friend. She was wearing a blue dress and red shoes, and she had straight black hair that was cut in bangs. She was carrying a skipping-rope. "Hello," said Penny. "I thought you didn't like skipping any more."

"I like skipping better than anything else," said the other girl. "Do you want to skip with me?"

Penny was surprised. "You told me yesterday that you liked playing catch best of all," she said.

"I wasn't here yesterday," said the other girl. "I couldn't come to the park, because I had to go to my piano lesson."

"You *were* here yesterday," said Penny. "Don't you remember? We played catch with your ball. My dress got torn when I fell, and I had to go home."

The other girl began to laugh. "Now I know what happened!" she said. "You weren't talking to me at all. Look!" She pointed to somebody who was coming through the park towards them.

Penny looked. She saw another girl wearing a blue dress and red shoes. She had straight black hair cut in bangs. She carried a yellow ball in her hand.

Penny looked at one girl and then at the other. "Now I understand!" she exclaimed. "You are twins, and you look exactly alike. What fun! I have two new friends to play with, when I thought I had only one!"



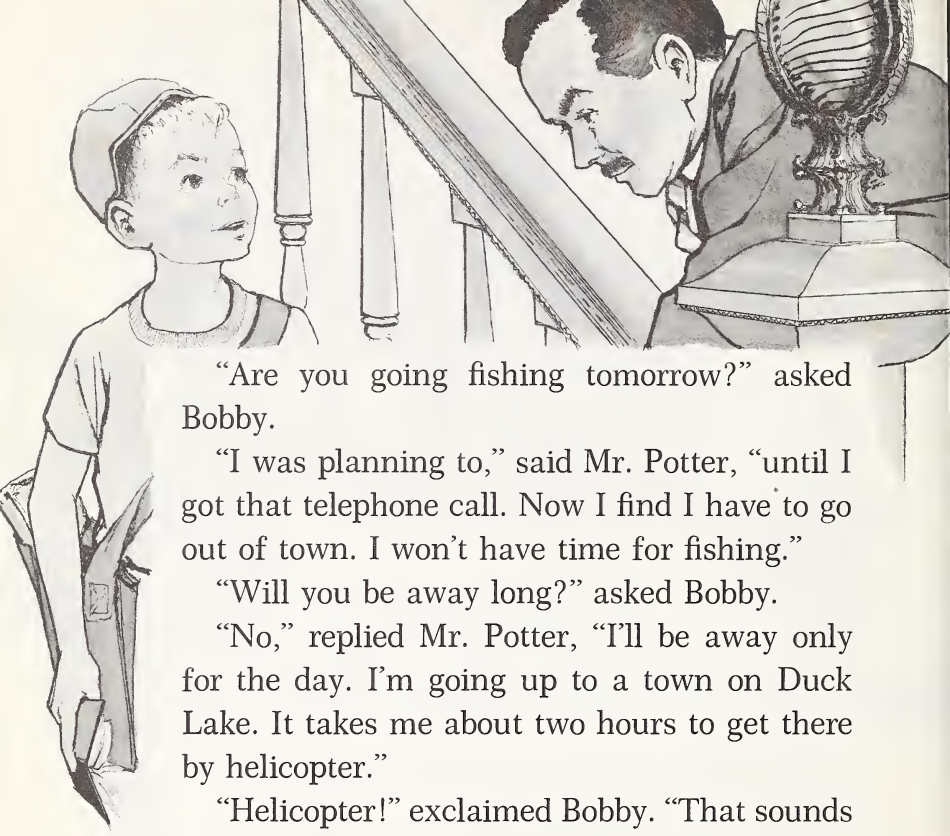
Up in the Air

Friday afternoon was always a busy time for Bobby Price. He had to deliver his papers, and stop at all the houses to get the money for the week.

One Friday, when he knocked at the Potters' door, Mr. Potter answered. Just then, the telephone rang.

"Will you come in and wait for a minute?" asked Mr. Potter. "I must answer the telephone."

Bobby waited in the hall. In a few minutes, Mr. Potter came back and handed him the money.



"Are you going fishing tomorrow?" asked Bobby.

"I was planning to," said Mr. Potter, "until I got that telephone call. Now I find I have to go out of town. I won't have time for fishing."

"Will you be away long?" asked Bobby.

"No," replied Mr. Potter, "I'll be away only for the day. I'm going up to a town on Duck Lake. It takes me about two hours to get there by helicopter."

"Helicopter!" exclaimed Bobby. "That sounds exciting. Do you often fly in a helicopter?"

"Not very often," answered Mr. Potter. "I use a helicopter only when I go to places like Duck Lake. The road from the highway to the town is very rough at this time of year. The only safe way to get there is by helicopter."

"What is it like to ride in a helicopter?" asked Bobby.

"I'm sure you'd think it was fun," said Mr. Potter. "Perhaps some day I could take you with me for a helicopter ride. Do you think your mother and father would let you go?"

"I'm sure they would," said Bobby, "as long as we didn't go too far away."

"I think I could take you up for a short ride tomorrow morning before I go to Duck Lake," said Mr. Potter.

"That would be exciting!" exclaimed Bobby. "Can we really go tomorrow?"

"As long as your mother and father will let you," said Mr. Potter, "and as long as you can be ready very early. We'll have to leave here at seven o'clock."

"I can be ready on time," said Bobby.

He hurried home and told his mother and father what Mr. Potter had said. He asked if he could go for a short ride in a helicopter the next day.

Mrs. Price looked worried. "Are you sure that helicopters are safe?" she asked.

"Don't worry," said Mr. Price. "Helicopters are very safe. I think Bobby should go."

At exactly seven o'clock, Bobby was waiting in front of the Potters' house. Mr. and Mrs. Potter came out. They all climbed into the Potters' car.

Bobby wanted to find out all about helicopters. On the way to the airport he asked, "Do you fly the helicopter yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Potter. "There's a pilot who flies it for me. His name is Stan. He'll meet us at the airport."

"How many people can the helicopter carry?" asked Bobby.

"This one can carry three people," replied Mr. Potter.

"Can a helicopter go very fast? Can it really stay still up in the air?" asked Bobby.

"Wait and see," laughed Mr. Potter. "We're nearly at the airport now." Bobby saw a big airplane coming in for a landing.

When they arrived at the airport, Stan was waiting for them. He was standing beside the helicopter. Mr. Potter and Bobby and Stan climbed in. Bobby and Mr. Potter sat beside the pilot.



"We're nearly ready to take off," said Stan. "Fasten your seat-belts."

Stan put on his headset. Bobby and Mr. Potter put on theirs, too. Bobby could hear Stan talking.

"When the motor starts," said Stan, "there's a lot of noise in here. That's why we have to speak to each other through these headsets."

"Say something, Bobby," said Mr. Potter.

"I can hear you," said Bobby.

Just then, Bobby looked up through the glass roof overhead. The big blades began to whirl around. He pointed to the blades. "Now I know why they call helicopters whirly-birds," he said.

The tail of the helicopter lifted off the ground. Bobby was surprised when they began moving sideways and up at the same time.

"This is like riding on a dragon-fly," said Bobby. "It can go sideways, backwards, and up and down, too."

As the helicopter flew higher, Bobby could see that they were still over the airport. The airplanes on the ground looked very small. Bobby looked out through the nose of the helicopter. He felt as if he were riding in a big glass ball.

As they flew along, Bobby could see cars and trucks on the roads near the airport. Soon he could see farmhouses and red barns.

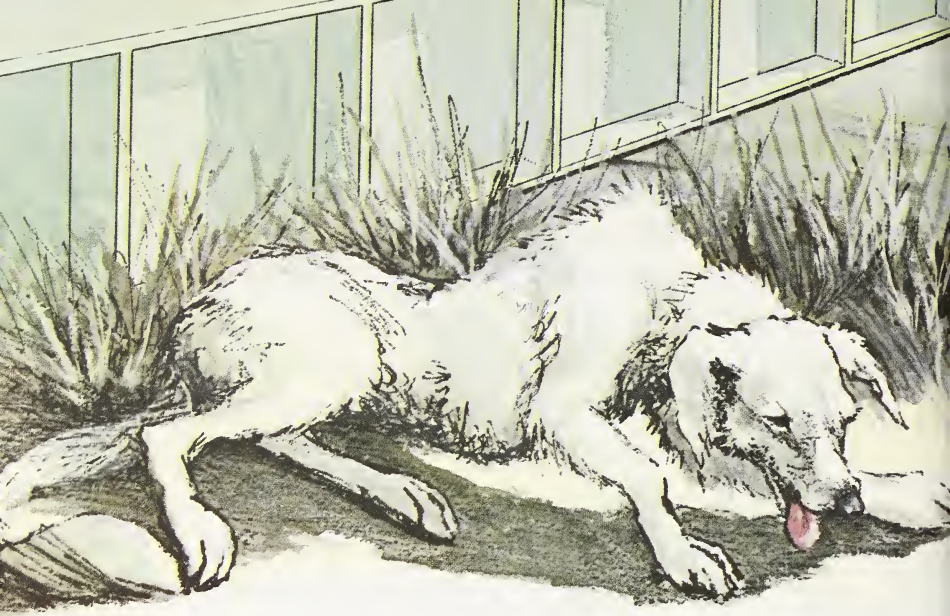


He heard Stan speaking through the headset. "I'll show you what this helicopter can do. We'll go down and take a look at the new bridge. It's not quite finished yet."

The helicopter went around in a big circle until it came near the ground. Bobby was surprised that they seemed to be standing still but they were about twenty feet off the ground.

"This is how we hover," said the pilot. "This is something helicopters can do that airplanes can't."





"Mr. Potter! Stan!" exclaimed Bobby. He pointed towards the bridge. "Look down there. There's a white dog on the ground. He looks as if he's been hurt."

"I see him," said Mr. Potter. "He's trying to get up but he can't."

"What shall we do?" asked Bobby. "We have to help him. Can we land?"

"If we land near the dog, the noise might frighten him," said Stan. "I think we'd better fly over to the nearest farm to get help."

"We flew over a farmhouse a short time ago," said Mr. Potter.

The helicopter circled around and headed straight for the farm. It landed in a field not far from the house. The noise of the helicopter brought the farmer and his wife running. Stan and Bobby jumped down from the helicopter.

"I hope we didn't frighten you," said Stan, "but we saw a white dog over by the bridge. It seemed to be hurt."

"We came to get help for him," said Bobby.

"A white dog!" exclaimed the farmer's wife. "It may be our dog Prince. He left home yesterday and didn't come back. We have been wondering about him."

"I hope your dog will be all right," said Bobby.

"I'll hurry over in the truck to get him," said the farmer.

The pilot and the boy got back into the helicopter.

"It's a good thing we came out for this little ride," said Mr. Potter. "I think we have saved that dog's life."

Stan looked at his watch. "We'd better hurry back to the airport. You have to be at Duck Lake by twelve o'clock, Mr. Potter."

"I'd nearly forgotten about that," said Mr. Potter.

The helicopter headed back towards the airport. It circled around for a few minutes. Then the "whirly-bird" landed on the very spot where Bobby had first seen it.

Mrs. Potter was waiting to take Bobby back into town. They watched the helicopter take off. It hovered over them for a short time. They waved to Stan and Mr. Potter. Then it flew off towards Duck Lake.

On the way home, Bobby talked about his exciting helicopter ride, and about saving the dog's life.

"When I grow up," said Bobby, "I'm going to take flying lessons so I can be a pilot."

"I think you'll be a good one," said Mrs. Potter.



My First Flight

The engines hum,
Then thrum, then roar.
I've never heard such a noise before.

Seat-belts fastened,
Everyone ready,
Now we are moving – steady, steady.

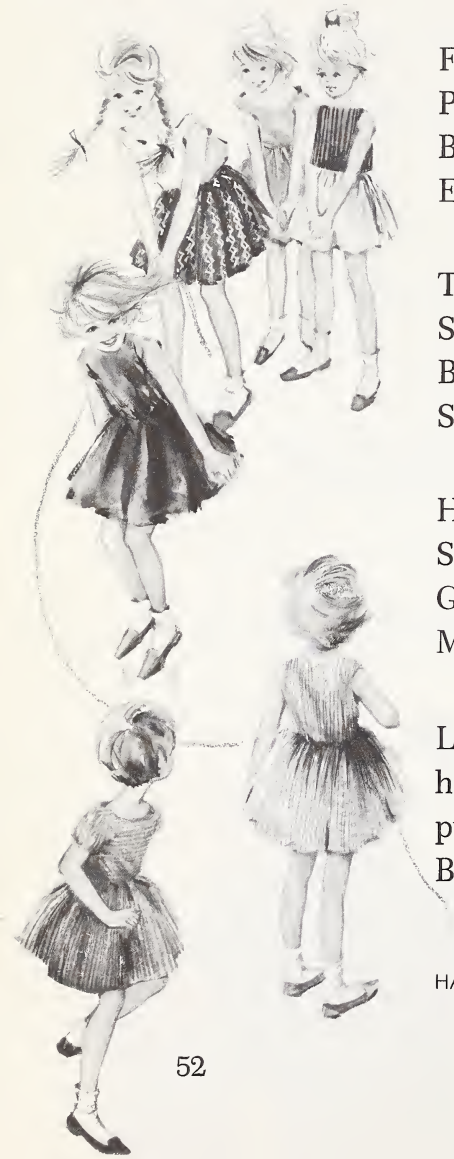
Faster, faster,
Along the ground,
The engines make a tremendous sound.

Look down now,
The ground is below us!
Only the clouds and the birds will know us!

The sky's all around,
And the earth's behind us.
Good-bye birds, you'll never find us!

JUDITH LAWRENCE

Rhymes for Skipping



Fried eggs, scrambled eggs,
Poached eggs, coddled eggs,
Boiled eggs, baked eggs,
Egg-nogs and frogs' eggs!

Thimbleberries, raspberries
Strawberries, blueberries
Blackberries, huckleberries
Saskatoons and gooseberries.

Hollyhocks and chicken-pox
Silver fox and kitchen clocks
Granite rocks and bread box
Musk-ox and knee socks.

Lucy Locket
had a little rocket
put it in her pocket –
Blast off!
Pepper!

HARRIET ATTRIDGE

Choosing Shoes

New shoes, new shoes,
Red and pink and blue shoes.
Tell me, what would *you* choose,
If they'd let us buy?

Buckle shoes, bow shoes,
Pretty pointy-toe shoes,
Strappy, cappy low shoes;
Let's have some to try.

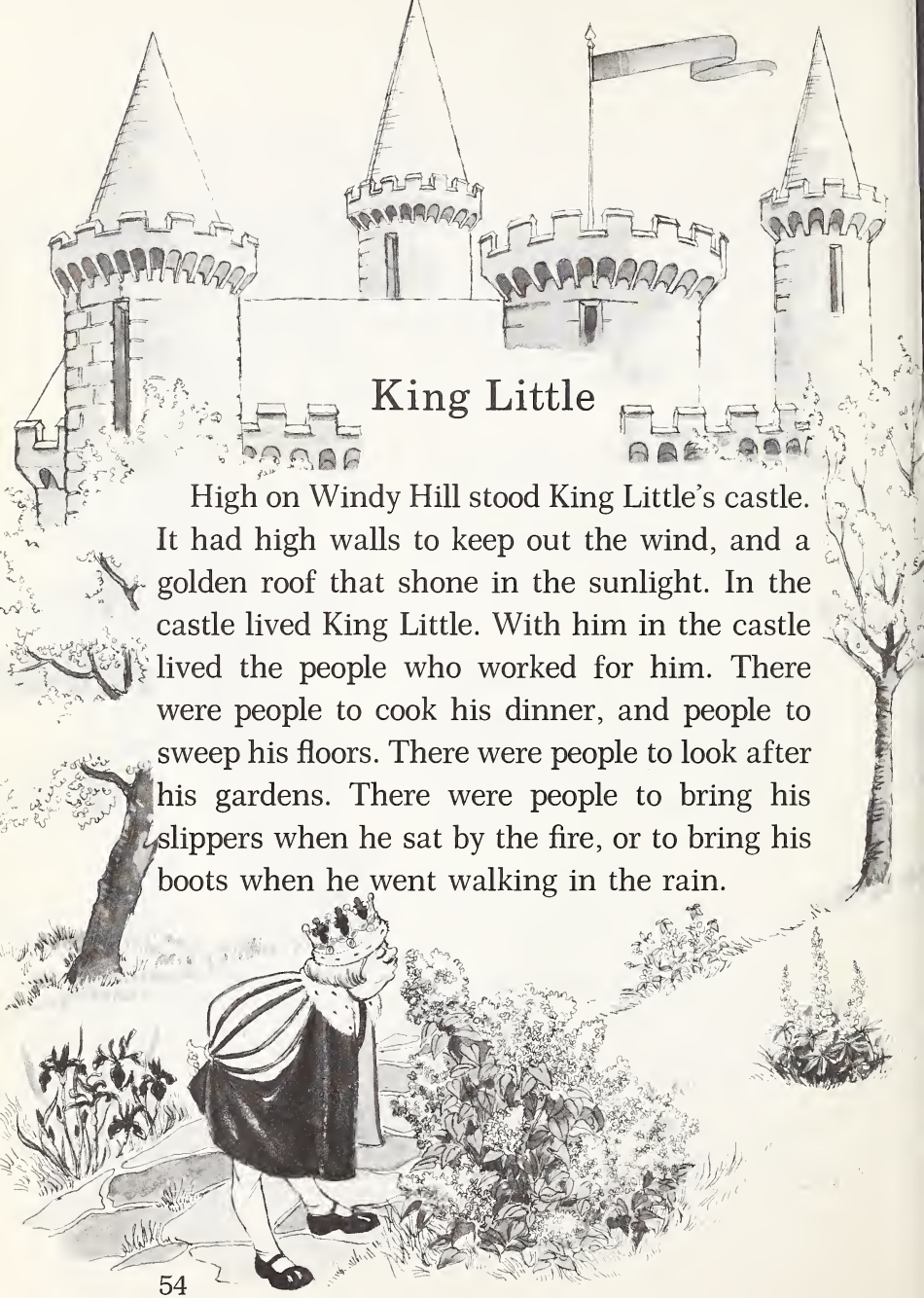
Bright shoes, white shoes;
Dandy-dance-by-night shoes,
Perhaps-a-little-tight shoes,
Like some? So would I.

But

Flat shoes, fat shoes,
Stump-along-like-that shoes,
Wipe-them-on-the-mat shoes,
That's the sort they'll buy.

FFRIDA WOLFE





King Little

High on Windy Hill stood King Little's castle. It had high walls to keep out the wind, and a golden roof that shone in the sunlight. In the castle lived King Little. With him in the castle lived the people who worked for him. There were people to cook his dinner, and people to sweep his floors. There were people to look after his gardens. There were people to bring his slippers when he sat by the fire, or to bring his boots when he went walking in the rain.

King Little liked being a king. He liked to live in the castle on top of Windy Hill. He liked to walk down the stairs each morning and smile as everyone said, "Good morning, Your Majesty."

King Little had a big golden crown that he liked to wear. "When I wear my crown, everyone knows I am the king," he said, and this was so.

The king wore his crown all day. He wore it when he went walking and when he went riding. He wore it even at night when he went to bed. The only time King Little ever took off his crown was when he took a bath. Then he hung it on a golden hook on the bathroom door where he could keep an eye on it.

Every day the king went for a walk through the town. As he walked down the hill, he heard people call, "Here comes King Little in his golden crown."

King Little smiled and waved to them and said, "Good morning." Often he stopped to talk to the people. They were always very glad to see him.

One morning the king awoke very early. The sun shone through the windows of his room, and the birds were singing in the garden. King Little jumped out of bed. "What a beautiful day it is," he said. "I will go downstairs and take a walk in the garden before breakfast." King Little took off his crown and put it on the hook on the bathroom door. He took his bath. He dressed quickly and ran down the stairs. He didn't stop to look at himself in the mirror. If he had, he would have seen that his crown was not on his head, but King Little was in too great a hurry.

A woman was sweeping the floors as King Little went by. The king said, "Good morning." The woman looked up, but she didn't speak. She didn't know it was the king because he was not wearing his crown.

The king hurried out into the garden. There he saw two gardeners at work. "Good morning," he called to them. The two gardeners looked up, but they didn't say anything. "That's funny," thought the king, "I wonder why nobody will speak to me this morning."

King Little walked down to the pond at the end of the garden. As he looked into the pond, he saw himself in the water. His crown was not on his head!

The king hurried back through the garden into the castle. He ran upstairs to his room. The crown was not there. He looked everywhere for his crown, but it was nowhere to be seen. The king was very worried. "How can I be a king if I don't have a crown?" he said to himself as he looked in the mirror. He went out into the hall and down the stairs. Nobody said, "Good morning, Your Majesty." Nobody looked at him at all. Nobody knew he was the king. King Little went into the dining-room and sat down at the table. He helped himself to some eggs from a big gold dish. "Ugh, these eggs are cold," he said. He went out to the kitchen and spoke to the cook. "Will you please give me some hot eggs for my breakfast?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," replied the cook, "I cook for no one but the king."

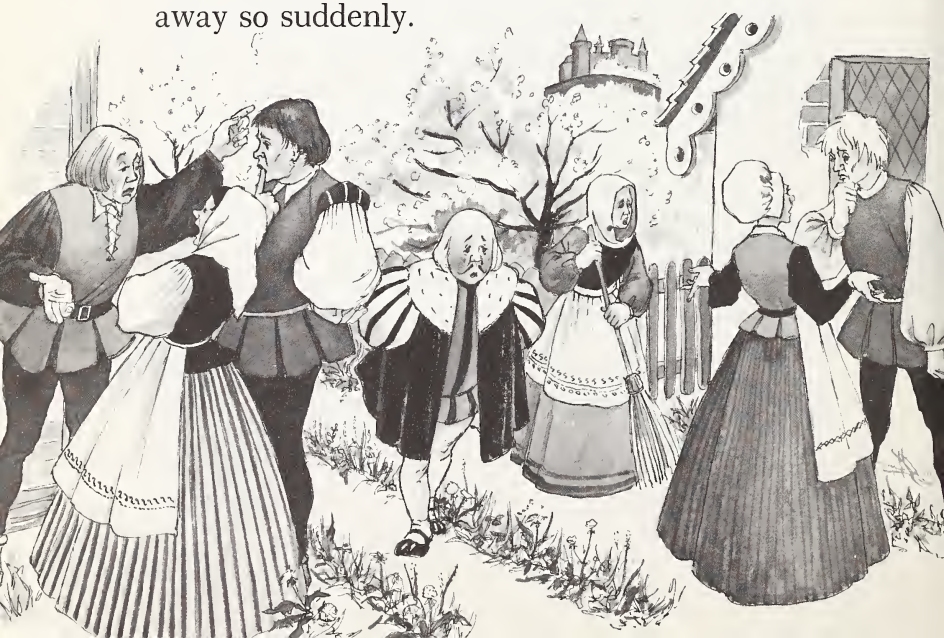
"You cook my breakfast every morning," said King Little. "I am the king."

The cook laughed. "Oh no, you're not! The king always wears a big golden crown. I know the king when I see him. Get out of my kitchen!"

King Little hurried out of the kitchen and into the garden.

"Oh dear, oh dear, I don't understand it," he said. "Nobody knows me without my crown. I shall have to find it quickly. Where can it be? I know I had it on when I went to bed. I know I had it on when I got up this morning."

King Little walked down the road into town. Nobody called out to him or smiled as he went by. Nobody took any notice of him. Everyone was too busy wondering why the king had gone away so suddenly.



At last, the king felt too tired and too unhappy to look any more. He went back to the castle. He went up to his room and sat in his big chair in front of the window. Suddenly, he noticed something in one of the tall trees in the garden. It was a large bird's nest, and in the nest was something gold and shining.

King Little hurried over to the cupboard and took out his telescope. He went back to the window. He looked through the telescope at the nest. He laughed happily at what he saw. The king didn't stop to put the telescope back in the cupboard. He ran down the stairs, through the dining-room, and out into the garden. He ran down the path to the tall tree, and started to climb it. The nest was at the end of the highest branch.

All at once King Little heard people talking and laughing. He looked down at the ground. All the people from the castle were looking up at him. They were curious about what he was doing. King Little called, "Stop laughing at me. I am the king." This made everyone laugh all the harder.



King Little climbed higher. He had only a few more feet to go. Still the people on the ground looked up and laughed. At last King Little came to the end of the highest branch. He reached into the nest and took out his crown. Very carefully, he lifted it up and put it on his head.

Suddenly, all the people stopped talking and laughing. Slowly, the king climbed down the tree. When he reached the ground he said, "Now, do you see who I am?"

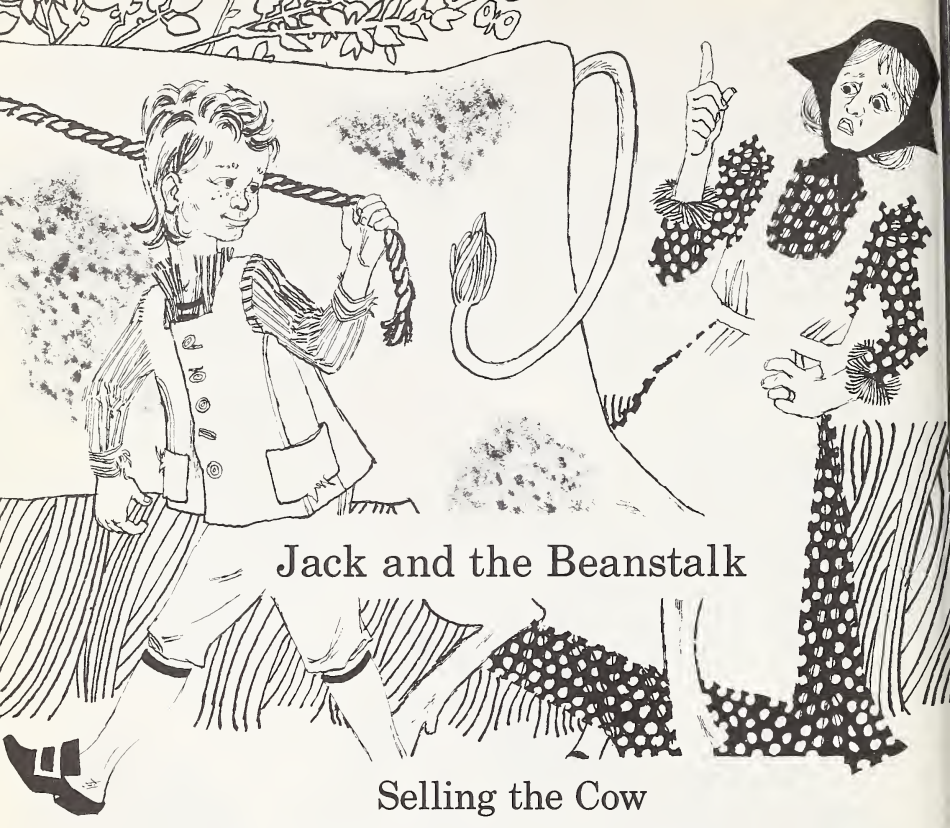
"Yes, Your Majesty," said the cook. "We are sorry we laughed at you. We did not know you without your crown."

Then all the people shouted, "Hurrah for His Majesty King Little! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

King Little began to laugh, and all the people laughed with him.

That night King Little gave a party at the castle. Everyone from the town came to see him in his golden crown. They danced and sang, because they knew that everything was right again in the castle on Windy Hill.





Jack and the Beanstalk

Selling the Cow

Many years ago, when magic was everywhere, there lived a boy called Jack. He and his mother had a cow that gave them milk every day. With this milk they made butter and cheese. They took the butter and cheese to market every week and sold it. So they made just enough money to buy food.

One day the cow did not give any milk, not one drop. Jack's mother was very worried. "Now we cannot buy food for ourselves," she said to Jack. "What are we going to do?"

"I know," said Jack, "I'll take the cow to market and sell her. Then there will be enough money to last for many days."

"Very well," said his mother, "you may take her to market today. Be sure to sell her for a good price."

"I will, I will," said Jack. "You'll be pleased when you see how much I get for her."

"When you have sold the cow, come straight home," said Jack's mother.

Jack put a rope around the cow's neck and led her off to market. On the road he met an old man.

"Good morning, boy," said the man. "Where are you going with that cow?"

"I'm going to market to sell her," replied Jack.

"You need not go all the way to market to sell her," said the man. "I'll buy her from you."

"How much will you give me for her?" asked Jack.

"I'll give you this bag of beans," said the man.

"Beans!" exclaimed Jack. "Why, this cow is worth more than a bag of beans. We have to sell our cow for money. How can I buy food with beans?"

"Aha!" answered the man, "but these are magic beans. If you plant them in your garden tonight, they will grow right up to the sky by morning."

"Are you sure about that?" asked Jack.

"Of course, I'm sure!" said the man. "Why don't you take the beans home and find out for yourself?"

"I'd like to have those beans," thought Jack. "Besides, it's a very hot day for walking all the way to the market and back."

Jack handed the man the rope. "All right," he said. "You may have the cow and I will take the beans."

The man gave Jack the beans. Then he took the cow by the rope and led her off down the road. Jack laughed to himself. "I never thought I would have a bag of magic beans in place of an old cow that cannot give milk," he said.

With the little bag in his hand, Jack hurried along the road towards home. When his mother saw him coming, she ran to the gate to meet him.

"You sold the cow very quickly," she said. "You haven't been gone an hour. Did you get a good price for her? Show me how much money you have."

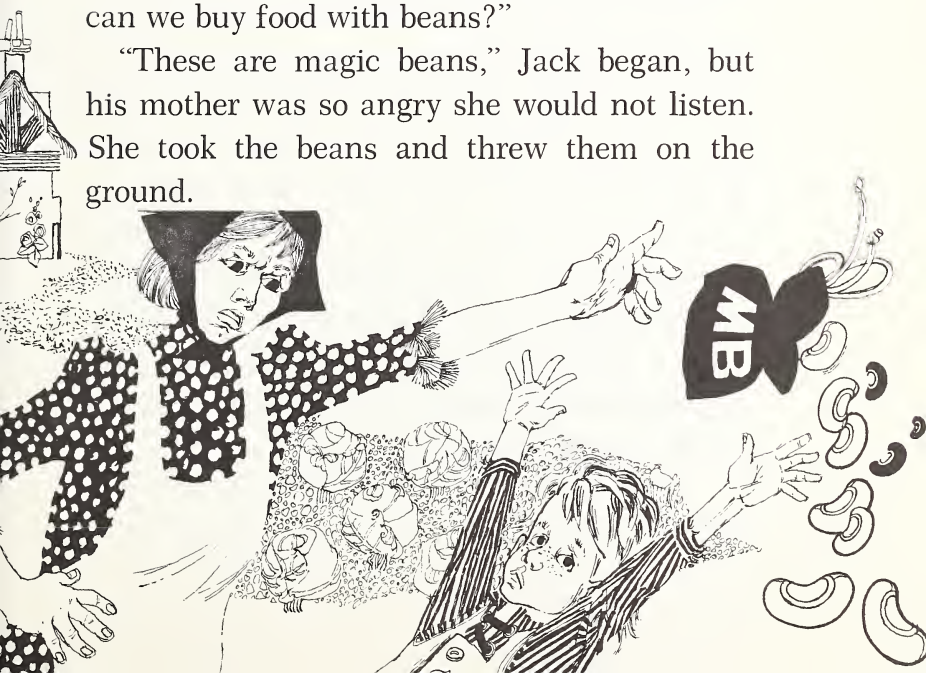
Jack held the bag open, and his mother looked in.

"What are these?" she asked.

"Beans," said Jack.

"Beans!" exclaimed his mother. "Beans! How can we buy food with beans?"

"These are magic beans," Jack began, but his mother was so angry she would not listen. She took the beans and threw them on the ground.



"Please listen, Mother," Jack began again.

"Not another word," said his mother. "What a silly boy you are! Off you go to bed without any supper."

Jack went upstairs to his little room. He felt sorry that he had made his mother angry. He was worried about what would become of the magic beans.

Magic At Work

When Jack awoke the next morning, part of his room was in darkness. There was a curious shadow on the walls and floor. He jumped out of bed and ran to the window. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was a great big beanstalk growing in the garden! He dressed and ran outside. The beanstalk was so high that he could not see the top of it. It grew right up to the sky. He decided to climb the beanstalk. He climbed and climbed for a long time, but still the top of it was not in sight.

At last, through the clouds, he saw in front of him a shining white road going away and away and away. He jumped off the beanstalk and walked along the road. He walked and walked until he came to a huge white castle. At the door stood a great big woman with a black cooking pot in her hand. Jack felt very tiny when he looked up at her.

"Good morning," said Jack. "Will you give me something to eat, please?"

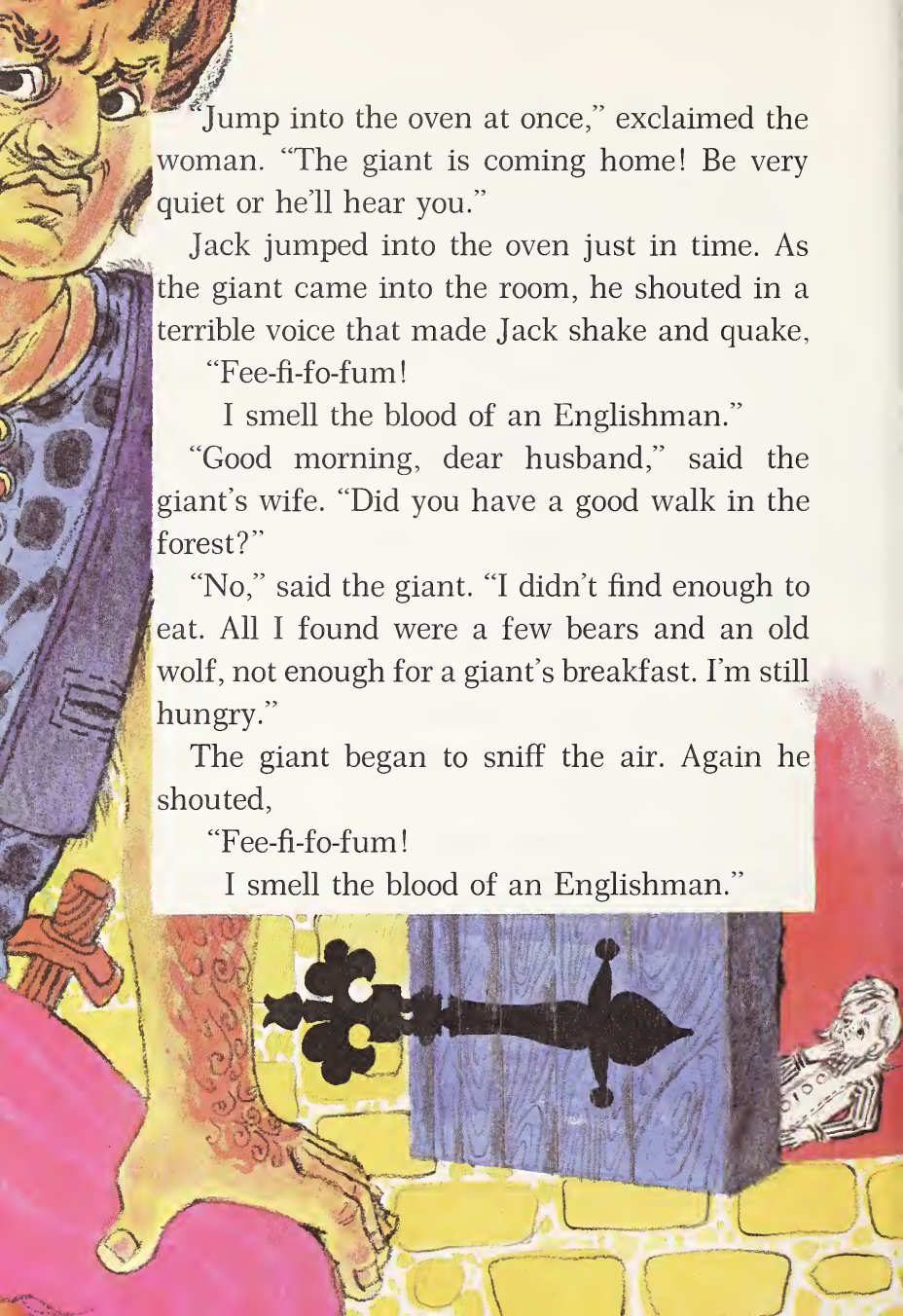
"Something to eat!" exclaimed the woman. "Don't you know that my husband is a giant? If you don't run away from here quickly, he will come home and eat you!"

"But I have come a long way and I'm very hungry," said Jack. "I'm sure I can eat something before the giant gets here."

"Come inside then, and be quick about it," said the woman.

Jack went into the kitchen and the woman gave him some porridge. The porridge was so hot that Jack could not eat it quickly.

Suddenly they heard a noise. Thump, thump, thump!



"Jump into the oven at once," exclaimed the woman. "The giant is coming home! Be very quiet or he'll hear you."

Jack jumped into the oven just in time. As the giant came into the room, he shouted in a terrible voice that made Jack shake and quake,

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

"Good morning, dear husband," said the giant's wife. "Did you have a good walk in the forest?"

"No," said the giant. "I didn't find enough to eat. All I found were a few bears and an old wolf, not enough for a giant's breakfast. I'm still hungry."

The giant began to sniff the air. Again he shouted,

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

"Perhaps you smell the porridge I am making for you," said the wife. "I was afraid you would come home hungry, so I made a huge pot of it. Sit down at the table and eat."

The woman put great big dishes of food in front of the giant and he ate it all. Then he took out three bags of gold and threw them on the table. He began to count out the gold from one of the bags but he soon became sleepy. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

The woman opened the oven door and let Jack out. When he looked around the room, he noticed the bags of gold. When the woman wasn't looking, he took one of them and ran out of the house. He hurried along the road and down the beanstalk. When he reached home, he gave the bag of gold to his mother.

"We are poor no longer," said Jack's mother. "I do believe those beans were magic after all."

Jack and his mother lived happily. They used the gold to buy everything they needed. But one day, when Jack opened the bag, he noticed that there were only a few pieces of gold left. He decided to climb the beanstalk again.



Up he went into the sky. He climbed and climbed, exactly as he had done before. At last he saw the white road that went away and away and away. He walked along it until he reached the huge white castle again. He knocked at the door.

The great big woman came to the door. She looked down at Jack. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Please give me something to eat," said Jack, "for I have come a long way and I am very hungry."

"I don't think I should let you in," said the woman. "Once before a boy came here and I gave him food. When he left he took a bag of gold with him."

"Oh, please let me come in," said Jack. "All I want is a little food."

"Very well," said the woman, "but you will have to be quick about it because the giant will be home soon. If he catches sight of you, he will eat you."

Jack went into the house and the woman gave him some bread and cheese. He had not finished eating when he heard the giant coming. Thump! Thump! Thump!

"Quickly," exclaimed the woman. "Jump into the oven!"

Jack jumped into the oven just in time. The giant shouted in a terrible voice that made the whole room shake and quake,

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

"Don't be silly," said his wife. "Perhaps you smell the meat I am cooking for your lunch. Now sit down and eat."

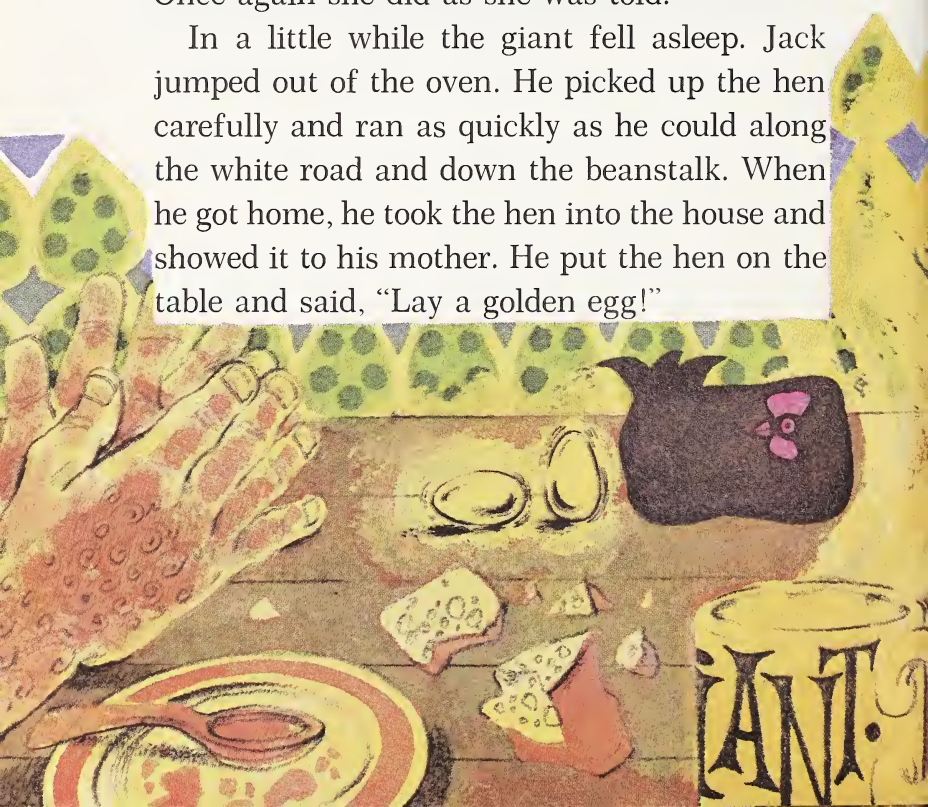
The giant ate his food. Then he said to his wife, "Bring me my magic hen."

The woman brought him a large black hen with a shining red comb. She put the hen on the table.

The giant shouted to the hen, "Lay a golden egg!" At once the hen laid a beautiful golden egg.

The giant clapped his hands and laughed. Once more he told the hen to lay a golden egg. Once again she did as she was told.

In a little while the giant fell asleep. Jack jumped out of the oven. He picked up the hen carefully and ran as quickly as he could along the white road and down the beanstalk. When he got home, he took the hen into the house and showed it to his mother. He put the hen on the table and said, "Lay a golden egg!"



At once the big black hen with a shining red comb laid a golden egg.

"Wonder of wonders!" exclaimed Jack's mother. "This golden egg will be worth a lot of money."

"The magic hen will lay all the eggs we want," said Jack. "We will be rich for ever. We won't have to worry about money any more."

A few weeks later, Jack began to wonder if he could find something else in the giant's house. He decided to climb the beanstalk again. This time, when he got to the castle, he did not knock on the door. He went in quietly and hid in the cupboard nearest the door.

When the giant arrived home, he shouted in a terrible voice that made the castle shake and quake,

"Fee-fi-fo-fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

"Don't be silly," said his wife. "There is nobody here but you and me. Now sit down and eat your food."

The giant sniffed. "Aha! I'm sure there is someone here," he said.

"If there is," said his wife, "he will surely be in the oven." She opened the oven door. "You see," she said, "there is no one in here. What did I tell you?"

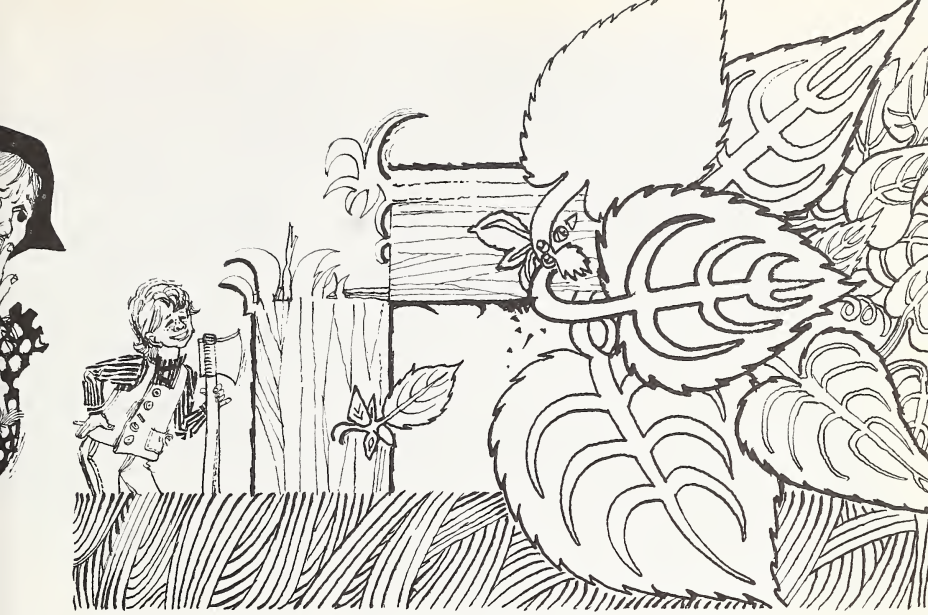
So the giant sat down and ate his food. When he had finished he said, "Bring me my magic harp."

The woman brought out a silver harp and put it on the table. The giant pointed to the harp and said, "Sing," and at once the harp began to sing.

Jack listened. He had never heard such beautiful singing. When the giant had gone to sleep, Jack came out from under the table. He took the harp and ran off with it. The harp began to call out, "Help me, help me!"

The giant awoke. He jumped up and ran after Jack. The boy ran as quickly as he could but the giant came nearer and nearer. By the time Jack had started to climb down the beanstalk, the giant had almost reached the top of it.

When Jack got to the bottom of the beanstalk, he called to his mother, "Bring me an axe! Bring me an axe!"



Jack's mother brought the axe and Jack set to work. They could hear the giant at the top of the beanstalk. In another minute, the giant would start climbing down. Jack cut through the beanstalk just in time. It fell to the ground, and the giant couldn't get down.

After that Jack and his mother lived happily for a long time. Whenever they needed gold, the big black hen with a shining red comb laid a golden egg. Whenever they wanted to hear a beautiful song, the magic harp sang for them. As for the giant and his wife, no one ever heard of them again.



Crackle Toes

Troubles

Once upon a time there was a witch whose name was Crackle Toes. She lived with Cream Puff, her cat, in a house at the edge of a forest. Crackle's house was very old. The floor went uphill in one place and downhill in another. On stormy nights, the wind blew in through the windows and out through the doors. The bricks blew off the chimney, and the rain came in through a hole in the roof.

On stormy nights, Crackle would say to her cat, "Sometimes I think this house is getting too old. Perhaps we should find a new place to live."

"Yes, it is old," Cream Puff would answer, "but it is a friendly house, and very quiet, except on stormy nights."

On days when the sun was shining, Crackle would say to herself, "I've decided that Cream Puff is right. It would be silly to leave our old house. I need a quiet place where I can get a good night's sleep. I'm sure there isn't a quieter house than this one."

One day the trouble started. Crackle came home from town very late. She had been shopping all day for a new hat and she hadn't been able to find one she liked. She was tired and hungry. She went to the cupboard to get some food. When she reached into the cupboard she saw that some of the bread and cheese was missing. "Now, who can have been in here?" she said to herself.

Crackle went to the back door and called, "Here, Cream Puff. Cream Puff, come here."

The big black cat came running. Crackle said to him, "I want you to have a look in this cupboard. Someone has taken my bread and cheese."

Cream Puff sniffed in the cupboard. "Mew! Mew! I smell mice," he said. "There are mice in the house."

"Mice!" cried Crackle. "We must catch them at once. I can't have mice in my cupboard, eating all my bread and cheese."

"You go to bed, Crackle," said Cream Puff. "I'll stay up and wait for the mice to come back. Mice always come back, you know." The cat hid in the cupboard.



Crackle Toes turned off the lights and went to bed. She was so tired that she fell asleep at once. Suddenly, she heard noises. Squeak! Squeak! Squeak! Thump! Bang! Mew! Cream Puff was running after the mice and bumping into everything in the dark. Crackle jumped out of bed and ran downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs she missed a step. She tripped over Cream Puff and fell on the floor. "Did you catch those mice?" she asked as she picked herself up.

"No," said Cream Puff, "but I think I frightened them away."

"Thank you," said Crackle. "Now at last we can have a good night's sleep. I'm tired, and it's getting very late."

Cream Puff lay down on the floor in front of the fire-place and Crackle went up the stairs and back to bed. As soon as she lay down, she heard another noise. It was just a little noise, but it was right in her bedroom. Scratch, scratch, scratch! Whisper, whisper, whisper! Crackle sat up in bed. The noise seemed very near.

"Cream Puff," she called, "I think the mice are up here."

Cream Puff came running up the stairs. "Mew! Mew! Where are they?" he asked. "Turn on the light and I'll catch them."

The witch turned on the light. She couldn't see any mice in the room, but she could still hear the noise. Scratch, scratch, scratch! Whisper, whisper, whisper!

"Spiders," said the cat. "There are spiders in the house."

"Spiders!" exclaimed Crackle. "Where are they?"

"I think they're in the clothes cupboard," said Cream Puff.

Crackle opened the door. The spiders were busy spinning, and whispering to each other.

"Go away!" cried Crackle. "Get out of my cupboard."

"It's no use," said Cream Puff. "They'll come back again as soon as you turn your back."

Cream Puff was right. The spiders came back and made so much noise that Crackle couldn't sleep all night.

Next day Crackle was very tired. Cream Puff was tired, too.

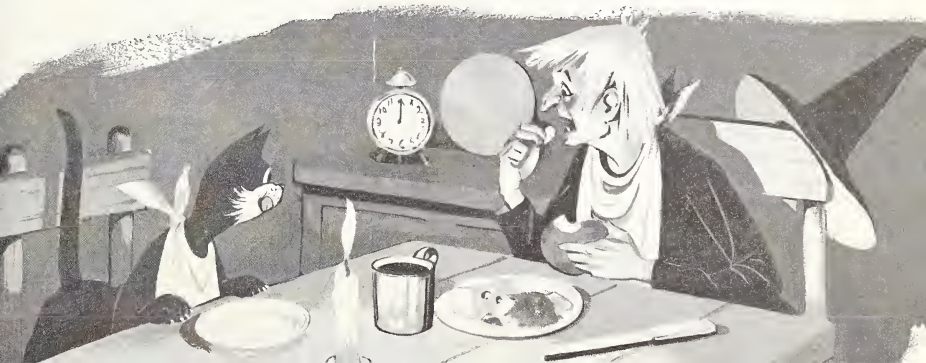
"What do you think we should do?" the witch asked the cat.

"Perhaps we should stay up all night and sleep in the daytime," said Cream Puff. "The mice and the spiders won't be around to keep us awake."

So that was exactly what they did. Every evening they got up. They ate their breakfast at eight o'clock and their lunch at midnight. They had dinner at six o'clock in the morning, when most people were just thinking about getting up. Every morning at nine o'clock they went to bed.

"This is the way to get a quiet sleep," said Crackle. "We should have thought of this sooner."

"I'm sure our troubles are over now," said Cream Puff. "Mew, mew."





More Troubles

For two weeks Crackle Toes and Cream Puff were very happy. They had never had so much sleep. Then one morning, just after they got to sleep, they were awakened by a loud buzzing noise.

"What's that?" asked Crackle.

"Bees," said the cat. "There are bees in the chimney. We shall never sleep in the daytime with all that buzzing going on."

"Bees in the daytime and mice and spiders at night," said Crackle. "What ever are we going to do?"

Just then, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," called Crackle.

In came another witch. It was Crackle's sister, Crinkle Toes.

"Why Crackle!" exclaimed Crinkle. "What is the matter with you? You look so tired and worried."

"I'm tired because I haven't had any sleep," said Crackle, "and I'm worried because there are spiders and mice and bees all over the house. They make so much noise that they keep me awake day and night."

"I told you it was time to move to a new house," said Crinkle. "Why don't you and Cream Puff come to stay with me in the city? There are no mice or spiders or bees where I live."

"Perhaps we should," said Crackle.

"I think you should come today," said Crinkle.

So Crackle and Cream Puff went with Crinkle to her house in the city. It was a new brick house. The floors were shining and even. There were no holes in the roof, and there were no mice or spiders or bees in sight.

That night, when it was time for bed, Crackle's sister said, "You should sleep well tonight. Good-night, Crackle. Good-night, Cream Puff."

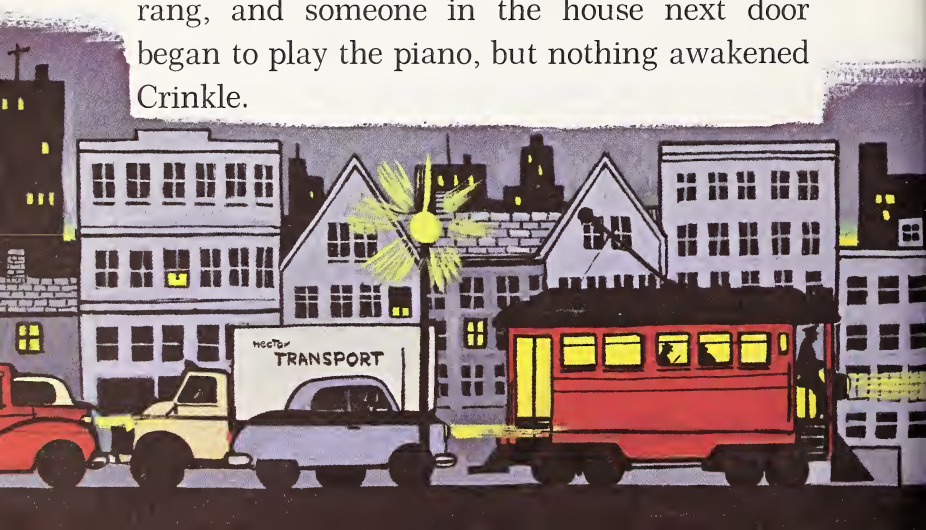
Crackle and her cat went to sleep, but not for long. All of a sudden there was a terrible noise.

"Listen! What's that?" cried Crackle, and she got up and looked out the window. A train whistled as it went down the tracks. Crackle went back to sleep, but in a few minutes she was awake again. Someone in the house next door had turned on the radio. Crackle shut the window and pulled the covers up over her head. Bang! A car back-fired right under the window.

"Crinkle," called Crackle, "what was that?"

"It sounded like a rocket!" exclaimed Cream Puff.

Crinkle was fast asleep. She didn't even hear Crackle calling to her. A dog barked, a telephone rang, and someone in the house next door began to play the piano, but nothing awakened Crinkle.



"How can your sister sleep with all those loud noises going on?" asked Cream Puff.

"I can't understand it," said Crackle.

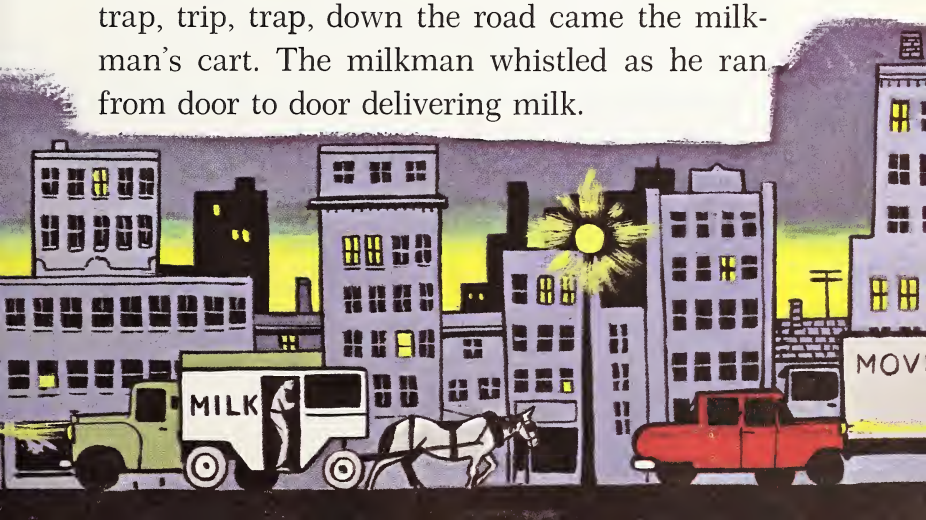
All night long Crackle and Cream Puff tried to sleep. All night long the cars, the trains, the streetcars, and the people next door kept them awake.

"Tomorrow we shall leave," said Crackle. "The noises here are much louder than the ones in our old house. I could never live in the city."

"Where shall we go?" asked Cream Puff.

"I don't know," said Crackle, "but I'll think of something."

Crinkle was still asleep when Crackle and Cream Puff heard a new noise. Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap, down the road came the milkman's cart. The milkman whistled as he ran from door to door delivering milk.



"Everything and everybody in this city seem to make a terrible noise," said Cream Puff. "I never knew there were so many noises to be made."

Crackle and Cream Puff got out of bed. They went to the kitchen and had their breakfast.

When Crinkle came down, she looked at her sister and said, "What ever is the matter with you? You look more tired than you did yesterday. Didn't you sleep well?"

"We didn't sleep for long," said Crackle.

"Not for ten minutes!" said Cream Puff.

"The city is much too noisy for us. I'm afraid we will have to find another place to live," said Crackle.

"Where will you go?" asked Crinkle.

"I think we should go home," said Cream Puff.

Crackle and Crinkle looked at him in surprise.

"Our old house is a friendly house," said Cream Puff, "and the mice, and the spiders, and the bees aren't nearly as noisy as this city."

"Cream Puff is right," said Crackle to Crinkle.

"Our old house is much quieter than this city house of yours. I would like to go back to it."

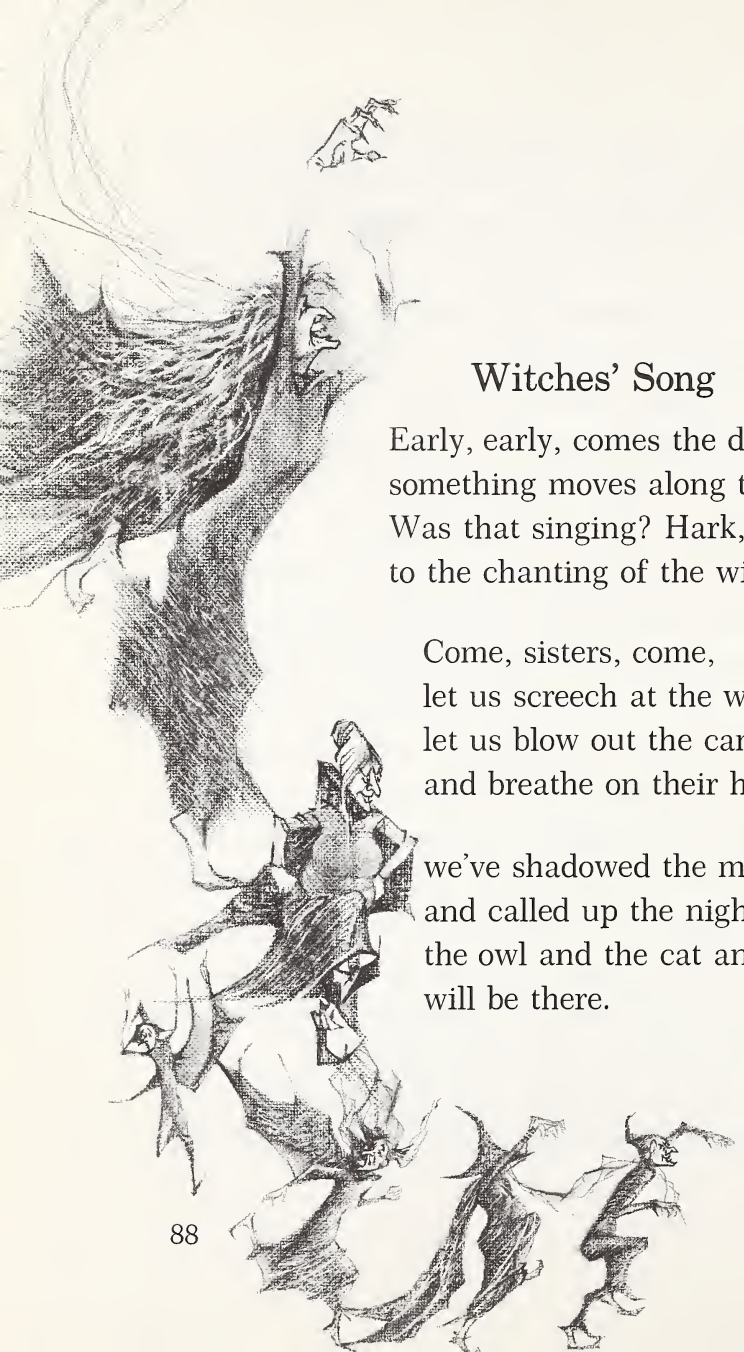
So Cream Puff and Crackle went back to the old house at the edge of the forest. When they opened the door they could hear the bees buzzing in the chimney.

That night the mice ran around the floor and the spiders scratched and whispered in the cupboard. Crackle and Cream Puff didn't even hear them. They were fast asleep.

In the morning Crackle said, "The spiders and mice are really no trouble at all. Last night I had the best sleep I have had for a long time."

"I'm glad we came back," said Cream Puff.

So Crackle, the witch, and Cream Puff, her cat, lived happily in the very old house where the floor went uphill in one place and downhill in another. On stormy nights, the wind blew in through the windows and out through the doors. Sometimes the bricks blew off the chimney, and the rain came in through a hole in the roof. The bees and the mice and the spiders lived happily, too, making noises day and night, in the house at the edge of the forest.

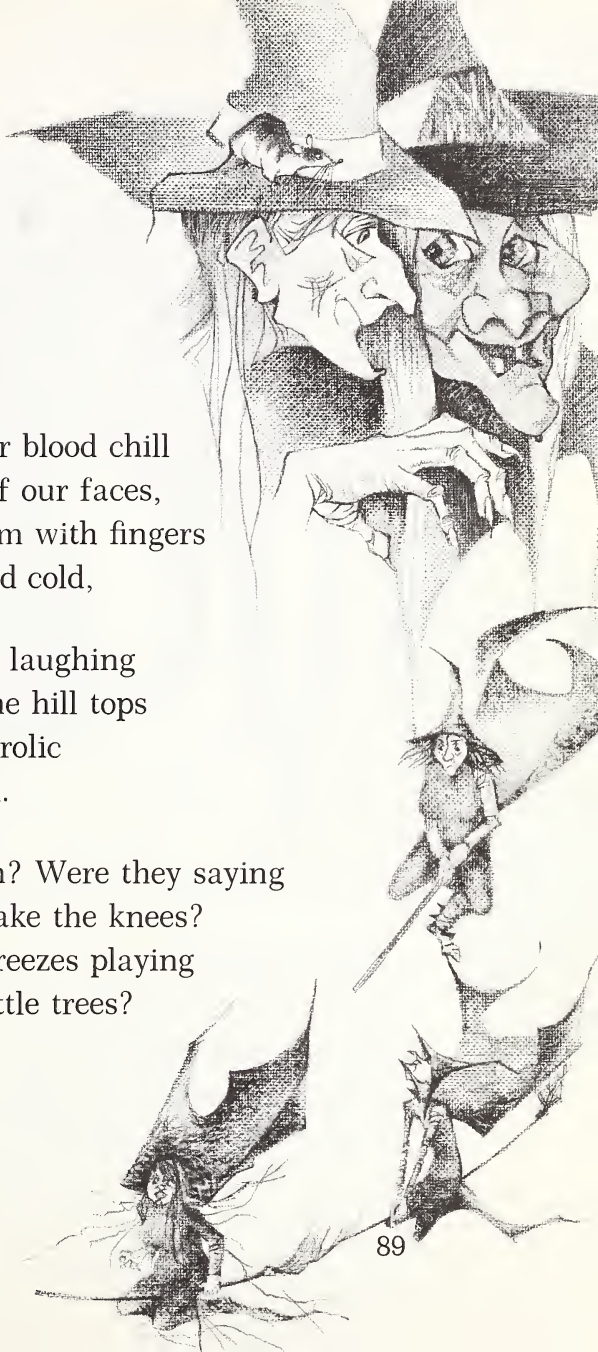


Witches' Song

Early, early, comes the dark,
something moves along the ditches.
Was that singing? Hark, oh, hark
to the chanting of the witches!

Come, sisters, come,
let us screech at the windows,
let us blow out the candles
and breathe on their hair,

we've shadowed the moon
and called up the night-wind,
the owl and the cat and the broom
will be there.



Let us turn their blood chill
with the sight of our faces,
let us touch them with fingers
both crooked and cold,

and then shrilly laughing
we'll be off to the hill tops
to frisk and to frolic
as always of old.

Did you hear them? Were they saying
scary things to shake the knees?
Or was that but breezes playing
in the dry and brittle trees?

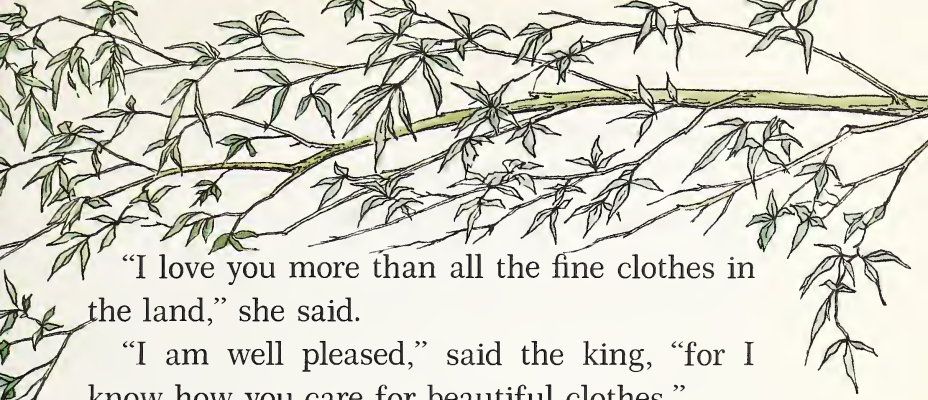
ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



Rush Cape

Once upon a time there was a king who had three beautiful daughters. He thought he would find out which one loved him best.

He asked his first daughter, "How much do you love me, my dear?"



"I love you more than all the fine clothes in the land," she said.

"I am well pleased," said the king, "for I know how you care for beautiful clothes."

He then called his second daughter to him and asked her the same question.

She replied, "I love you more than all the gold and silver in the kingdom."

"I know how you love gold and silver," said the king. "If you love me more than money you must love me very much."

He turned to his third daughter who was clever as well as pretty. "How much do you love me, my dear?" he asked.

"I love you as fresh meat loves salt," replied the girl.

The king was very angry. "What kind of answer is that?" he shouted.

"Meat loves salt!" exclaimed the first daughter. "Our sister may be clever but she does not love you as much as we do."

"Your answer to my question has made me very angry," the king said to the third daughter. "Leave my house at once. I never want to see you again."

The poor girl left the palace. She walked on and on until she reached a swamp. She picked some tall rushes and made them into a long cape with a hood. It covered her from head to toe and hid her fine clothes. She walked on until she came to a great house. She went to the back door and knocked on it. The cook let her in.

"Do you need someone to help you in the kitchen?" the girl asked. "I would gladly work as a servant."

"We don't need any more servants," said the cook.

"I have nowhere to go," said the girl. "Please let me stay. I'll do any kind of work and I won't ask for any money."

"Well," said the cook, "if you'll wash pots and sweep floors, you may stay. What is your name?"

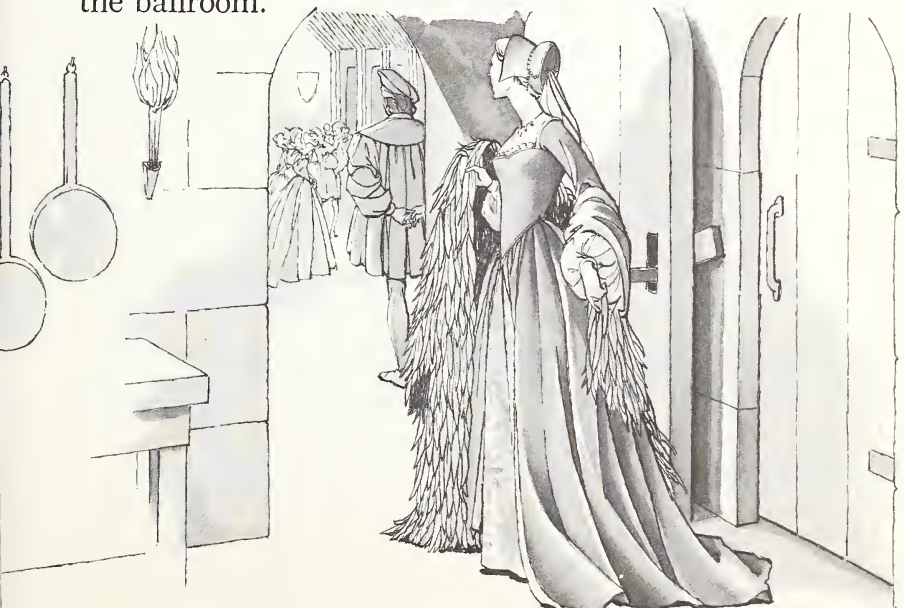
"I have no name," said the girl.

"You must have a name," said the cook. "I shall call you Rush Cape."

So the girl stayed. Every day she worked hard washing pots and sweeping floors. She always wore her cape so that no one would know that she was really a princess.

One night there was a ball at the great house. The servants were allowed to go and look in at the door. Rush Cape said she was too tired to go. She stayed in the kitchen.

Rush Cape loved to dance. When she heard the sound of music coming from the ballroom, she took off her cape of rushes. She hid it in the cupboard and tip-toed down the hall into the ballroom.



When the prince, who lived in the great house, saw Rush Cape enter the room he thought she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. He asked her to dance with him. No one danced as well as Rush Cape. That evening the prince would not dance with anyone else. He had fallen in love with her.

Just before midnight Rush Cape slipped away. She tip-toed back to the kitchen. When the other servants came back, she was sitting by the fire, wearing her cape of rushes.

The cook said, "I'm sorry you didn't come to watch the ball. A beautiful lady was there. The prince would dance with no one else."

"I should like to have seen her," said Rush Cape.

"Nobody knows who she was or where she came from," said one of the servants.

"The prince was very unhappy when he discovered she had left before the ball was over," said another servant.

"There is to be another dance tomorrow evening," said the cook. "Perhaps the beautiful lady will be there again."

The following evening, everything happened exactly as it had the night before. Again, Rush Cape went to the dance and slipped away without anyone knowing who she was. Again, the servants came back and told Rush Cape about the ball.

On the third night, there was still another ball. Again, the servants were allowed to go and watch the dance. When Rush Cape heard the music, she took off her cape and hurried to the ballroom.

This time the prince asked her who she was, but she would not tell him her name. As the music played, they danced together around the ballroom. The prince gave the girl a beautiful ring and asked her to wear it always.

"I cannot promise to do that," said the girl. "I must not take it."

"Please, take it and keep it," said the prince. "This ring will help you to remember me until we meet again."

Before the dance was over, Rush Cape slipped away from the ballroom. When the servants came in, she was asleep by the fire.

The next day the prince set out to look for the beautiful lady whose name he did not know. He searched near and far. He rode to every city and town in the kingdom trying to find her. The princess could not be found. At last he was so tired and unhappy from his search that he became ill and had to stay in bed. Everyone in the palace felt sorry for the prince. They wanted him to get well.

One day, while the cook was making soup, Rush Cape came into the kitchen.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am making some soup for the prince," said the cook. "He has taken ill because he cannot find the beautiful lady who danced with him at the ball."

"Let me help make the soup," said the girl.

The cook allowed Rush Cape to help with the soup. When it was ready she put some into a bowl. When no one was looking, she slipped the ring into the bowl of soup, before one of the servants took it upstairs.

When the prince saw the ring at the bottom of the bowl he called for the cook.



"Who made this soup?" he asked.

"Rush Cape made it," replied the cook.

"Send Rush Cape here," said the prince. When Rush Cape entered the room he asked, "Where did you get this ring?"

"From the prince who gave it to me," said the girl.

"Who are you?" asked the prince.

"I will show you," said Rush Cape.

She took off her cape and there she stood in her beautiful clothes. The prince recognized her at once.

"You are the beautiful lady I danced with at the ball," said the prince. "I have searched everywhere for you. Will you marry me?"

"I should like to," said Rush Cape, "but first, I must ask my father."

"Where does he live?" asked the prince.

"My father is the king of Candledown, the kingdom next to this one," said Rush Cape.

The prince looked surprised. "Haven't you heard?" he said. "Your father is no longer the king of Candledown. His two cruel daughters have driven him out of his kingdom. No one knows where he has gone."

That evening, as the prince and princess sat before the fire-place in the great hall, they heard a knock at the door. When a servant opened the door, an old man entered. Rush Cape looked at him and cried out in surprise, "Father!"

"Help him to this chair by the fire," said the prince to the servant.



Rush Cape sat beside the old man. "Don't you remember me?" she asked.

The old man shook his head but did not speak. Rush Cape talked to him about her childhood. She spoke of their home in the kingdom of Candledown. The old man shook his head again. He could not remember anything that had happened to him. He did not recognize his own daughter.

"What shall we do now?" asked the prince.

"We must take care of him," said Rush Cape. "Let us give him some food."

The prince sent for the cook and told him to prepare the finest food in the house. Rush Cape whispered to the cook, "Don't put any salt on the meat."

The cook went to the kitchen and prepared some food. He brought it to the dining-room.

Rush Cape asked the old man to sit down at the table. She gave him the food. The old man was very hungry. He had not eaten for a long time. He tasted one thing after another. When he came to the meat, he stopped eating.

"Don't you like the food?" Rush Cape asked.

"The food tastes very good, but there is no salt on the meat," he said.

"And fresh meat loves salt," said Rush Cape.

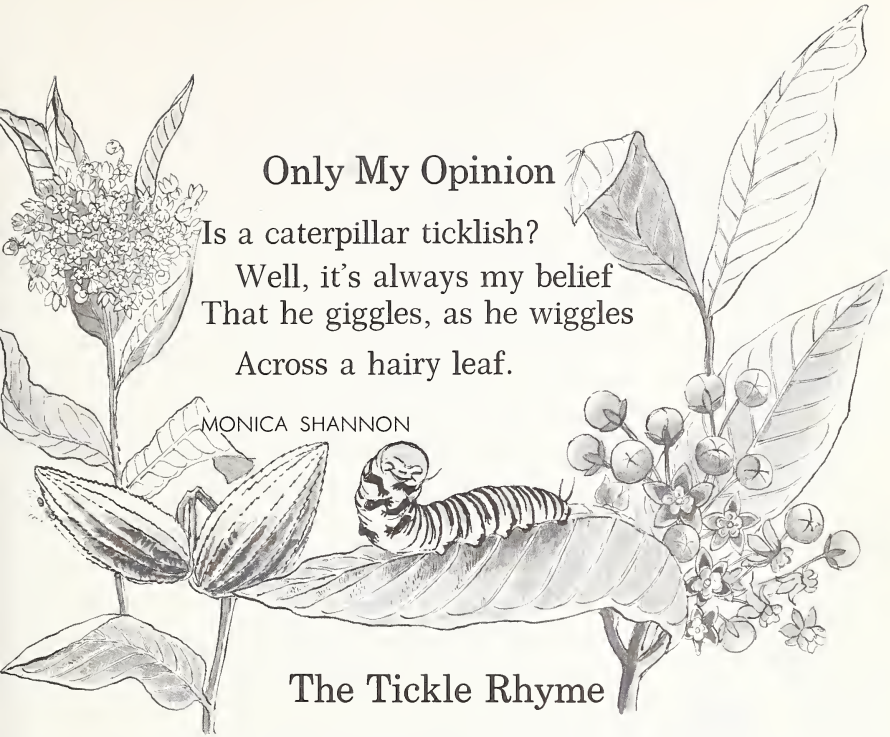
The king looked sad. "I remember now," he said softly. "My youngest daughter, who was both pretty and clever, said those very words to me, when I asked how much she loved me. She told me that she loved me as much as fresh meat loves salt. I sent her away because I thought she didn't love me. Now I know that she loved me best of all."

The old man looked at Rush Cape. "Are you my daughter?" he asked.

Rush Cape put her arms around him. "I am," she said. "We have found each other at last."

It was not long before Rush Cape's father was well again. When the people of his kingdom heard that he was alive, they drove his cruel daughters from the land. Then they made him king of Candledown again.

Of course Rush Cape and the prince were married, and lived happily ever after.



Only My Opinion

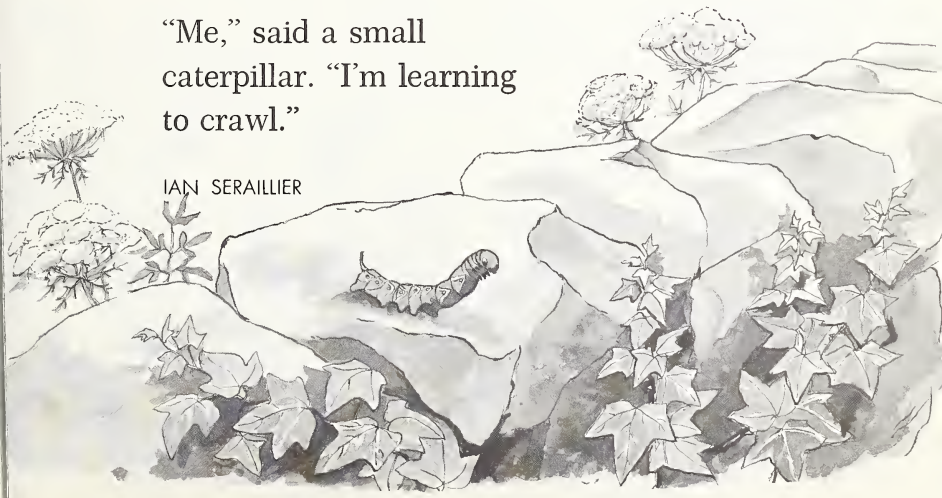
Is a caterpillar ticklish?
Well, it's always my belief
That he giggles, as he wiggles
Across a hairy leaf.

MONICA SHANNON

The Tickle Rhyme

"Who's that tickling my back?" said the wall.
"Me," said a small caterpillar. "I'm learning to crawl."

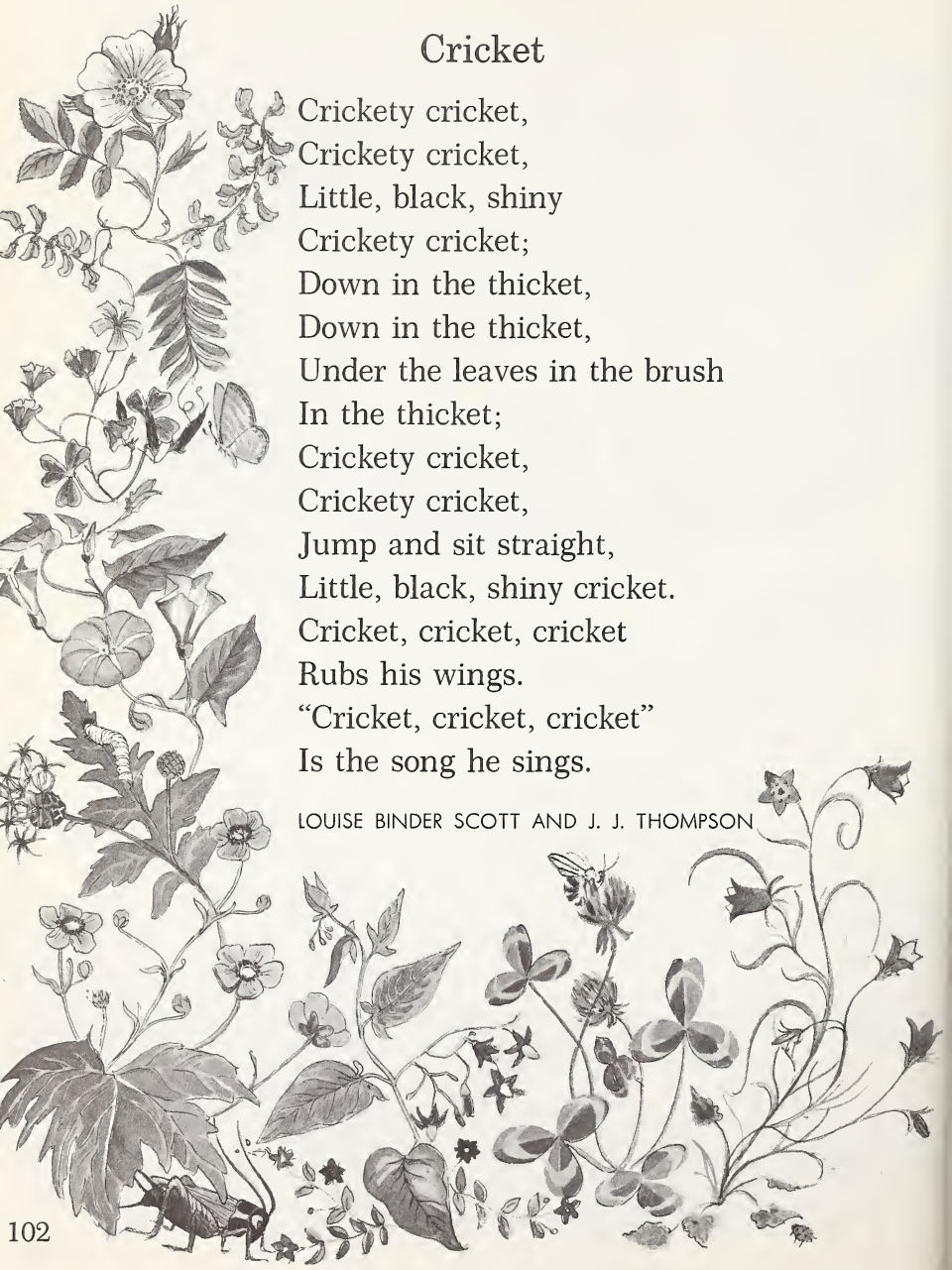
IAN SERAILLIER

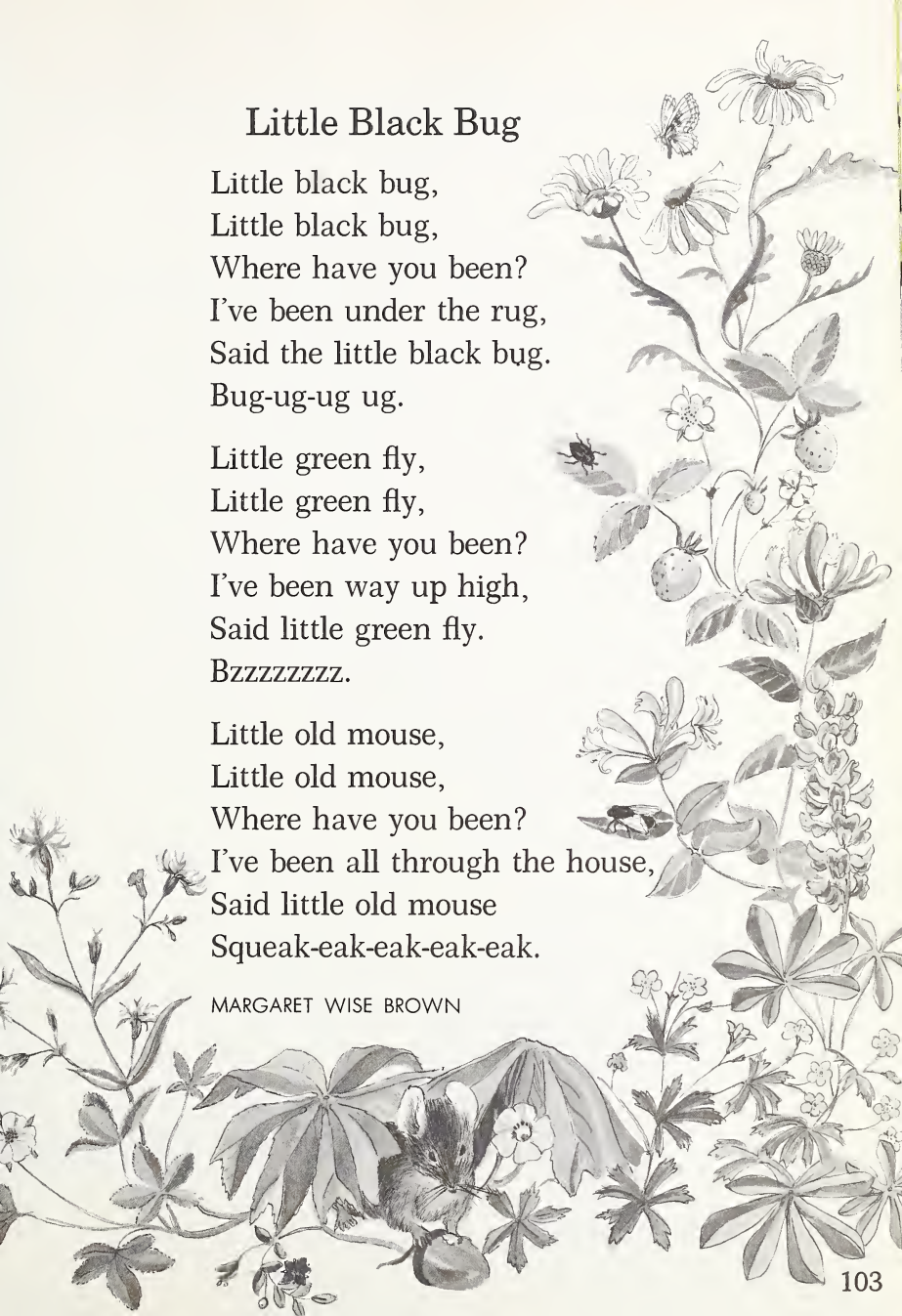


Cricket

Crickety cricket,
Crickety cricket,
Little, black, shiny
Crickety cricket;
Down in the thicket,
Down in the thicket,
Under the leaves in the brush
In the thicket;
Crickety cricket,
Crickety cricket,
Jump and sit straight,
Little, black, shiny cricket.
Cricket, cricket, cricket
Rubs his wings.
"Cricket, cricket, cricket"
Is the song he sings.

LOUISE BINDER SCOTT AND J. J. THOMPSON





Little Black Bug

Little black bug,
Little black bug,
Where have you been?
I've been under the rug,
Said the little black bug.
Bug-ug-ug ug.

Little green fly,
Little green fly,
Where have you been?
I've been way up high,
Said little green fly.
Bzzzzzzzz.

Little old mouse,
Little old mouse,
Where have you been?
I've been all through the house,
Said little old mouse
Squeak-eak-eak-eak-eak.

MARGARET WISE BROWN

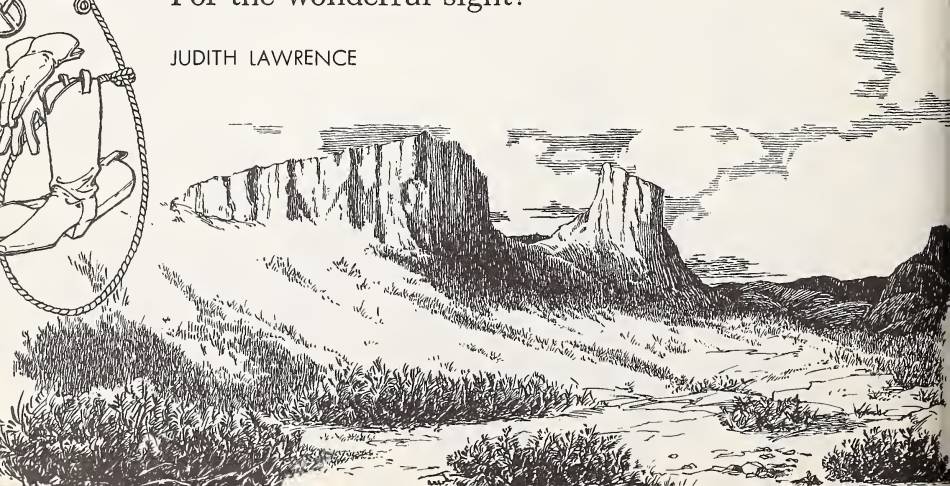
The Open Plain

Sing hey
For the life on the open plain,
For the sun, and the wind, and the dust, and
the rain.
With the dawn of each day
We shall ride again.
Sing hey
For the open plain!

Sing ho
For the wonderful shimmering sight
Of the desert sky on a summer night,
When the stars are glowing
With brilliant light.
Sing ho
For the wonderful sight!

JUDITH LAWRENCE





Welcome to Double B Ranch

A Camp on Clearwater River for Boys 7-12



All the fun of the West

Owners Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Robins



Riding



Learn from real cowboys.
Ride the trails.

Overnight Camping



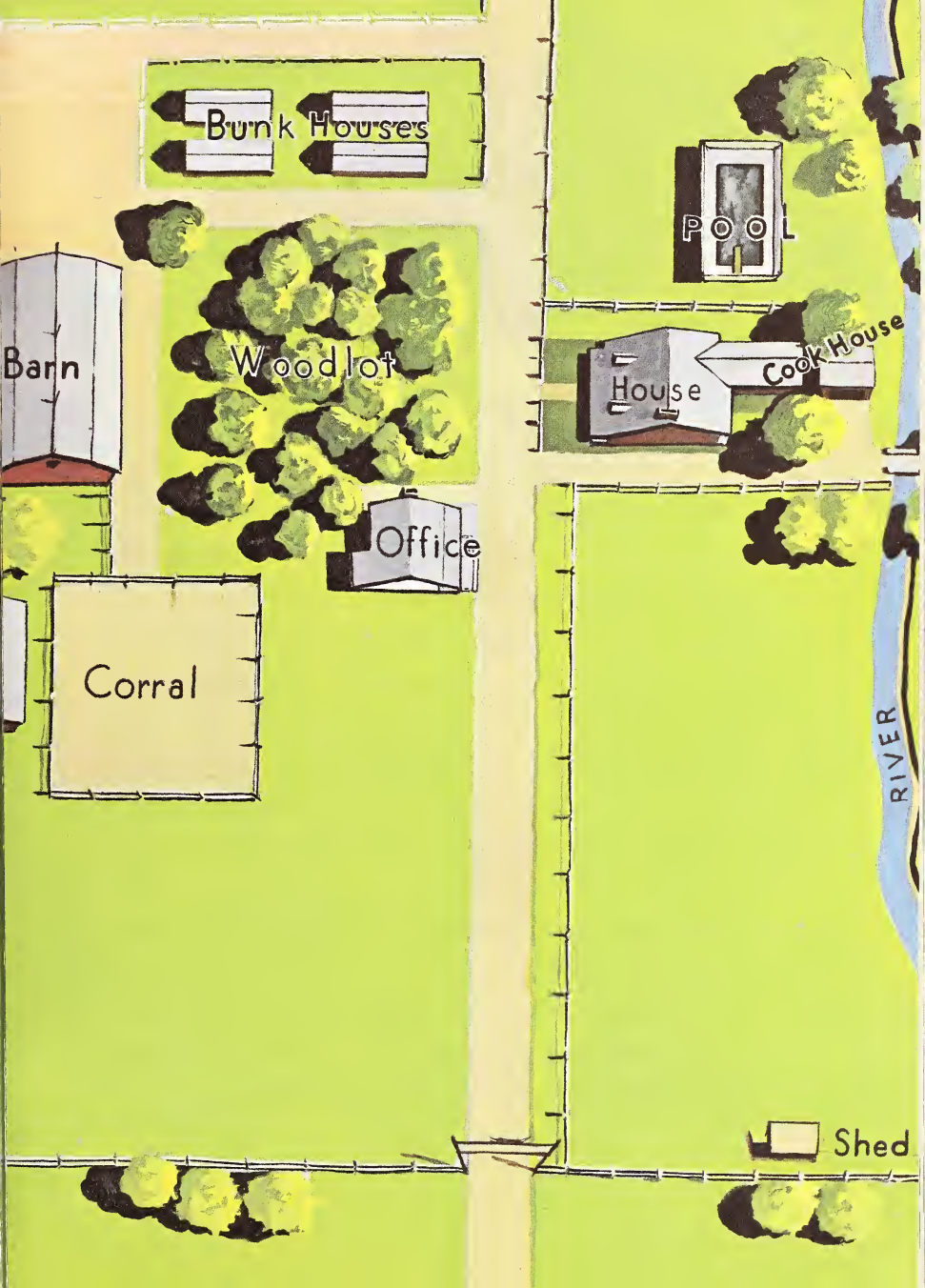
This is fun
for everyone.

Rodeos



Watch trick riding,
jumping and roping
in the corral.

And of course lots of good FOOD


Bunk Houses
POOL
Barn
Woodlot
House
Cook House
Office
Corral
RIVER
Shed



The Double B Ranch

Chapter One

The first time Tommy Woods saw the folder from the Double B Ranch he decided it was the camp for him. He knew he wanted to go there, and do all the things he'd read about in the folder. Every time he looked at it he thought about the exciting holiday in store for him. He pictured himself riding horseback, watching the rodeo, and camping on the trail.

When the time came for Tommy to go to camp, his father drove him up from the city. For about three hours they drove along the highway, then they turned down a side road.

"Are we nearly there, Dad?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, I think so," said Mr. Woods. "In a few minutes we should see the big gate."

"There it is," exclaimed Tommy, "and it has a sign over it just like the one in the folder."

The gate into Double B Ranch was open. Mr. Woods drove in. "The map on the folder showed a corral on the left side of this road," he said. "We should see it before we reach the ranch house."

"I see the corral," said Tommy, "but I wonder where the horses are."

"Perhaps they are out on the trail," said Mr. Woods.

He stopped the car at the front door of the ranch house. As he and Tommy were getting out, Mr. Robins came to meet them.

"Hello," he said. "Welcome to Double B Ranch. I'm Bill Robins. You must be Tommy Woods."

Tommy and his father shook hands with Mr. Robins.

"Where are the other boys?" Tommy asked.

"They're out on the trail," said Mr. Robins. "They left here shortly after one o'clock, but they'll be back soon. Let's get your things out of the car and I'll show you where to put them."



Tommy picked up his bag. He and his father went with Mr. Robins around to the back of the big ranch house. There they saw four bunk-houses.

"Your bunk-house is the one nearest the swimming pool," said Mr. Robins.

When they got inside the bunk-house, Tommy saw that there were six bunks. There were three top bunks and three bottom bunks. Each one had a red blanket on it.

Mr. Robins pointed to one of the top bunks. "This is where you sleep," he said. "Why don't you try it out?"

Tommy climbed up. "This is fun," he said. "It's better than being on the bottom bunk. I hope I don't forget where I am and jump out of bed some morning. It's a long way down to the floor."

"You won't forget," laughed his dad. "I must be going now. It's a long drive back to town."

They walked back to the car. Mr. Woods took out a large paper bag. "Here is something for you, Tommy," he said.

Tommy opened the bag and pulled out a white cowboy hat. "Oh, thank you, Dad," he exclaimed. "This is just what I need!"

"Now you look like a real cowboy," said Mr. Robins.

Mr. Woods got into the car. "Good-bye, Tommy," he said. "Have a good time. I'll be back in two weeks to drive you home."



Chapter Two

Tommy and Mr. Robins walked over to the stable.

"We'll have to find a horse for you to ride," said Mr. Robins. "Each boy has his own horse while he's here."

"I'm not a very good rider," said Tommy. "I've been on a horse only once."

"We'll find a quiet horse for you," said Mr. Robins, "one that won't give you any trouble."

Inside the stable, Tommy saw the stalls for the horses. He looked in the first stall. He saw a black horse eating some hay. "That looks like a quiet horse," he said.

"He is quiet," said Mr. Robins, "but he's too big for you, Tommy. Let's look at another one."

In the next stall was a white horse. It had a black spot on its nose. When Tommy looked into the stall, the horse put its head out over the door.

"I like this one," said Tommy. "Is he too big for me?"

"No, he's just right for you," said Mr. Robins. "His name is Squeaky."

"That's a funny name," said Tommy. "Do you think I could have Squeaky for my horse?"

"Yes," said Mr. Robins, "he can be your horse for the next two weeks. You'll have to learn how to look after him."

One of the ranch-hands came into the stable. Mr. Robins called him over. "Hank," he said. "we've decided that Squeaky will be Tommy's horse while he's here at the ranch. I'll leave Tommy with you. Will you show him how to groom Squeaky?"

"I'd be glad to," answered Hank. "Let's start right now, Tommy. We'll be finished before the other boys get back from the trail."

Hank showed Tommy how to brush Squeaky's coat. He showed him how to use a curry-comb. Squeaky stood still while he was being groomed. Soon his coat was shining.

"Do you think you're going to like Double B Ranch?" asked Hank.

"I know I am," said Tommy. "I didn't know I'd have my own horse for two weeks."

"Squeaky is one of the best horses we have," said Hank.

Suddenly they heard, "Yippee, yippee!"

"That sounds like the other boys coming back," said Hank. "Come on outside and watch what they do. It won't be long before you're riding on the trail with them."

They walked out of the stable just in time to see about twenty horses coming down the Blue Hill Trail. On each horse was a rider in cowboy clothes. Most of the riders were boys like Tommy, but three of them were men.

"You see we have real cowboys here, too," explained Hank. "They'll teach you how to ride."

All the riders rode into the corral beside the stable. Tommy and Hank climbed up on the fence to watch them. As each boy rode into the corral he got off his horse. He tied the reins to one of the rails of the fence. Tommy watched as the boys took the saddles off the horses and led them back to the stable.

"The boys feed their horses after they put them in their stalls. Tomorrow we'll show you how to feed Squeaky," said Hank, "and give you your first riding lesson. I think you've learned enough for one day."



Just then Hank called one of the boys over. "Rick," he said, "you seem to have finished looking after your horse for the day. I still have work to finish in the stable. Would you take Tommy over to your bunk-house and make sure he meets some of the boys before supper?"

"Come on, Tommy," said Rick. "Let's run! I want to get out of here before Hank finds out I tricked one of the other boys into doing my work."

The two boys ran to the bunk-house. Tommy wondered how the other boy felt about doing Rick's work. He wondered if Rick were the kind of boy he wanted for a friend at Double B Ranch.



Chapter Three

Rick and Tommy arrived at the bunk-house before the rest of the boys. Rick explained a lot of things to Tommy. He told him about some of the rules they were supposed to follow at camp.

"I don't obey all the rules," said Rick, "and so far nobody has caught me."

Tommy thought that Rick was boasting. He wondered if Rick might be the kind of boy who would get him into trouble. He wished Hank hadn't asked Rick to look after him.

"At supper time," Rick said, "there's a rule that the last one to get to the cook-house has to help with the dishes."

"I may have to do the dishes every night," said Tommy, with a laugh. "I'm not a very good runner. I never win races at school."

"Don't worry. Just follow me. I always get to the cook-house first," boasted Rick. "I take a short-cut we're not supposed to take. I jump a fence and run through the woodlot behind the ranch house."

"Why aren't you supposed to take the short-cut?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know," said Rick. "It's one of those silly rules. They've planted some evergreen trees there but I don't do them any harm."

Rick stopped talking when the other boys came in. They seemed to be in such a hurry to get cleaned up that they didn't speak to Tommy or Rick.

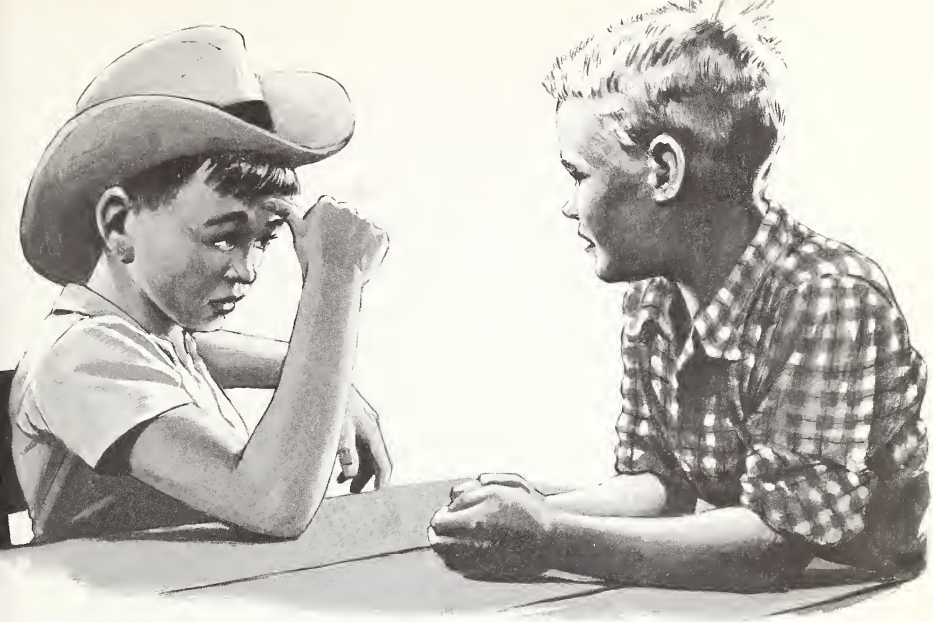


When the cook-house bell rang the boys rushed out ahead of Rick. Tommy would like to have gone with them but he wasn't sure they wanted him. He followed Rick out of the bunk-house. He could see that the short-cut would save time. Rick was a good runner and he knew every turn in the path. Tommy had a hard time keeping up with him. He tripped over a big rock. His new cowboy hat landed on the ground. Rick kept running, pretending not to have seen Tommy fall. By the time Tommy got up and brushed himself off the other boys were at the cook-house. Tommy arrived last. There was only one place left at the table. He was glad it was not beside Rick. He recognized the boy on his right as one of the boys from his bunk-house. He knew that this boy's name was Ken.

"Did you take the short-cut?" asked Ken.

"Yes," replied Tommy. "Rick told me it was the fastest way to get here."

"Rick tells all the new boys in our bunk-house that," said Ken, "and most of them end up being last. By the way, Tommy, I'll stay and help with the dishes. I do them all the time at home."



When Mrs. Robins came along with his food she smiled and said to Tommy, "I guess I'll see you in the kitchen after supper."

Tommy and Ken stayed behind to help Mrs. Robins with the dishes. While they worked Ken told Tommy about the things they were learning to do at camp.

"You'll like Double B Ranch," said Ken. "We have lots of fun here."

"I like it already," said Tommy. He knew that with friends like Ken he would be sure to have a good holiday.

Chapter Four

All week the boys had been talking about the coming event, The Wild West Rodeo. On Saturday morning, after the boys had groomed and fed their horses, they hurried to the corral. They climbed up on the top rails of the fence, and waited for the rodeo to start.

Dan, the youngest of the ranch-hands, rode into the corral. On the front of his saddle he had a rope. As he rode round the corral he swung the rope over his head. He let it go. It whistled through the air and dropped over one of the posts of the corral.

Tommy's friend Ken was sitting beside him on the rail. "Watch Dan's next trick," he said. "He rides around the corral with a blindfold over his eyes and ropes one of the posts. It's his best trick."

Dan put on the blindfold and rode by. Again he swung the rope over his head. Again it whistled through the air. It dropped over a fence post a few feet from where Ken and Tommy were sitting.

Dan took off the blindfold and waved to them as he rode out of the corral. Just as he left another of the ranch-hands rode in.

"Here's Ace," said Ken. "He's the best bronco buster on this ranch. He can take a wild horse and ride him until he's quiet."

The horse started to buck as soon as it got into the corral. Ace held the reins with one hand and waved his hat with the other. The horse jumped into the air and came down hard on all four feet.



"How does he do it?" asked Tommy. "That horse is bucking as hard as he can, and Ace is holding the reins with only one hand."

"Ace holds on with his legs," said Ken. "That's the right way to ride a horse."

The wild horse kept bucking, but Ace stayed in the saddle. Around the corral they went. The horse kicked and jumped and bucked. The boys shouted, "Yippee! Ride 'em cowboy!"

At last the bronco was tired of bucking. He stood still and hung his head.



"That bronco has had enough for one day," said Ken. "He has learned that he can't buck Ace off his back."

"What happens next?" Tommy wanted to know.

"Hank is going to do some trick riding for us," said Ken.

Hank rode in on his beautiful horse Silver. He began to do his trick riding act. Hank said something to the horse, and it went down on its knees. Hank got off and said, "Go to sleep, Silver." Silver put his head down and pretended to be asleep. The boys laughed. Silver did everything Hank told him to do.

Hank patted Silver on the nose and led him towards the gate.

"More! More! More!" shouted the boys.

Hank shook his head and said something to Silver. The horse shook his head, too.

"That's the end of the rodeo," said Ken.

"Do you suppose we'll ever learn to ride like Hank and Ace?" asked Tommy.

"I hope so," said Ken. "I'd like to be in a rodeo, some day."

Chapter Five

Tommy had been at the Double B Ranch for twelve days. He had learned many things. He knew how to take care of Squeaky, and he could ride him very well.

At last came the highlight of the holiday, the overnight camping trip. Early in the afternoon the horses were led into the corral. Each boy saddled his horse, then fastened his bed-roll to the back of the saddle. Hank got his horse ready, then he brought another horse out of the stable. He put a different kind of saddle on this horse.

"Let's watch Hank and Ace get the pack-horse ready," said Ken to Tommy.

As the two boys watched, the ranch-hands carefully packed the food, and other things needed on the trip, on the horse's back.

"That pack-horse is so well trained no one has to ride him," said Ken. "He just follows Hank on the trail."

When it was time to go, Tommy noticed that Rick wasn't with the other boys.

"Isn't Rick going?" he asked Ken.



"No," replied Ken. "He's pretending that he's sick. He's going to stay in the bunk-house until we have all gone. Then he's going out camping by himself."

"Won't he get into trouble?" asked Tommy.

"He might," said Ken. "He says he can go camping alone, because he's a better cowboy than the rest of us. He's always boasting. He says he's going to camp down at Trout Stream. He's going to fish there, and cook his own food."

Just then Mr. Robins came over to the corral. "Well, boys," he said, "I hope you have a good time on the trail. Hank and Ace are going to look after you. I hope you'll do as they ask you to do. Remember to obey the camp rules."

Ace led the way. All the horses and riders followed him in a long line. They climbed slowly up to the top of a hill, and stopped for a few minutes to rest their horses. Then Ace led them down the other side of the hill and into the woods. At times it was hard to see the trail through the woods, but Ace knew the way. After a while they came to the camping place beside a river. There was grass for the horses, and water for them to drink.

The first thing the boys had to do was to look after the horses. The bed-rolls and saddles were taken off. Hank and Ace took the food and camping things off the pack-horse. Then the horses were tied to trees by very long ropes, so they could move around and find grass to eat.

When it was time for supper the ranch-hands helped the boys build a camp-fire. Hank put a huge pot of pork and beans over the fire to cook. The boys tried to toast bread on long green sticks held near the fire. Often the toast got burned, but the boys ate it anyway.

The boys were nearly finished eating when Ace brought out a bag of marshmallows.

Everyone toasted marshmallows at the fire. Ace played his guitar while the boys sang. They sang all the songs they knew until they couldn't think of any more. By that time the sun had gone down, and the moon was coming up over the trees.

Hank stood up. "Come along, cowboys," he said. "It's time to turn in for the night. We have to get up early in the morning."

Hank made sure the camp-fire was out. Soon everyone was fast asleep.

Tommy woke up suddenly. He sat up and looked around. He thought he heard something moving. He couldn't see very well at first, but after a while he noticed a horse behind some trees. It was Rick's horse, Strawberry. Tommy got up quickly, and then woke up Ken. Ken pulled his blanket up over his head. "Go away," he said. "It's not time to get up yet."

"Sh!" said Tommy, "don't wake up the others. Rick's horse is over there in the trees, by herself. Rick must be in some kind of trouble."

Ken sat up. "What do you think we should do?" he asked.

"I think we should take a look around to see if we can find Rick," said Tommy. "Trout Stream isn't very far from here."

The two boys pulled on some warm clothes, and went into the woods. Strawberry moved slowly away from the camp. She seemed to want the boys to follow. It wasn't hard to see her moving ahead of them, because there was a bright moon shining.

"I hope nothing has happened to Rick," said Tommy.

"I think we should keep following Strawberry," said Ken.

Strawberry led them through the dark woods until they could hear the sound of a stream.

"She must be taking us to Rick," said Ken.

The horse stopped at the top of a little hill overlooking the stream. She turned to see if the boys were following. Then she went down the hill by way of a path. At the bottom she stopped just beside the stream. When Tommy and Ken came up to her they saw Rick. He was lying on the ground beside a big log. He was frightened when he heard someone coming.



"Who is it?" he called.

"What's the matter, Rick?" asked Ken.

Rick recognized Ken's voice. "I think I'm in real trouble this time," he said. "It's my leg. I hurt it when I was crossing the stream. I can't walk on it."

Tommy got down close to Rick. He could see that Rick was shivering.

"You're wet," said Tommy. "Did you fall in the stream?"

"Yes," said Rick. "I was trying to cross to the other side to fish. I wanted to ride Strawberry over, but she wouldn't go."

"Strawberry found our camp," said Ken. "She brought us here."

"I think we'd better get help," said Tommy. "You stay with Rick, Ken. I'll take Strawberry with me. She seems to know her way through these woods."

Strawberry led Tommy back the way they had come. When they got to the camp Tommy woke up Hank and Ace.

"What's the matter?" said Hank.

"It's Rick," whispered Tommy. "He's hurt."

"Rick!" said Hank. "I thought he was back at the bunk-house, sick in bed."

Tommy explained what had happened. He told them where Rick and Ken were waiting.



"I'll go with Tommy," said Ace. "We won't come back here. We'll go straight to the ranch in the morning. We'll take some food and blankets with us."

"I know a fast way to get to Trout Stream," Ace said to Tommy. "I'll ride my horse and you follow on Squeaky. Strawberry will come with us."

Ace led the way down a different trail that brought them out at the stream. They came to the place where Rick was lying. Ace built a small fire, so that Rick would be warm. He gave him some dry clothes to put on, and covered him up with blankets.



"I'm sorry, Ace," said Rick. "I guess I thought I was a better cowboy than everyone else. I've caused you a lot of trouble."

"Never mind that," said Ace. "You're still shivering. I'll fix you something hot to drink. It won't be long until morning. Then we can get you back to the ranch."

"I'm glad Strawberry found you," said Rick.

"I am, too," said Ace. "If you had been wet and cold all night you might have been very sick."

They stayed close to the fire. Rick lay covered with a blanket while the others sat near him. Now and then one of the boys would get up and put more wood on the fire.



When daylight came, they made breakfast and got ready to go back to the ranch. Ace saddled his horse and mounted him. Ken and Tommy helped Rick to get up behind Ace. Then Tommy mounted Squeaky, and Ken rode Strawberry. They rode slowly, following a trail that had few rough places.

As they rode into the corral Mr. Robins came over to meet them. "The rest of the boys just got here. They told me what happened last night," he said. "You had better take Rick up to the ranch house, Ace. Mrs. Robins will look after him."

Then Mr. Robins turned to the two boys. "I want to thank you for helping Rick," he said. "By the way, Tommy, I had a letter from your dad. He says that you may stay for two more weeks if there's room for you. Would you like to?"

"Yippee!" exclaimed Tommy. "I'd love to stay, if it's all right with you."

"Of course, it is," said Mr. Robins. "We're always glad to have good cowboys stay on with us at the Double B Ranch."

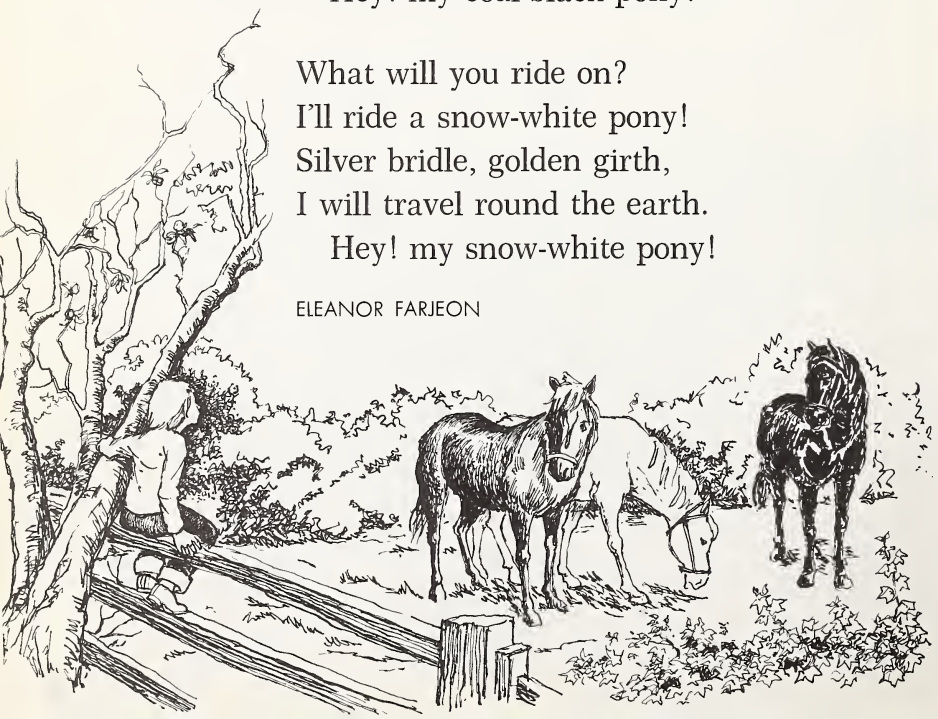
Hey! My Pony!

What will you ride on?
I'll ride a nut-brown pony!
Hempen halter, iron bit,
Round the field I'll ride on it!
Hey! my nut-brown pony!

What will you ride on?
I'll ride a coal-black pony!
Scarlet saddle, silken reins,
I will cross Sahara's plains.
Hey! my coal-black pony!

What will you ride on?
I'll ride a snow-white pony!
Silver bridle, golden girth,
I will travel round the earth.
Hey! my snow-white pony!

ELEANOR FARJEON

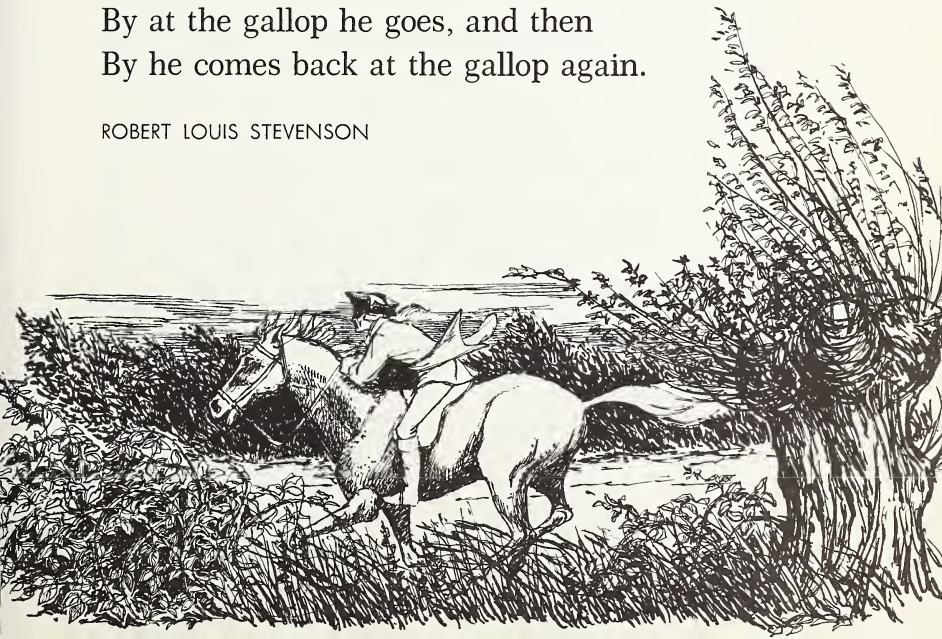


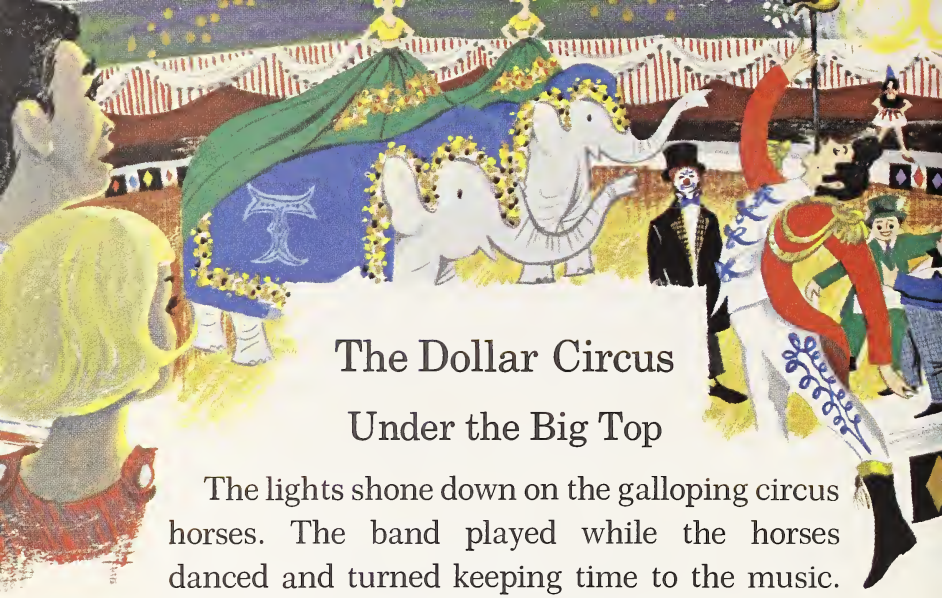
Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
  By at the gallop goes he:
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



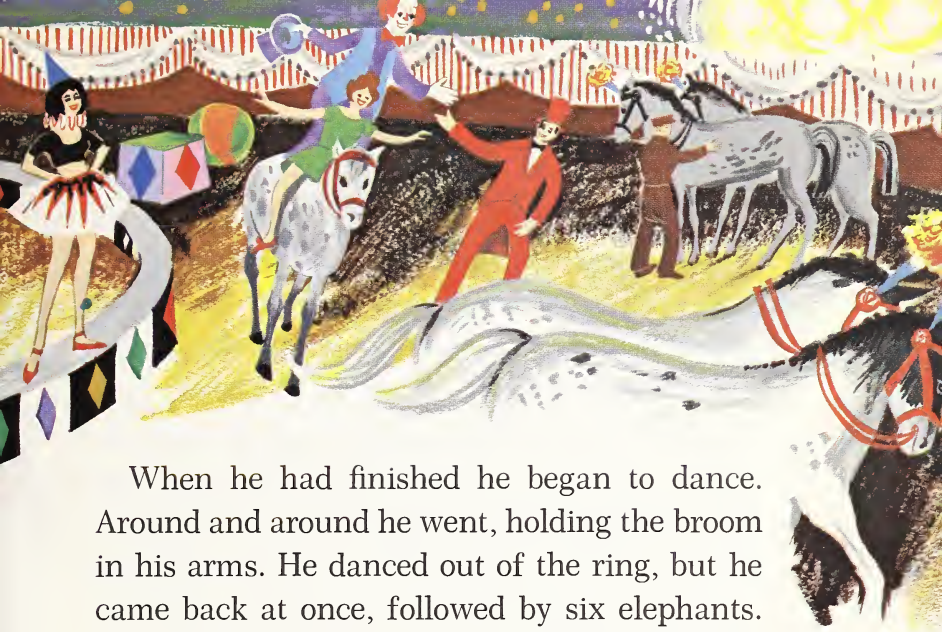


The Dollar Circus

Under the Big Top

The lights shone down on the galloping circus horses. The band played while the horses danced and turned keeping time to the music. The silver bells on the horses' reins jingled as they danced.

Paul and his sister Ann were watching the show. When the horses had finished their act, Bimbo, the clown, came into the ring. He was riding on a broom, pretending that it was a horse. Around and around he went on his broomstick horse. Suddenly he tripped and down he went. Everybody laughed because he looked so funny. When Bimbo got up he used the broom to brush his clothes. He took a mirror out of his pocket. He combed his hair and straightened his tie.



When he had finished he began to dance. Around and around he went, holding the broom in his arms. He danced out of the ring, but he came back at once, followed by six elephants. Each elephant had a letter painted on its side. The letters made up the words THE END. All the people laughed and clapped as the elephants followed Bimbo out of the ring.

Paul and Ann were still clapping when the lights came on. They liked Bimbo, the clown. They had been coming to see him in the circus for a long time. Once their father had taken them to meet Bimbo, and ever since then they had thought of him as their friend.

Paul said, "Let's go and talk to Bimbo. He's always happy to see us."

"Yes," said Ann, "but remember we can't stay long."

The two children walked out of the tent into the sunshine and made their way across the fair-grounds. They stopped beside a bright red trailer that stood close to some trees.

Paul walked up the steps of the trailer and knocked on the door. From inside someone called, "Come in." When he and Ann went inside they saw Bimbo sitting in front of a mirror. He was carefully taking off his clown's make-up.

"Hello Paul and Ann," said Bimbo. "Did you like the show?"

"Oh yes," said Ann. "The circus gets better every time I see it."

"You were very funny today, Bimbo," said Paul. "I wish I could be a clown like you."

Bimbo laughed. "Sometimes being a clown is hard work, but I wouldn't want to be anything else." He stood up. "Now let's go and watch the elephants being fed," he said.

"Oh no," said Paul. "We haven't time. We have to go and buy a present for our mother. It's her birthday tomorrow."

"We're having a party for her in the garden," said Ann.

"That should be fun," said Bimbo. "Have you decided what you are going to buy for your mother?"

"Yes, we're going to buy her a pair of earrings," said Ann. "We have one dollar."

"That's what earrings cost," said Paul. "I have the dollar right here."

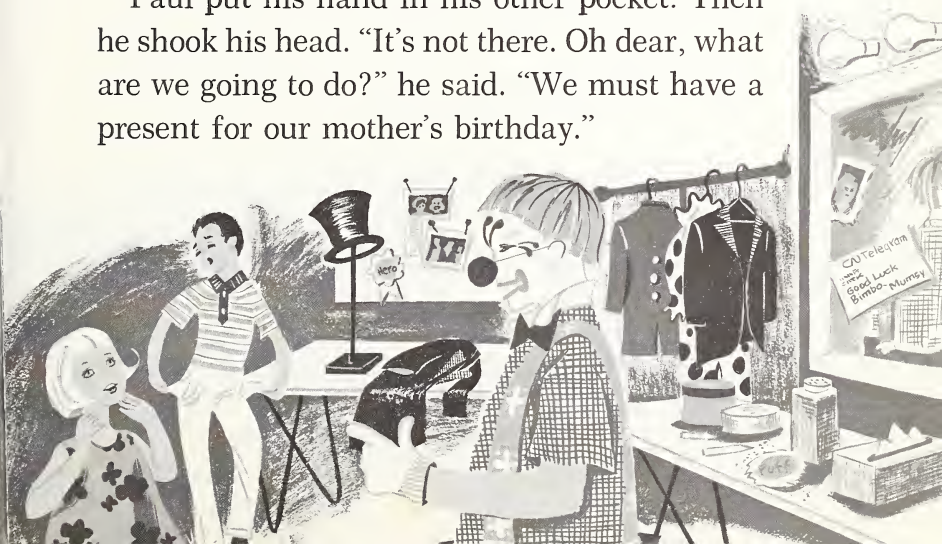
When Paul put his hand in his pocket he looked worried.

"What's the matter, Paul?" Bimbo asked.

"The dollar! It's gone!" exclaimed Paul.

"Are you sure?" cried Ann. "Perhaps it's in your other pocket."

Paul put his hand in his other pocket. Then he shook his head. "It's not there. Oh dear, what are we going to do?" he said. "We must have a present for our mother's birthday."



"Let's go back to the tent and look for the dollar," said Bimbo. "Perhaps it fell out of your pocket while you were watching the circus."

They hurried back to the empty tent. They looked on the ground under the seats, but the dollar wasn't there.

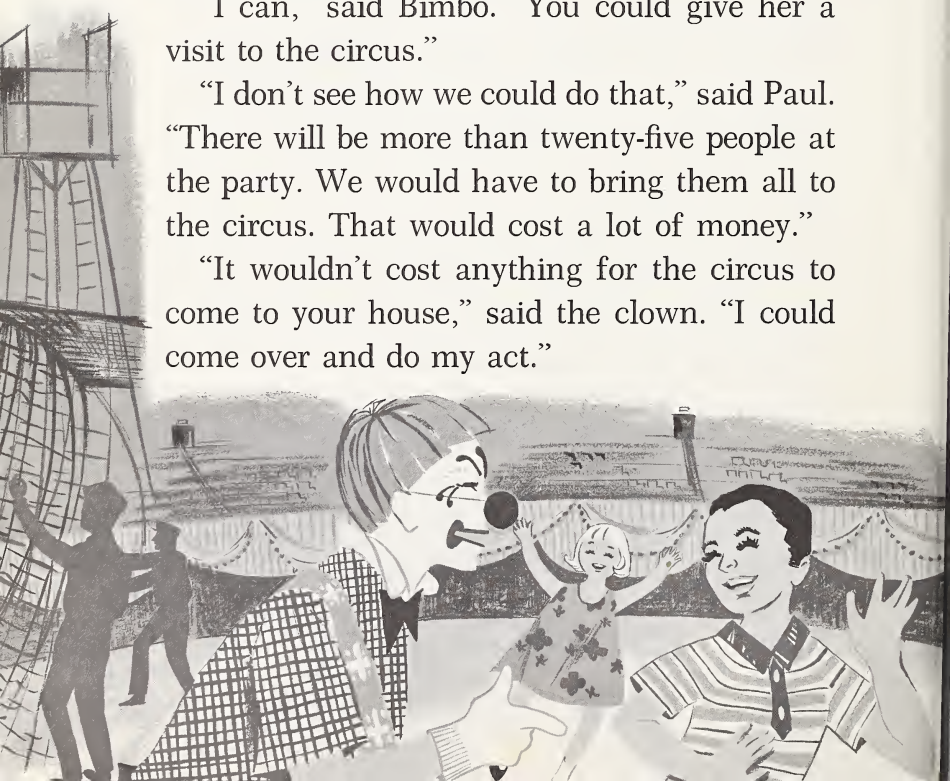
"Why don't you give your mother some other kind of present?" asked Bimbo.

"I can't think of a present we could get for nothing," replied Ann.

"I can," said Bimbo. "You could give her a visit to the circus."

"I don't see how we could do that," said Paul. "There will be more than twenty-five people at the party. We would have to bring them all to the circus. That would cost a lot of money."

"It wouldn't cost anything for the circus to come to your house," said the clown. "I could come over and do my act."



"Oh Bimbo, that would be wonderful!" cried Paul.

"Perhaps some of the other circus people would come, too," said Bimbo.

"I wish Gloria could come with her trained dogs," said Ann. "I'm sure Mother would like to see them skip, and do tricks on the teeter-totter."

"Let's go and ask her," said the clown.

When they got to the trailer where Gloria lived, Bimbo told her about the lost dollar. Then he asked her if she would like to be in the birthday party circus.

"I'd love to," said Gloria. "I'll bring all the dogs and we'll do our act for you."

"We'll need a ringmaster," said Ann.

"Of course," said Bimbo. "Paul can be the ringmaster."

"Yes," said Ann, "Paul knows what to do. He has been to so many circuses."

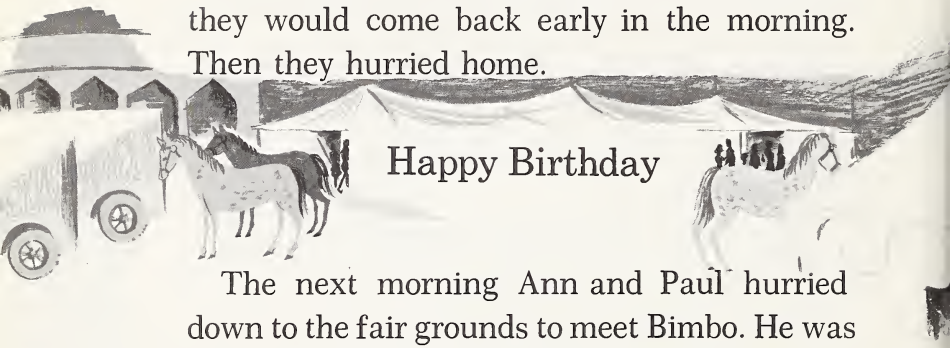
"Will any other circus people be coming with us?" asked Gloria.

"I hope so," said Bimbo. "By tomorrow morning I'll try to have some other acts lined up for the party."

"Won't Mother be surprised when we tell her that we're going to have a real live circus for her birthday," said Ann.

"We won't tell her tonight," said Paul. "We'll wait until tomorrow when it's time for the circus to start."

Ann and Paul thanked Bimbo and told him they would come back early in the morning. Then they hurried home.



Happy Birthday

The next morning Ann and Paul hurried down to the fair grounds to meet Bimbo. He was waiting for them near the Big Top.

"I have two more acts lined up for your circus," he said. "Wonderman, the magician, wants to help, and Handy Andy, the juggler, is going to do his act."

"That's good news," said Paul. "We're going to have a real circus in our own garden."

"As you are the ringmaster," said Bimbo, "you'll have to tell the people about the acts."

"I've been working at it. Listen," said Paul. He began to shout at the top of his voice, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! The circus is about to begin. Take your seats everyone. See the greatest show of all."

Bimbo smiled, "That's right, Paul. I can see you're going to be a very good ringmaster. You know exactly what to say." He looked around. "Where's Ann?" he asked.

"She went over to Gloria's trailer," replied Paul. "Here she comes now."

Ann was wearing a pretty pink dress, like the one Gloria wore for her act.

"Look at me!" Ann called, as she ran to Paul and Bimbo. "Gloria said I could help her with her act, and she gave me this pretty dress to wear."

"You look just like a circus lady," said Paul.

"We'll be at your house at four o'clock," said Bimbo. "That will give you time to get everybody ready to watch the show."

Ann and Paul hurried home. Their mother and father wondered why they were so excited, but they didn't ask any questions.

At three o'clock the guests began to arrive. Paul and Ann kept running into the house to look at the clock. At last, all the guests were there. A few minutes before four o'clock Ann went into the house to put on the dress Gloria had given her. Paul went into the garden and asked everyone to sit down.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" he called. "The circus is about to begin. Take your seats everyone! See the greatest show of all!"

The guests looked surprised.

"Did you say circus?" asked Paul's mother.

"Yes, I did," said Paul. "Bimbo is bringing the circus to your party. It's your birthday present."

"The circus is coming here!" exclaimed Paul's father. "This is a surprise!"



Suddenly there was a loud noise at the front gate. Everyone looked. There were the circus people, in a big red car. Out jumped Bimbo, with his arms full of balloons. After him came Gloria, with the six dogs. Then came Wonderman, the magician, and Handy Andy, the juggler.

"Now," said Paul, "to begin the circus we have Gloria and Ann, and the trained dogs."

Everyone was surprised to see Ann helping Gloria with her act. The guests clapped while the dogs rolled over, climbed up and down ladders, jumped over a skipping rope, and played on the teeter-totter.



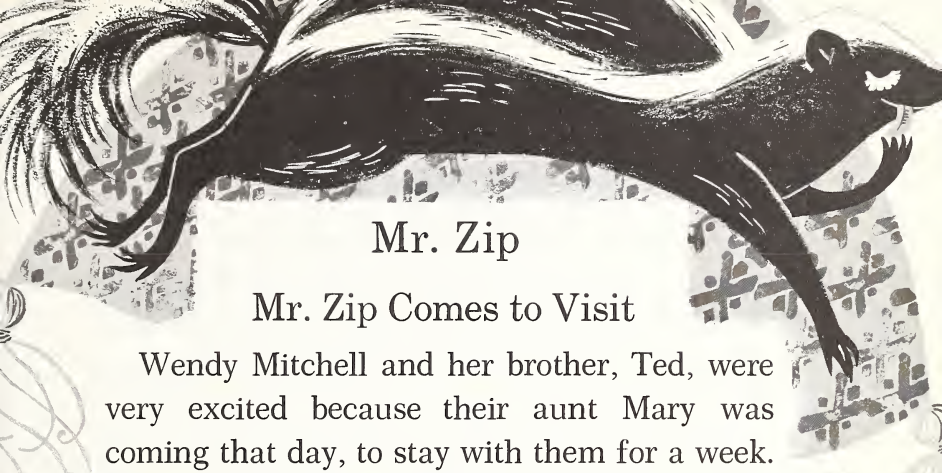
When the dogs had done their act, Bimbo came out. He still had his arms full of balloons. He dropped them on the ground and began to run after them. As he picked up each balloon, it went off with a bang. Then Bimbo did the broom act the children had seen in the circus tent. Wonderman did magic tricks and Handy Andy finished the show with his juggling act. Everyone clapped and shouted for more. Paul had to tell them that the show was over. He thanked Gloria, Wonderman, and Handy Andy, and of course, Bimbo, since the birthday party circus had been his idea.

"It's the most wonderful birthday present I've ever had," said Mother.

As Paul and Ann walked back to the car with the circus people Ann said, "And you know, Paul, this would never have happened if you hadn't lost that dollar."

"That's right," laughed Bimbo. "This was a dollar circus."

"It's the best dollar's worth I have ever had," said Paul. "If it had cost a hundred dollars it couldn't have been more fun!"



Mr. Zip

Mr. Zip Comes to Visit

Wendy Mitchell and her brother, Ted, were very excited because their aunt Mary was coming that day, to stay with them for a week. The two children were sitting on the front porch waiting for her to arrive. They loved their aunt Mary because she was always laughing and telling funny stories, and she made them laugh, too.

"I wonder when she'll get here," said Ted.

"She won't be very long," replied Mrs. Mitchell, who had just come out to the porch. "The train should be in by now, and your father will have met Aunt Mary. They should be here in about twenty minutes."

"Oh, I wish they would hurry," said Wendy.

"I'm sure they're coming as quickly as they can," said Mrs. Mitchell. "Wendy, you should finish cleaning up your room, and Ted, you can rake the leaves in the back yard, please."

"All right," said Wendy and Ted. The two children went off to do their jobs.

Of course Wendy didn't finish cleaning her room. She sat in front of the window and watched for the car. She sat and waited for what seemed to be a long time. Then she saw the car come up the street and turn into the driveway.

"They're here," shouted Wendy, and she ran down the stairs and out onto the porch. Suddenly she stopped running. She stood and stared at Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary looked the same as ever. She was wearing a bright red dress and a big pink hat. Aunt Mary acted the same as ever. She was smiling and talking to Father. But Wendy couldn't believe her eyes. Walking ahead of Aunt Mary, on a pretty silver leash, was a skunk!



Wendy decided that since the skunk was wearing a leash it must be tame. So she laughed and flew down the walk to give Aunt Mary a big hug and a kiss.

"Wendy, what a big girl you are!" exclaimed Aunt Mary.

"Hello, Aunt Mary," said Wendy. "Where did you get the skunk? What's his name? May I pat him? Will he bite me?"

Mr. Mitchell and Aunt Mary laughed. "Wendy," said her father, "one question at a time!"

"That's all right," said Aunt Mary. "Here are the answers, Wendy. I bought the skunk in a pet store. His name is Mr. Zip. Yes, you may pat him. And no, he won't bite you. He's very friendly."

"I've never met a tame skunk," said Wendy.

Just then Ted came running around the house to say hello to Aunt Mary. When he saw the skunk he stopped suddenly. He hid behind a tree and shouted, "Look out! Look out! There's a skunk in the yard! Run! Run!"

Everyone laughed at Ted.

"Don't get excited, Ted," said his mother. "This skunk is tame. He belongs to Aunt Mary."

Ted looked out from behind the tree. "Does he spray?" he asked.

"No, Ted. Tame skunks don't spray," said Aunt Mary.

"Come and see him, Ted. He's pretty," said Wendy. She patted the skunk's head. The skunk liked this, and he rubbed himself against her leg. "Look at him. He likes to be patted," said Wendy.

"May we keep Mr. Zip outside with us?" asked Ted.

"Yes, dear, you may," said Aunt Mary. "He would like that. I'm sure he wants to run and play."

So Wendy and Ted played with Mr. Zip all afternoon. They played with a ball. Ted rolled the ball to Wendy, and Mr. Zip tried to catch it. They chased each other all around the yard. Then Mr. Zip ran and looked at the flowers growing in the garden. They played until Mother called them to dinner. Then they went inside the house.

In the kitchen Wendy looked around for Snowball, their big white cat. "Mother, have you seen Snowball?" she asked.

"No, dear, I haven't," said Mother. "She has been outside since this morning."

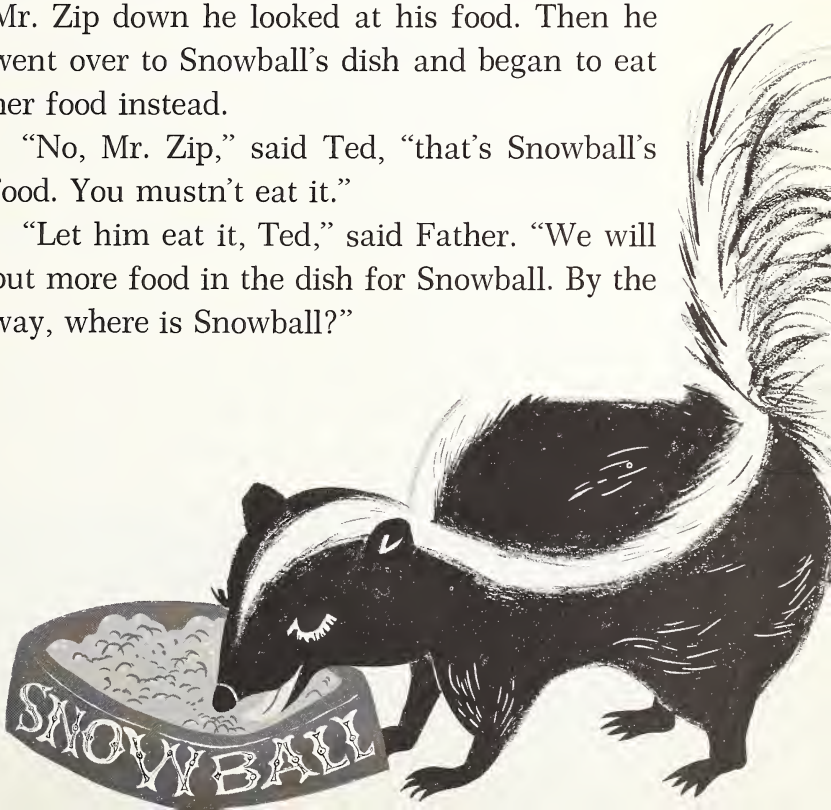
"I want her to meet Mr. Zip," said Wendy.

"Never mind," said Mother. "She'll be back when she's hungry, I'm sure. Now, bring Mr. Zip over here and we'll give him some food."

"Yes, Mother," said Wendy. When she put Mr. Zip down he looked at his food. Then he went over to Snowball's dish and began to eat her food instead.

"No, Mr. Zip," said Ted, "that's Snowball's food. You mustn't eat it."

"Let him eat it, Ted," said Father. "We will put more food in the dish for Snowball. By the way, where is Snowball?"



"I don't know," said Mother. "She hasn't been home all day. I hope that nothing has happened to her."

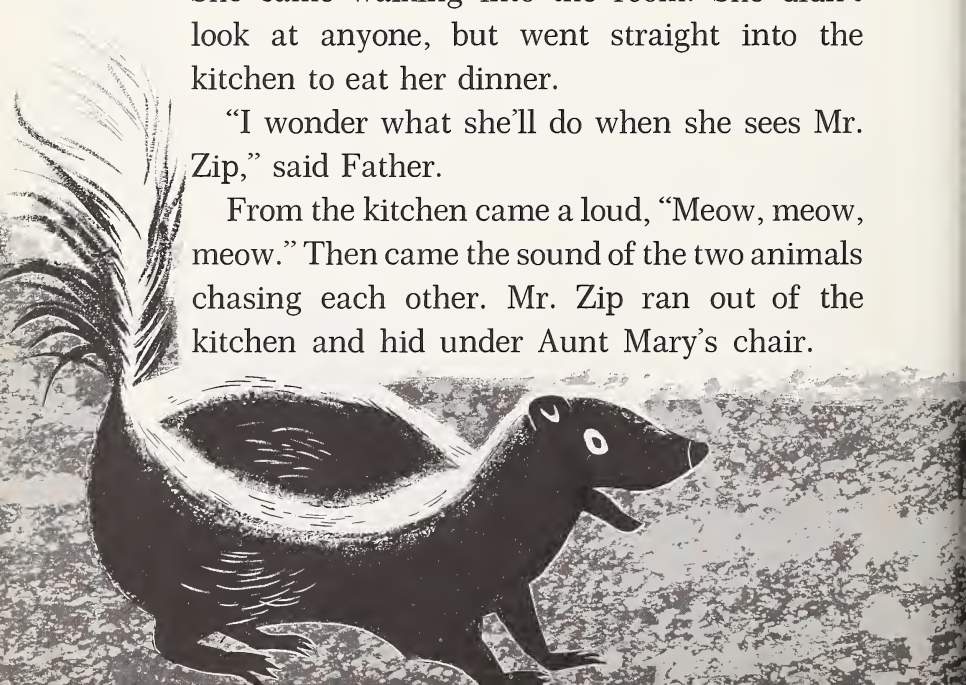
Everyone went into the dining-room and sat down at the table. Just then there was a noise outside the window. There, sitting outside on the windowsill and rubbing herself against the glass, was Snowball.

"Ted, run outside and call her," said Mother. "She must be very hungry. She hasn't eaten all day."

Ted ran to the front door and called the cat. She came walking into the room. She didn't look at anyone, but went straight into the kitchen to eat her dinner.

"I wonder what she'll do when she sees Mr. Zip," said Father.

From the kitchen came a loud, "Meow, meow, meow." Then came the sound of the two animals chasing each other. Mr. Zip ran out of the kitchen and hid under Aunt Mary's chair.

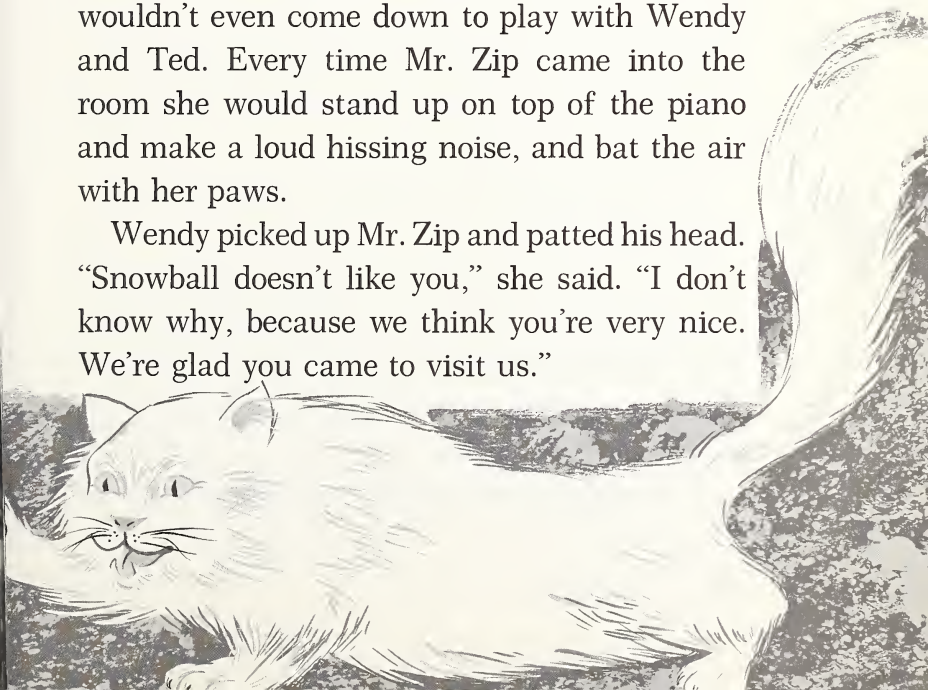


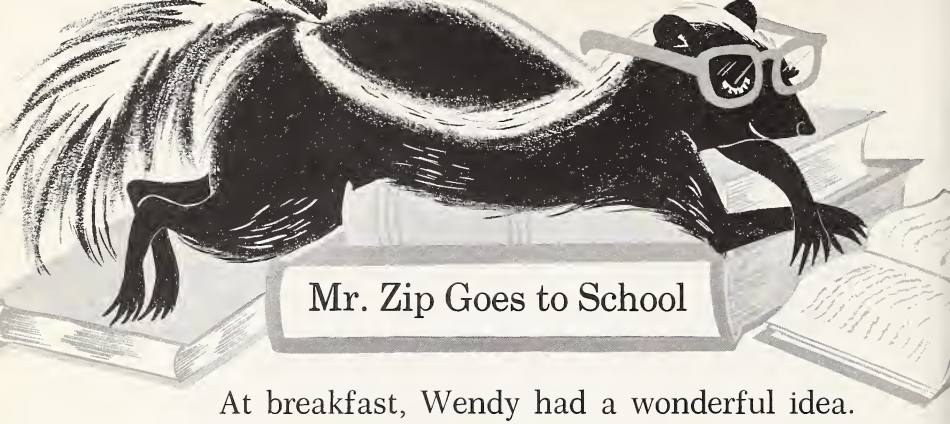
"I don't think they like each other," laughed Mrs. Mitchell. She got up from the table. "I must go and give Snowball something to eat," she said.

When Snowball had finished eating she walked out of the kitchen holding her head very high. She made a loud hissing noise at Mr. Zip and went into the living-room. Then she jumped up on the piano and there she stayed.

Snowball wouldn't come down for anyone. She wouldn't come down when Mrs. Mitchell called her, or when Mr. Mitchell called her. She wouldn't even come down to play with Wendy and Ted. Every time Mr. Zip came into the room she would stand up on top of the piano and make a loud hissing noise, and bat the air with her paws.

Wendy picked up Mr. Zip and patted his head. "Snowball doesn't like you," she said. "I don't know why, because we think you're very nice. We're glad you came to visit us."





Mr. Zip Goes to School

At breakfast, Wendy had a wonderful idea. She turned to her aunt and said, "Aunt Mary, may I take Mr. Zip to school this afternoon? I'm sure that my teacher and all the children would like to meet him."

Aunt Mary wasn't sure that it was a good idea.

Wendy hurried on, "I could come home at lunch-time to get him. He would be at school only for the afternoon."

"Are you sure your teacher wouldn't mind?" asked Aunt Mary.

"I'm sure she wouldn't mind," said Wendy. "She likes us to bring our pets. One day I took Snowball to school with me. And last week Tom Brown took his turtle. Oh, please, Aunt Mary, may I take Mr. Zip?"

"All right, Wendy," said Aunt Mary.

"Oh, thank you," said Wendy. She reached down and picked up Mr. Zip who had been sitting at her feet. "You're coming to school with me this afternoon," she said. "We must brush you to make your coat shiny. And we shall put on your pretty silver leash."

At lunch time Wendy came running into the house. "Is Mr. Zip ready?" she said. "I asked my teacher if I could bring a pet, and she said yes. I didn't tell her what kind of pet. I said that it was to be a surprise. Now everyone is wondering what kind of animal it is. They will be amazed when they learn that it's a skunk."

"Mr. Zip is ready," said Aunt Mary. "We gave him a bath and brushed his coat. See how nice he looks."

Mr. Zip walked over to Aunt Mary who hooked the silver leash to his collar. Then he sat down and waited for Wendy.

"Remember to bring Mr. Zip straight home after school, Wendy," said Mother.

"Yes, Mother," said Wendy. "Thank you, Aunt Mary. Come on, Mr. Zip, let's go to school. We're going to have a lot of fun today."

Off went Wendy, with Mr. Zip on his silver leash. All along the street people stopped and looked at them. Wendy could hardly keep from laughing.

Mr. Jensen, the milkman, drove past and stared so hard at Wendy and Mr. Zip that he forgot to look where he was going. Mr. Jensen drove his truck right into a lady's flower bed.

"Come on, Mr. Zip," said Wendy. "We had better run."

When they got to school all the children were in their classrooms.

"Now we'll give them the surprise," said Wendy. She unhooked Mr. Zip's leash, and opened her classroom door. Before she could pick him up, Mr. Zip walked into the room.

Wendy's teacher, Miss Meadows, was standing in front of the children. "We'll have to wait and see what Wendy's surprise is," she said.

"I know," said one little girl. "It will be Snowball, again."

One of the boys saw Mr. Zip at the front of the room. "Look," he shouted, "there's a skunk in the room. Look out!"



Two girls jumped up on their chairs. Some of the other children got up and ran into a corner far away from Mr. Zip. Soon everyone was running around trying to get away from the skunk. With all the children shouting, there was a lot of noise in the room.

Wendy came into the room. "It's all right, Miss Meadows," she said. "He's a tame skunk. His name is Mr. Zip. He is my surprise."

There was so much noise by this time that nobody heard Wendy.

Miss Meadows came quickly over to Wendy. "Wendy, run and tell the principal that there is a skunk in the room," she said.

"But, Miss Meadows, he's a tame skunk," said Wendy.

Miss Meadows didn't hear her. "Hurry! Wendy," she said.

Mr. Zip was walking towards the children who were in the corner. The nearer he came, the more frightened they were. Wendy ran over and picked up the skunk. Everyone was amazed.

"Miss Meadows," said Wendy, "this is Mr. Zip. He is my surprise." Then she turned to the children. "Don't be afraid of him," she said. "He's a tame skunk. Look, he's very friendly."

"Well, Wendy," said Miss Meadows. "Mr. Zip certainly was a surprise. Come, children, sit down and we will have Wendy show him to us."

When the other teachers heard about Mr. Zip they came into the room to see him. They asked Wendy if she would show the skunk to their classes. So Wendy went from room to room, showing Mr. Zip to all the children in the school. At the end of the afternoon Miss Meadows thanked Wendy for bringing such an interesting surprise to school. Then Wendy put the silver leash back on Mr. Zip and they walked home.

Aunt Mary asked, "How did the children like your surprise, Wendy?"

Wendy replied, "Oh, they liked it very much. I showed Mr. Zip to everyone in the school and they all thought that he was a very nice skunk."

"I'm glad," said Aunt Mary.

"Where is Mr. Zip?" asked Mother.

"I think he went into the kitchen," said Ted.

"Oh, dear," said Mother, "Snowball is in there. We'd better go and get Mr. Zip before something terrible happens."

They all hurried to the kitchen. Then they stopped and stared. For there in Snowball's box, sleeping soundly, was Mr. Zip. And beside him, fast asleep, was Snowball.

Wendy laughed, "Now even Snowball has made friends with Mr. Zip," she said.





A Parrot Named Percy

Mrs. Gray was a little old lady who lived alone in a small white house. She was very happy there. She had a pretty house and a big garden full of trees and flowers. Lots of people came to visit Mrs. Gray. She gave them cakes and cookies that she had baked in her kitchen. Mrs. Gray never had time to be lonely.

Now there was another reason why Mrs. Gray wasn't lonely. She had a wonderful pet, a parrot named Percy. Percy was a beautiful parrot. His feathers were all colours – red, blue, and yellow. He had his own perch in Mrs. Gray's living-room, next to the window. All day he would sit and look out the window and talk to himself.

Mrs. Gray had bought Percy two years before from a sea captain named Captain Bright. She had tried and tried to teach the bird to say, "It's a lovely day" but Percy wouldn't say it. He said only the things that Captain Bright had taught him. He would say, "Run for your lives, ladies. We're going to have a storm!" and "Boy, bring me my coffee." Sometimes he would whistle and say, "Here doggy, nice doggy."

When people came to visit her, Mrs. Gray would break off a little piece of cookie and go to Percy and say, "Nice Percy. Here's some cookie for you. Can you say, 'It's a lovely day'?"

Percy would eat the cookie. Then he would whistle and say, "Run for your lives, ladies. We're going to have a storm."

"No, Percy," Mrs. Gray would say. "Nice parrots say, 'It's a lovely day'."

Percy would look at her and say, "Here doggy, nice doggy."

Then Mrs. Gray and her visitors would laugh. When Percy heard them laughing he would ruffle his feathers, whistle and say, "Boy, bring me my coffee." The ladies would laugh all the harder.

One afternoon Mrs. Gray was in a great hurry. She was late for a garden party. She put on her best dress and her new hat, and went to say good-bye to Percy.

"I must hurry," she said. "Good-bye, Percy, you be a good bird while I'm gone."



Percy whistled and said, "Boy, bring me my coffee."

Mrs. Gray hurried out the door saying, "Oh, dear, I hope I'm not too late."

For a little while Percy sat on his perch and looked out the window. Then he got lonely and flew into the kitchen to see if Mrs. Gray were there. He flew to the kitchen window and discovered that it was open. Mrs. Gray had been in such a hurry she had forgotten to close it. Percy looked out and saw some little birds flying into the trees. He pushed the window open even further and flew out into the garden.

He landed on the highest branch of the apple tree. All the little birds flew away when they saw him. They had never seen a bird like Percy before. Percy sat on the branch, looked around, and whistled. Then he took off and flew out of the garden and down the street.

From the air Percy saw a big brown dog sleeping in front of a doghouse. Percy landed on the roof of the doghouse. He walked up and down ruffling his feathers. He stood on the edge of the roof and looked at the sleeping dog.

When Percy whistled, the dog opened his eyes and raised his head. Percy whistled again and the dog got up. "Here doggy, nice doggy," said Percy. The dog wagged his tail and started to run round the doghouse. He was looking for the person who had called him.

"Here doggy, nice doggy."

The poor dog couldn't see anyone. He looked and looked, and then saw Percy on the roof. He watched as Percy combed his feathers with his beak. Percy looked down at the dog. He ruffled his feathers, whistled and said, "Here doggy, nice doggy."

The dog was very surprised. He had never heard a bird talk before. He barked very loudly at Percy, and started to run round the doghouse again. Percy didn't like the barking, so he flew off the roof and out of the garden. From the air he looked down and saw the dog still barking at him.

Percy flew and flew and soon he was downtown. He was tired of flying so he landed on a sign above a restaurant. He watched a man in a grey suit walk into the restaurant.

Percy flew down and landed on the window sill. He saw the man in the grey suit walk over to a table. He saw a young man dressed in white in the restaurant. Percy didn't know that this young man was a waiter.

The man opened a newspaper and started to read it. All of a sudden Percy said, "Boy, bring me my coffee."

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. He poured a cup of coffee and took it to the man.

The man looked up. "What is this?" he asked.

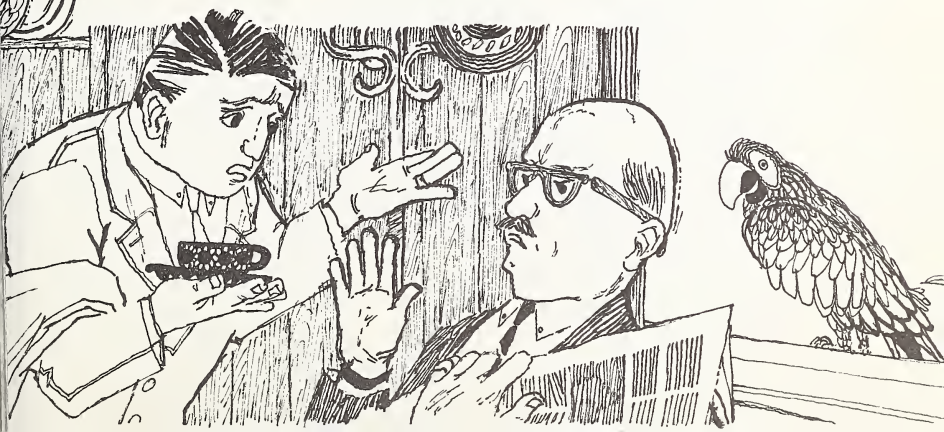
"It's your coffee, sir," said the waiter.

"I didn't ask for coffee. I want a cup of tea," said the man.

"But you said, 'Boy, bring me my coffee.' I heard you," said the waiter.

"I didn't ask for coffee," said the man.

"Well, who was it then?" asked the waiter.



Just then they heard a tapping on the glass. They turned and saw Percy sitting on the windowsill. He hopped up and down, whistled, and said, "Boy, bring me my coffee. Here doggy, nice doggy."

The waiter and the man looked at each other and they began to laugh.

"I didn't know that parrots drank coffee," said the man in the grey suit.

Percy looked at the two men. He cocked his head to one side, ruffled his feathers and flew off towards home.

As he was flying over a garden he saw some ladies having a garden party. They were wearing brightly-coloured dresses, and hats with flowers on them. Percy was interested. He wanted to get a better look at what was going on. He landed on the roof of the house and looked down at the ladies. They were drinking tea, and talking. There was a lot of noise. Percy hopped around on the roof and ruffled his feathers. Then he whistled. All of the ladies stopped talking. They looked around to see who had whistled.

Percy looked at the silent ladies and then he said in his loudest voice, "Run for your lives, ladies! We're going to have a storm."

The ladies got very excited. "Oh dear," said one lady, "a storm! It will ruin my new dress." She ran into the house.

Another lady screamed, dropped her teacup, and ran into the house, too.



Soon all the ladies had gone into the house, except Mrs. Gray. She knew who had whistled and shouted at the ladies. She looked into a big tree to see if Percy were there.

Percy whistled at her and said, "Here doggy, nice doggy."

Mrs. Gray turned around and saw him on the roof. "Percy," she said, "you come down here at once. You are a bad bird."

"Boy, bring me my coffee," said Percy.

Mrs. Gray smiled and went to a table and picked up a cracker. She broke off a little piece and said, "Here, Percy, nice bird. Come and get some cracker."

Percy looked at Mrs. Gray and cocked his head to one side. He began to pick his feathers with his beak.

"Come on, Percy. I have a nice cracker for you. Here pretty bird, come and eat your cracker," said Mrs. Gray.

Percy flew down and landed on Mrs. Gray's shoulder. She gave him a piece of cracker and said, "How did you get out of the house? Come on now. We are going home."

Percy was very happy to ride home on Mrs. Gray's shoulder. He whistled all the way. Soon he was back on his perch in the living-room.

Mrs. Gray went into the kitchen and saw the open window. "So that's how he got out," she said. "I must have forgotten to close the window when I went to the party. I must be careful from now on." Then she went into the living-room and gave Percy a cracker.

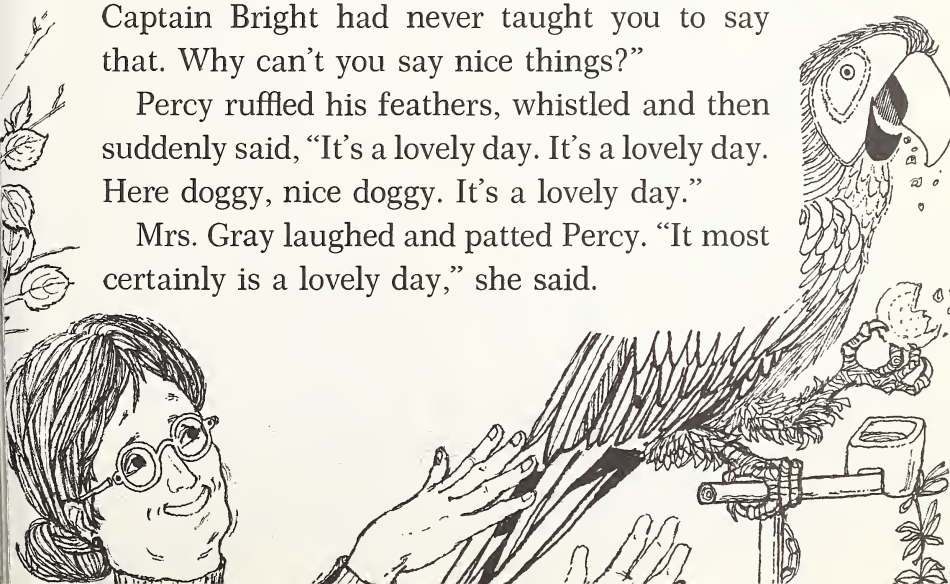
"I am very annoyed with you, Percy," she said. "You ruined the garden party. Bad bird!"

Percy ate the cracker and hopped around on his perch. "Run for your lives, ladies. We're going to have a storm," he said.

"Oh, be quiet," said Mrs. Gray. "I wish that Captain Bright had never taught you to say that. Why can't you say nice things?"

Percy ruffled his feathers, whistled and then suddenly said, "It's a lovely day. It's a lovely day. Here doggy, nice doggy. It's a lovely day."

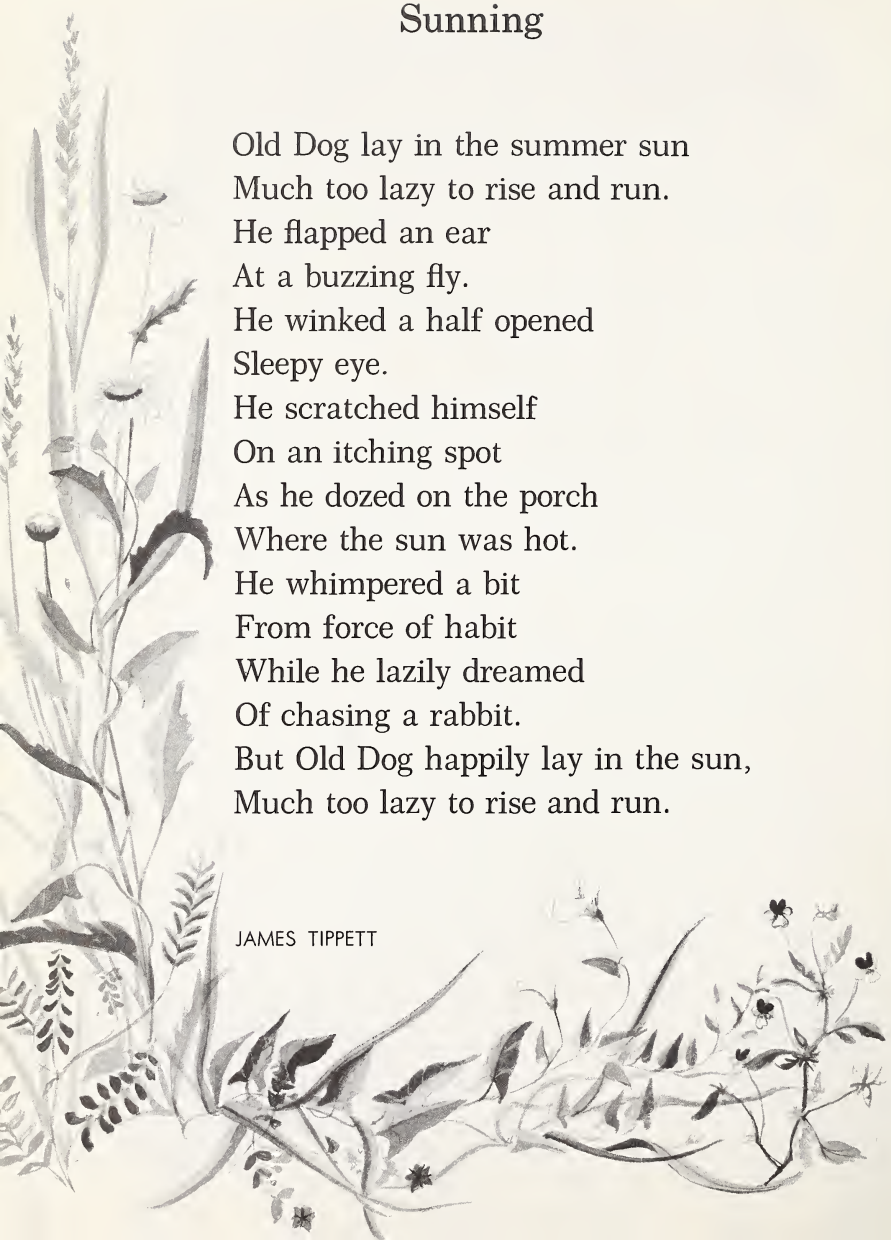
Mrs. Gray laughed and patted Percy. "It most certainly is a lovely day," she said.



Sunning

Old Dog lay in the summer sun
Much too lazy to rise and run.
He flapped an ear
At a buzzing fly.
He winked a half opened
Sleepy eye.
He scratched himself
On an itching spot
As he dozed on the porch
Where the sun was hot.
He whimpered a bit
From force of habit
While he lazily dreamed
Of chasing a rabbit.
But Old Dog happily lay in the sun,
Much too lazy to rise and run.

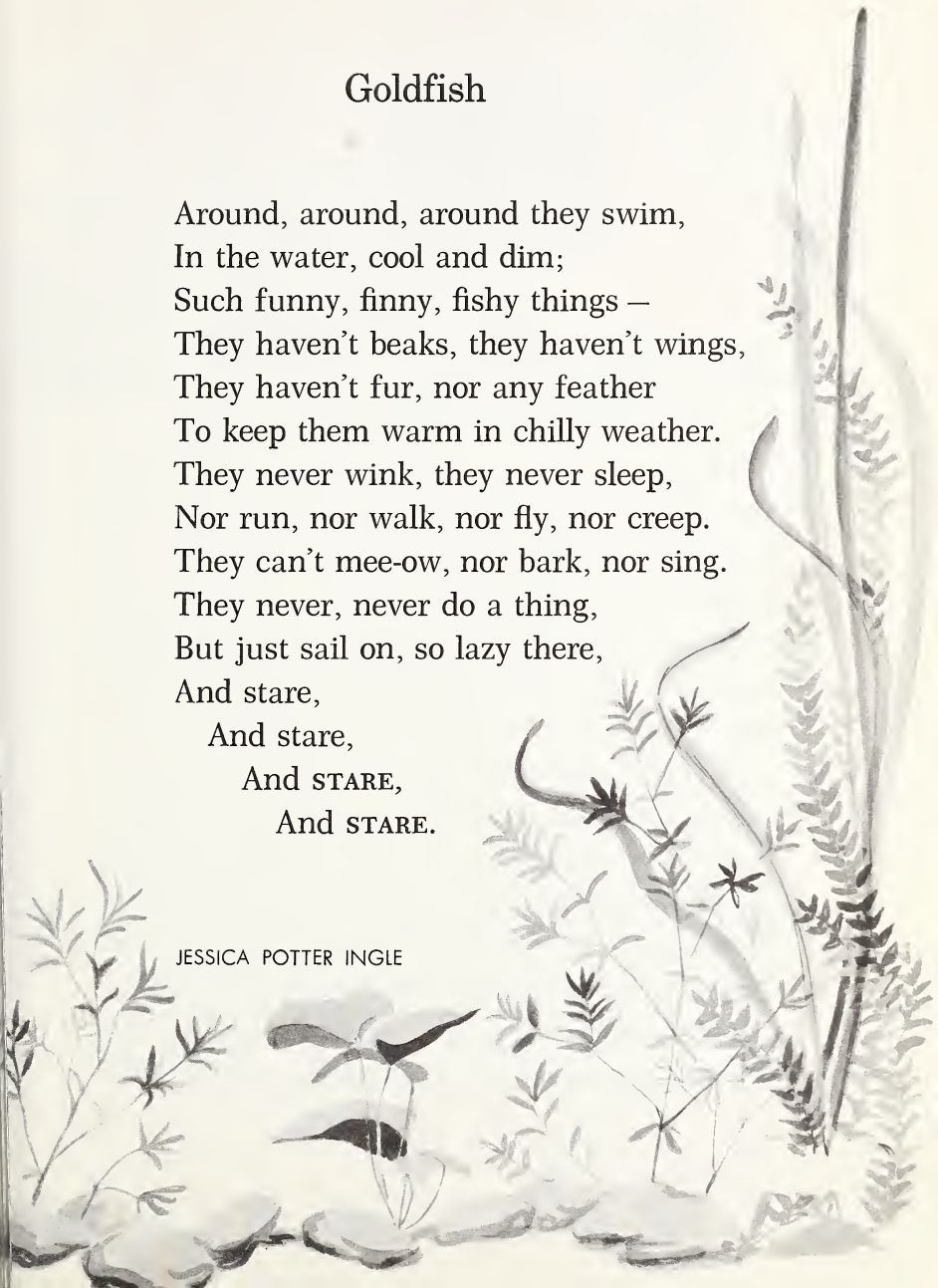
JAMES TIPPETT



Goldfish

Around, around, around they swim,
In the water, cool and dim;
Such funny, finny, fishy things –
They haven't beaks, they haven't wings,
They haven't fur, nor any feather
To keep them warm in chilly weather.
They never wink, they never sleep,
Nor run, nor walk, nor fly, nor creep.
They can't mee-ow, nor bark, nor sing.
They never, never do a thing,
But just sail on, so lazy there,
And stare,
And stare,
And STARE,
And STARE.

JESSICA POTTER INGLE





The Bremen Town Musicians

There was once a donkey who, for many years, had worked hard for his master. At last, he was too old to work any more. One day the donkey heard his master talking. "Wife, it's time we got rid of that donkey," he said. "He's no use to us now. I'll take him to market and sell him."

The donkey said to himself, "I know that I am getting too old to work, but I have worked hard for my master. If he were a kind man he would let me stay here instead of selling me. Now that I have discovered that he is going to get rid of me, there is only one thing for me to do. I must run away. I'll go to the town of Bremen and become a musician in the band."

That very day the donkey pushed open the door of the stable and started down the road towards Bremen. When he had gone a little way he saw a sad-looking dog lying by the roadside. "Hello, dog," said the donkey. "Why do you look so sad?"

The dog raised his head and looked at the donkey. "I've left my master and I have no place to go," he replied. "For years I worked for him. I kept watch over his house so that no one would rob him. Now, when I'm old and nearly blind, he doesn't want me any more. He was planning to get rid of me, so I got away as quickly as I could. I'm too old to work for my bread and meat. I don't know what will happen to me."

"Why don't you come with me?" said the donkey. "I am going to Bremen to become a musician in the town band. In that way I am going to make a living."

The dog was well pleased with this plan so the two runaways set off together down the road. Before long they saw a cat. She was sitting on a branch of a large tree. Her face was as long as three rainy Sundays.

"What is wrong with you, my friend?" asked the donkey. "You look very unhappy."

"I have good reason to be unhappy," answered the cat. "For years I caught all the mice in my master's house. But now I am growing old, and I am too slow to catch them. Today a mouse ran across the floor as my master was eating his breakfast. I chased the mouse but I could not catch it. My master was so angry that he put me out of his house and told me never to come back. So, here I am, and I don't know what I'm going to do next."

"We are going to Bremen to become musicians," explained the dog. "You are a good night-singer. Why don't you join us?"

The cat was pleased with this idea, so he joined the others. Further along the road they came to a farmyard where they saw an old rooster perched on the gate-post. He was crowing away with all his might, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"What's wrong with you?" asked the donkey, when he could make himself heard above the crowing of the rooster.



"There is a lot wrong," answered the rooster, ruffling his feathers. "I am not as young as I used to be. The lady who lives in the farmhouse does not like me. She told the cook that she wants me for dinner tomorrow. The cook has gone to get an axe and is going to chop off my head."

"Poor rooster!" said the donkey. "You'd better come with us to Bremen. You have a wonderful voice. You could become a musician, too."

The rooster cocked his head.

"I'll join you," he said. "It's too dangerous for me to stay here."

The donkey, the dog, the cat, and the rooster set off together towards Bremen. As they walked along, they sang at the tops of their voices. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat meowed, and the rooster crowed. The animals were well pleased with the music they made.

"Our voices go very well together," said the dog. "I'm sure everyone will like our singing."

"Going to Bremen to sing for a living is better than having my head chopped off," said the rooster.

When evening came they found themselves at the edge of a forest so they decided to spend the night there. The donkey, the dog, and the cat lay down under a big tree. The rooster perched on the highest branch of the tree and looked about. He called to his friends below, "There must be a house near by. I can see a light over there."

"We should find that house," said the donkey. "It would be better to spend the night in a house than under the tree."

"Besides," said the dog, with a wag of his tail, "I could do with some meat to eat."

Off the four friends went towards the light. Soon they arrived at the house. The donkey, being the tallest, went up to the window and looked in.

"What do you see?" whispered the dog.

"I see a fire burning in a fire-place. There is a table full of good things to eat and drink. Some robbers are sitting around the table," said the donkey.

"It's inside that house we should be, not out here," said the rooster. "If we could get rid of the robbers we could have the place to ourselves."

Each one had a different idea of how they could scare the robbers away. Finally they decided on a plan. The donkey stood with his front feet on the windowsill, the dog jumped on the donkey's back, the cat climbed on top of the dog, and the rooster flew up on the cat's head. When they were ready they began their music. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat meowed, and the rooster crowed. Then they all pushed their way through the window and into the room.



The robbers were very frightened. They were sure that some monster was after them. They hurried out of the house as quickly as they could and ran into the forest. The four friends sat down at the table and ate the food that the robbers had left.

Then they decided they would go to sleep, so they blew out the candle. The donkey lay just outside the door on the porch, while the dog lay down behind the door. The cat lay in front of the fire-place, while the rooster perched above it.

It was after midnight when the robbers saw that the light in the house was out. They decided that it must be empty, so they came nearer. All seemed to be silent. "We really should not have let ourselves be frightened over such a noise," said one of them. "Let's go back into the house."

"You go then," said another robber. "We'll wait to see if any harm comes to you."

The robber pushed open the door and went in. Near the fire-place he saw something shining. He thought it was the fire and went over to light a candle from it. What he saw turned out to be the cat's bright eyes shining in the dark.

The cat jumped up and scratched him. He ran towards the door. At the door the dog bit him on the leg. The donkey kicked him with his back legs while the rooster crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

When he reached the other robbers he said to them, "Run quickly! There's a dangerous monster in that house. She scratched my face with her terrible hands. Then she bit me with her teeth. She kicked me with her feet and all the time kept calling out, *Cut the man in two! Cut the man in two!*"

After that, the robbers were too frightened ever to go near the house again. The four musicians were so happy in their new home that they never wanted to leave it. They may be there to this very day.

Buster and the Balloon Man

The balloon man came down our street every Monday night at exactly six o'clock. He was never late and never early. Just as the big hand was up, and the little hand was down, on every clock in every house on our street, we could see the balloon man coming slowly down from the park, with his gaily-coloured balloons.

It was fun waiting for him to arrive. Sometimes we played hide-and-seek around the lamp-post. Sometimes we skipped Double Dutch, and other times we just sat around making up our minds which colour of balloon we would buy.

Buster was a fat little bulldog that lived at Ross McKay's house. He didn't like anyone to come near the house. Instead of running and

playing like the other dogs on the street, Buster just sat on the porch steps and waited for someone to come along so he could growl and chase him.

Buster didn't like the balloon man, and the balloon man didn't like Buster. When Buster would growl at him, the balloon man would run back up the street to the park where there were "no dogs allowed". Buster would go back to his porch and wait for someone else to come along.

Luckily for us we lived at the top of the street near the park. We got to the balloon man before Buster did. The children from down the street always ran to meet him, that is all the children but one little girl named Janie.

Janie had been sick and couldn't walk very well, much less run. Every Monday she waited and waited, hoping that the nasty bulldog would let the balloon man get down to her house, but it never worked out. Sometimes we would buy a balloon for Janie. She always smiled and said, "Thank you," but we knew she wanted to join in the fun of choosing. Never once did Buster let the balloon man get to Janie's house.

Not until that special Monday night! That night everything seemed the same. As usual we were waiting for the balloon man to arrive. Some of us were skipping Double Dutch. Some were playing around the lamppost and shouting, "Ready-or-not-you-must-be-caught."

In all the houses on the street clocks began to chime, ring, cuckoo, and tick six o'clock. Then we saw the balloon man coming from the park. He didn't look any different. He had on his same blue coat, and his same old straw hat, and he carried a lot of gaily-coloured balloons. He was walking slowly as he always did, so we could take our time choosing. We always changed our minds about a hundred times. First we'd pick a red balloon, then change it for a green one, and then ask for a yellow one like the one somebody else had. But the balloon man never became annoyed with us. He seemed to know that choosing was half the fun.

As the balloon man came nearer, we noticed there was something different. He had balloons all right, but they weren't on sticks as they usually were. They were tied to the ends of



strings that were standing straight up in the air. It was magic! Everybody could see it was magic.

Buster growled in his usual way and started after the balloon man. This time the balloon man didn't run. He stood his ground and looked down at the little white bulldog. He took a short fat stick out of his pocket and fastened a balloon to it. Buster grabbed the stick, and because he was a bulldog, pulled and pulled on it. He held on to it for dear life. Then it happened. The balloon man let go of the stick and the balloon took off into space.

"Oh!" we all cried. "Look at Buster. He's going up like an airplane."

Ross began to cry. Although Buster was nasty, still he was Ross's dog. Mothers came out from their kitchens. Fathers put down their papers and came down from their porches and out from back yards.

"Say, Jim," said my dad to the man next door, "look at that! It must be one of those gas-filled balloons."

It was all right for my dad to think that, of course, because he was grown up. We all knew it was magic. The little fat dog went higher and higher, and finally the wind blew him behind some trees and out of sight.

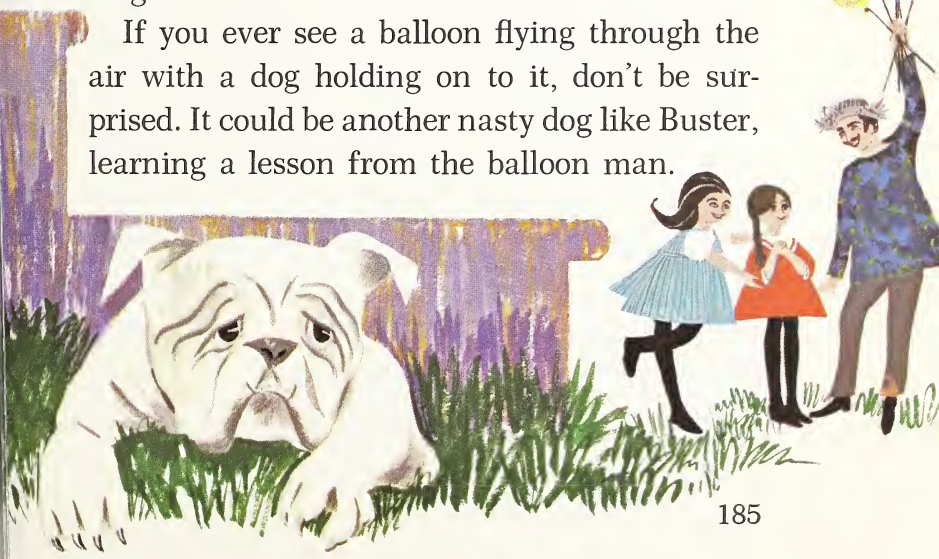
The balloon man didn't say a word. He just let us take longer than usual to choose our balloons. When he arrived at Janie's house he sat on her steps and let her pick her own balloon. Janie was just like the rest of us. She changed her mind from red to blue to green. Then finally she asked for a yellow one.

The next day was just another Tuesday for most people, but not on our street. Everyone was up very early looking for Buster and the run-away balloon.

But Buster was back. There he was, sitting in his usual place on Ross McKay's steps. Somehow he was different. When the mailman came to deliver the mail Buster didn't bark. When the milkman came to bring the milk he didn't growl. When the breadman came with his basket of bread Buster didn't even raise his head.

The next Monday night when the clocks began to chime, ring, cuckoo, and tick six o'clock, Buster dropped his ears and went under the porch steps. The balloon man came along, and everyone, even Janie, had time to choose a balloon. It was a Monday night we will never forget.

If you ever see a balloon flying through the air with a dog holding on to it, don't be surprised. It could be another nasty dog like Buster, learning a lesson from the balloon man.





A Robber in the Forest

A long time ago Raccoon was not the same colour as he is now. Instead of having a pale face, with dark rings around his eyes, he had a face that was dark brown all over. Raccoon loved to play tricks on the other animals in the forest. One day he called to Squirrel, "Run quickly, run quickly. There is a monster coming after you." When Squirrel began to run Raccoon laughed. "Ha ha," he said. "There is nobody chasing you. I wanted to trick you, and I did."

Squirrel was very angry. "Just you wait, Raccoon," he said. "Some day somebody will play a trick on you." Raccoon only laughed harder. He was too clever for Squirrel, or Rabbit, or any of the other animals – or so he thought.

One day Raccoon thought of a funny new trick to play on his friends. He took a piece of soft white bark from a tree. Very carefully he cut two holes in the bark. Then he put it over his face. Raccoon had made himself a mask. "Ha ha," he laughed. "Now I shall be able to play lots of tricks on all the animals."

Raccoon went down to the river and looked at himself in the water. His face looked very different now. The white mask, with two holes in it for his eyes, made him look like a robber. "That's what I shall do," said Raccoon to himself. "I'll pretend I'm a robber and frighten all the animals. That will be fun!"

Raccoon hid himself in the bushes at the edge of the road. He waited for somebody to come that way. Soon he saw Weasel coming along. Weasel had been fishing, and had caught six big fish. Raccoon liked to eat fish better than anything else. When he saw the fine catch of fish he felt very hungry. He waited until Weasel came near and then jumped out on the road.

"Stop!" shouted Raccoon. "Where are you going with those fish?"

Weasel looked at Raccoon. He didn't recognize him because of the mask. "I am taking these fish home for my supper," said Weasel.

"You must give some of them to me," said Raccoon fiercely. Weasel was very frightened of the robber in his strange mask. He gave Raccoon some of the fish.

"Now off you go, before I eat you," said Raccoon.

Weasel ran off down the road. When he had gone Raccoon laughed and laughed. "That is the best trick I have ever played," he said. "I must play it again tomorrow."

Every day from then on, one of the forest animals was met by a fierce-looking robber with a mask on his face. Nobody guessed that the robber was Raccoon. Everyone thought it must be a strange animal from some other part of the forest.

Raccoon was very pleased with himself. "This is better than catching my own food," he said. "Now I have time to sit in the sun and watch the other animals working."



One day Squirrel was talking to Fox and Rabbit. "There is only one animal who hasn't met that robber," said Squirrel. "The robber has taken things from everybody except Raccoon."

"Yes," said Fox. "I think Raccoon knows who the robber is. I think he is playing a trick on us all."

"We must find a way to catch the robber. Then we shall know if it is Raccoon," said Rabbit.

The next day Fox and Rabbit went to visit Brown Bear. He lived in another part of the forest in a dark cave. The smaller animals were afraid of Brown Bear because he was so big. They knew that he was friendly, but still they didn't go to see him very often. When Fox and Rabbit came to Brown Bear's cave they found him sitting outside, eating some honeycomb.

"Yes," said Brown Bear. "What can I do for you?"

Fox and Rabbit told him all about the trouble they were having with a strange robber. Brown Bear listened very carefully. "Do you think the robber would try to rob me?" he asked. Rabbit and Fox were not sure.

"If he did try to rob me," said Brown Bear, "I think I could catch him, even if he's bigger than I am."

"Oh, he's not nearly as big as you are, Brown Bear," said Rabbit.

"Leave everything to me," said the bear. "I'll come to your part of the forest tomorrow. Perhaps I can catch that robber for you."

Rabbit and Fox thanked Brown Bear and went home. They didn't tell anybody where they had been.

The next morning Raccoon put on his mask and hid in the bushes by the side of the road. He waited and waited but nobody came. "That's strange," he thought. "I wonder where all the animals are today. It is past my breakfast time, and I'm getting hungry."



Suddenly he heard something. He looked out from his hiding-place and saw Brown Bear marching down the road. Brown Bear was carrying a large honeycomb. The honey was thick and golden and it smelled delicious.

"Ha ha," laughed Raccoon to himself. "This is my lucky day. It isn't every day that I have honey for breakfast."

When Brown Bear came near, Raccoon jumped out onto the road and shouted "Stop!"

Brown Bear stopped.

"Give me that honeycomb," Raccoon shouted.

Brown Bear only laughed.

"Give me that honeycomb," Raccoon shouted again.

Brown Bear didn't say a word. He just reached out his big brown paw and put the sticky golden honey on Raccoon's head. Then he carefully covered Raccoon's face with honey. Raccoon tried to call out, but his mouth was full of honey. He tried to run away, but Brown Bear would not let him go.

"There," said Brown Bear, "now you have all the honey you asked for. But remember this, if I hear of a robber in these woods again I'll come back and catch him and eat him for breakfast."

Brown Bear marched off down the road and left Raccoon covered with honey. Raccoon ran down to the river bank. His mask was stuck on with honey. He couldn't ask any of the other animals to help him get it off. If they found out that he was the robber he would be in trouble.

Raccoon tried to lick the honey off his fur, but it was too sticky. He tried washing his face in



the river, but he couldn't get the honey off. His mask was stuck on. When night came Raccoon was still washing his face. Finally he was able to wash all the honey off. He took the mask off and threw it in the river. Then he lay down and went to sleep.

Early next morning Fox went down to the river. He saw Raccoon sleeping on the bank. Fox looked again. Something had happened to Raccoon's face. The fur was not dark brown any more. The places where the honey had been were now a pale honey colour. But around his eyes where the mask had been, Raccoon's face was as brown as ever.

Fox went quietly back through the forest and called the other animals together. He told them that he had something to show them. The animals followed Fox down to the river bank and looked at Raccoon. He was still sleeping. All at once Rabbit began to laugh. Then Fox began to laugh.

Raccoon woke up. He looked around at all the animals. "What are you laughing at?" asked Raccoon.

"We are laughing at you," said Squirrel. "You played tricks on us, but now somebody has played a trick on you. We know you were the robber.'"

Raccoon looked at himself in the water. Then he turned to the animals. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

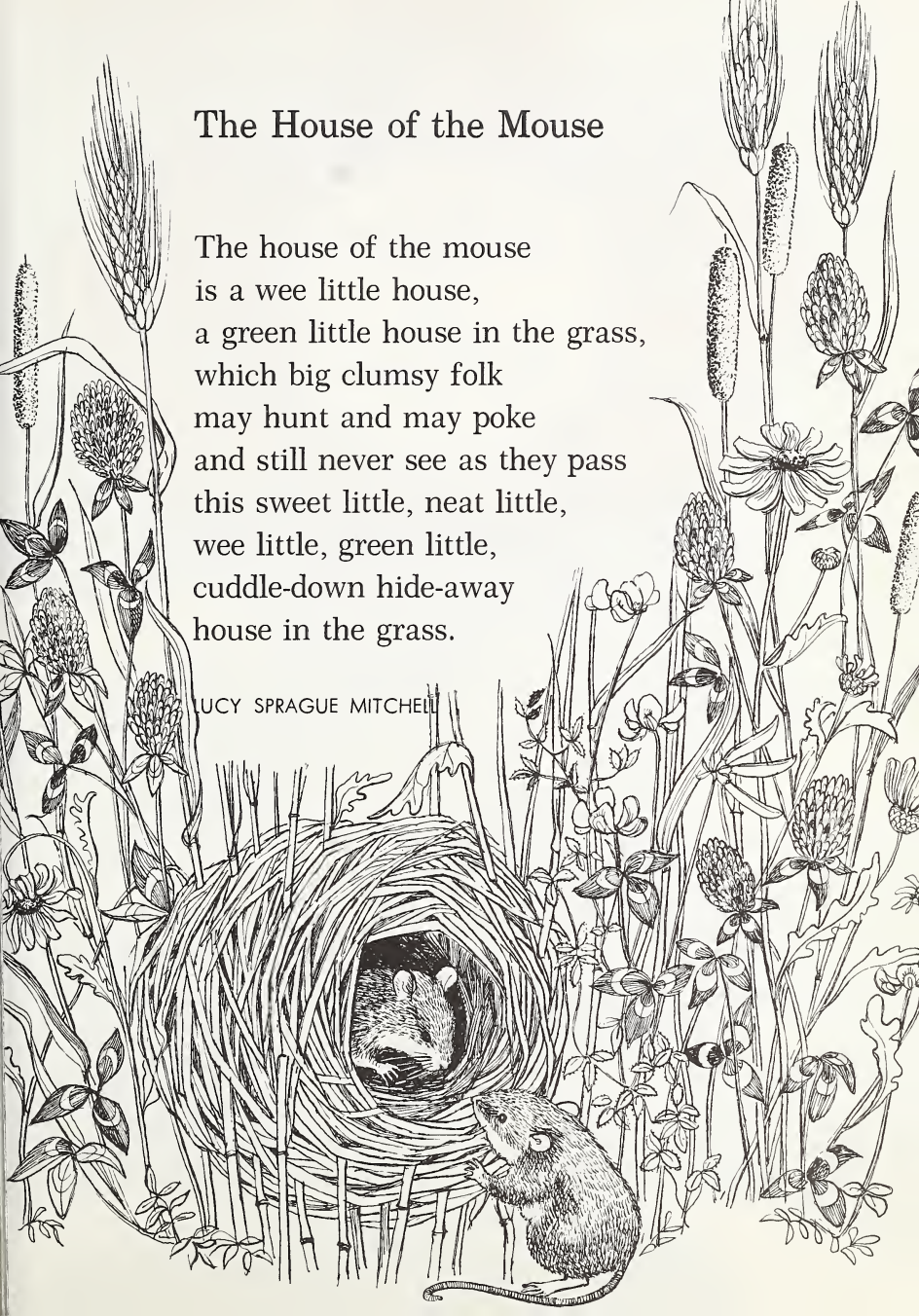
"We are not going to do anything," said Fox, "as long as you promise not to play tricks on us again."

"I promise," said Raccoon.

"Good," said Fox, "then we'll forget the whole matter."

Raccoon was never able to forget. Around his eyes the fur was dark brown, but the rest of his face stayed the colour of honey. Since then, raccoons have always looked like masked robbers.





The House of the Mouse

The house of the mouse
is a wee little house,
a green little house in the grass,
which big clumsy folk
may hunt and may poke
and still never see as they pass
this sweet little, neat little,
wee little, green little,
cuddle-down hide-away
house in the grass.

LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

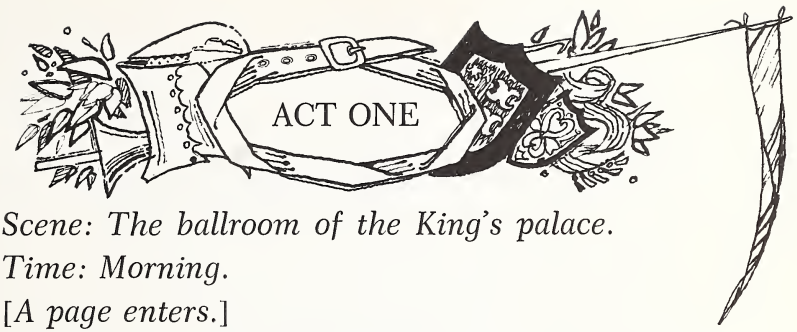


The Knights and The Dragon

Characters

THE PAGE
THE KING
THE PRINCESS
THE BLUE KNIGHT
THE WHITE KNIGHT
THE BLACK KNIGHT
THE PRIME MINISTER
JOE
THE DRAGON





Scene: The ballroom of the King's palace.
Time: Morning.

[*A page enters.*]

PAGE: Hear ye, hear ye, make way for the King! Make way for His Majesty the King of Nonoland. Hear ye! Hear ye! Make way. The King is about to enter.

[*The King enters.*]

KING: That's enough. Thank you, page. There is nobody here anyway.

PAGE: Everybody has gone to watch the knights arriving, Your Majesty.

KING: Knights? What knights?

PAGE: You remember, Your Majesty, the knights who are going to try to kill the dragon.

KING: Oh dear me, yes, of course. I had forgotten that for a minute. Today is Dragon Killing Day. Run along please, and find my daughter. Tell her that I must see her at once.

PAGE: Yes, sir.

[*The page exits.*]

KING: That dragon is a terrible worry to me. I'll be very glad when we get rid of it.

[*The Princess enters.*]

PRINCESS: Good morning, Father.

KING: Good morning, Snowdrop. I must talk to you. Do you know what day this is?

PRINCESS: Certainly I do, Father. This is Dragon Killing Day. I've been sitting at the window watching all the people.

KING: What people?

PRINCESS: All the people out in the street. There are hundreds of them. They are waiting to see the knights who are coming to try to kill the dragon.

KING: I told the knights to come to the palace early, so they should be here soon. There is still one thing I must arrange before they get here. I am giving a reward of two bags of gold to the knight who kills the dragon.

PRINCESS: Yes, Father, you told me about that last night.

KING: Oh dear me, yes, I had forgotten that for a minute. I have been thinking things over, Snowdrop. Wouldn't it be nice if you could marry the knight who kills the dragon?

PRINCESS: I have always wanted to marry a knight, and especially one who can kill dragons.

KING: Quite so, quite so! I think it would be a good thing to have a brave knight at the palace. You never know when another dragon might come galloping out of the forest.

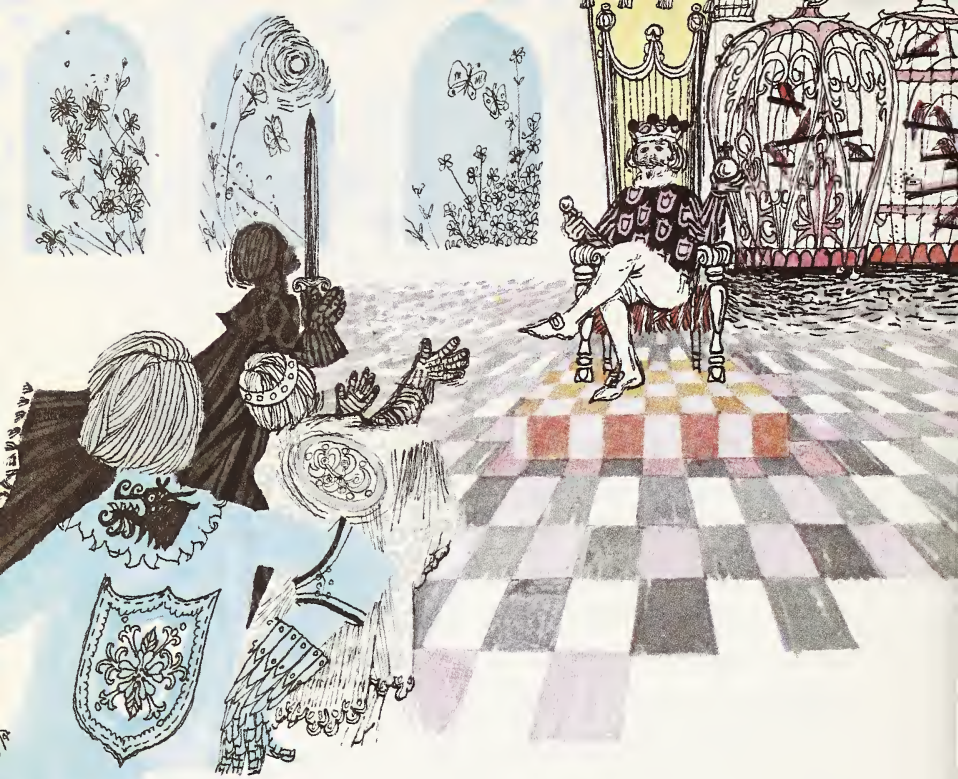
PRINCESS: When I marry the knight, we can all live here together.

KING: Yes, that's what I had in mind. Listen! Here come the knights now. You run along, my dear. I will call you when I need you.

[*Princess exits, and three knights enter from the opposite side. One is dressed in blue, one in white, and one in black. Each carries a sword.*]

KING: Good morning, good Knights.

[*The Knights bow to the King.*]

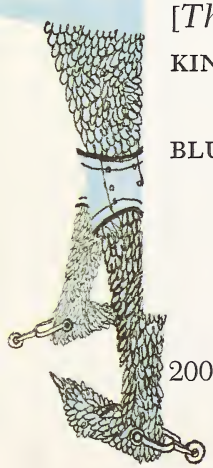


KNIGHTS [*together*]: Good morning, Your Majesty.

[*The Knights bow once more.*]

KING: I see you each have brought a sharp sword with you.

BLUE KNIGHT: I had a new one made just for today. See how shiny it is, and it's sharper than it looks. I have to be very careful not to cut myself with it.



KING: Please keep it away from me. Swords frighten me. I have just been talking to my daughter, Snowdrop. We have decided that the knight who kills the dragon will be given two bags of gold as a reward and will marry Snowdrop as well.

WHITE KNIGHT: One of us will be very lucky.

KING: Quite so, quite so! There's a lot of money in two bags of gold, and Snowdrop is a very pretty girl.

WHITE KNIGHT: Where will we find the dragon, Your Majesty?

KING: He is outside the back gate of the palace, in a big cave.

WHITE KNIGHT: Is he a huge dragon?

KING: I don't know. We have never seen him. His fire is so hot, nobody can get near him.

KNIGHTS [*together*]: Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.

KING: Now, which one of you is going to fight the dragon first?

BLUE KNIGHT: I'll go first, Your Majesty. I can hardly wait to try out my shiny new sword. Which is the quickest way to get to the dragon's cave?

KING: Go out that door. Turn left at the first corner. Keep going. You'll come to a green door. Don't go in that one. Keep walking until you get to a bright red door. Go through it and down the path. Go past the fish pond, turn to your right around the wishing well, then go straight ahead. You'll come to the back gate. You can't miss it.

BLUE KNIGHT: I hope I can remember all that.

KING: If you get lost come back here and start over again.

BLUE KNIGHT: Thank you, Your Majesty. I'll be back soon.

[*Blue Knight exits. All sit silent for a minute or two.*]

KING: I hope he won't get hurt. Dragons are very fierce, you know.

WHITE KNIGHT: I wish I could see what was happening.

BLACK KNIGHT: Perhaps it is better not to know.

KING: Oh yes, it's much better to wait here. If the Blue Knight doesn't kill the dragon one of you will have a chance to try.



BLACK KNIGHT: I think I should go home now.

KING: Home? Oh no, not yet. We'll let you have your turn next.

BLACK KNIGHT: That's very kind of you, sir, but I have just remembered something very important I have to do today. I don't think I can stay any longer. Perhaps I can find time to fight the dragon another day. Good-bye! [*He exits.*]

KING: How strange. Do you think he was frightened?

WHITE KNIGHT: Knights are not supposed to be frightened of anything.

[*The Prime Minister enters.*]

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, the Blue Knight is on his way back from the dragon's cave now.

KING: Has he killed the dragon?

PRIME MINISTER: We don't know yet, sir.

[*Blue Knight enters carrying a bent sword.*]

KING: Ah, there you are. How did you get along?

BLUE KNIGHT: Look what has happened. The dragon's fire was so hot that it bent my sword. It was no use even trying to get near him. I couldn't fight a dragon with a bent sword. I didn't even have a chance to use my shiny new sword once.

PRIME MINISTER: Come with me, Blue Knight. I will take you to the front door.

[*Both exit sadly.*]

WHITE KNIGHT: I suppose it is my turn to fight the dragon now.

KING: Yes, yes, run along. You know the way to the back gate. Turn left at the first corner. Don't go in the green door. Look for the bright red one.

WHITE KNIGHT: Yes, I know the way.

KING: I hope you do better than the Blue Knight.

[*White Knight exits and the Princess enters.*]

PRINCESS: Father, I have just seen the Blue Knight leaving the palace. He told me he didn't kill the dragon because his sword got bent. He said that the Black Knight remembered something important he had to do. I wonder if the White Knight will be able to kill the dragon.

KING: Well, somebody had better kill it. I am tired of having that fire right outside my gate. It's very annoying.

PRINCESS: And I would like to find a knight to marry me.

KING: If the White Knight doesn't kill the dragon we shall have to find some more knights next week.

[*The Prime Minister enters.*]

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, there's a person outside who wants to fight the dragon.

[*Joe, a handsome fireman, enters.*]

JOE: Good morning, Your Majesty. Good morning, Princess.

KING: Good morning. I don't believe we have met. Are you a knight?

JOE: No. I'm a fireman.

PRINCESS: A fireman! But firemen don't fight dragons!

JOE: Not usually, that's true, but I'd like to try.

PRINCESS: Where is your sword?

JOE: I don't need a sword. I think I can catch the dragon without killing it.

PRINCESS: That sounds very dangerous to me.

JOE: Perhaps so. But I think my plan will work.

KING: If you really want to fight the dragon we shall have to make you a knight of some kind. We can't have a fireman fighting a dragon. This is supposed to be a knight's work.

JOE: Can you make me a knight right now?

KING: Yes, we can, as soon as we have thought of a name for you.

JOE: Why not just call me the Red Knight?

[*The fireman goes down on his knees. The king puts his hand on Joe's shoulders.*]

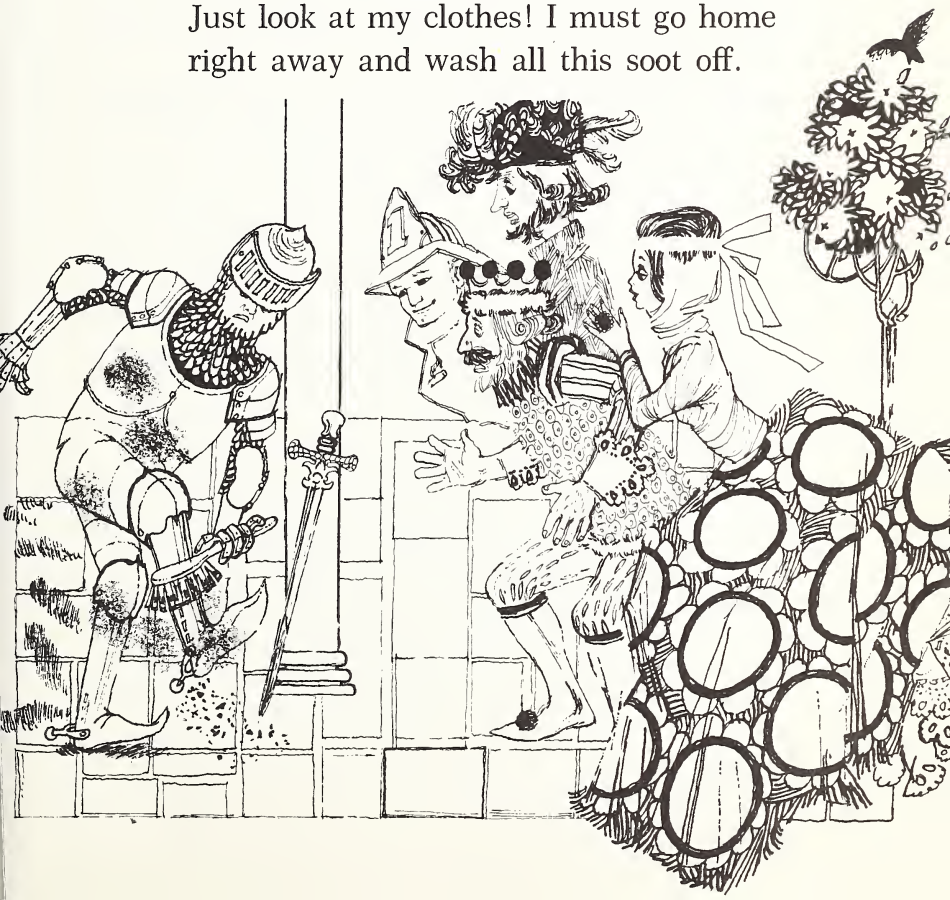
KING: I name you the Red Knight, from this day on.

[*White Knight enters and Red Knight stands up.*]

PRINCESS: Here comes the White Knight. He is all covered with soot!

JOE: What happened, White Knight? Did you kill the dragon?

WHITE KNIGHT: Kill him! I couldn't even see him! He was puffing smoke all over me. Just look at my clothes! I must go home right away and wash all this soot off.



PRINCESS: I am sorry you had such a bad time, White Knight. Perhaps you can come back another day, if the dragon is still here.

WHITE KNIGHT: I don't think so, thank you, Your Highness. Once is enough for me!

[*White Knight exits.*]

KING: Getting rid of a dragon is much more difficult than I thought it would be.

JOE: Don't forget me. When will it be my turn to fight the dragon?

KING: What? Oh dear, oh dear, I think perhaps you should wait until tomorrow.

JOE: Just as you say, Your Majesty.

KING: Come back at exactly half past ten tomorrow morning. I am really too tired to think about the dragon any more today.

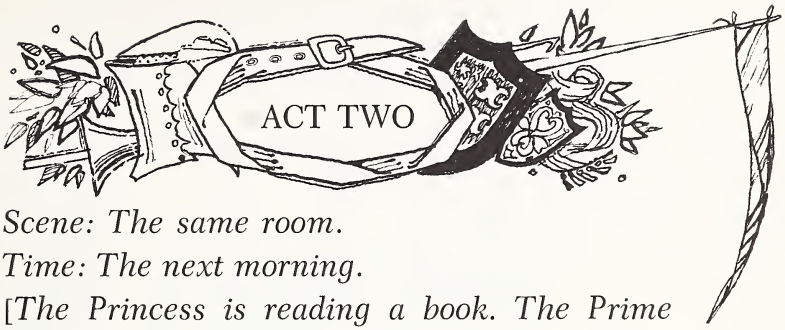
JOE: Very well, sir, I shall come back tomorrow. Good-bye, Princess.

PRINCESS: Good-bye, Red Knight.

JOE: Red Knight! I think I like that name. Red Knight! Yes, it sounds very good.

[*He exits slowly.*]

CURTAIN



Scene: The same room.

Time: The next morning.

[*The Princess is reading a book. The Prime Minister enters from the left.*]

PRIME MINISTER: Good morning, Your Highness.

PRINCESS: Good morning, Prime Minister. Has the Red Knight arrived yet?

PRIME MINISTER: No, Your Highness, but it's nearly ten o'clock. He should be here at any minute.

PRINCESS: Do you think he will be able to catch the dragon? The other knights couldn't do anything. And the Red Knight is really only a fireman. Firemen are supposed to fight fires, not dragons.

PRIME MINISTER: Well, this dragon's fire seems to be the worst part of him.

PRINCESS: So it does. I hadn't thought of that.

[*The King enters.*]

KING: Good morning, good morning. Has the Red Knight arrived yet?

PRIME MINISTER: Not yet, Your Majesty. He should be here soon.

KING: You had better go out and meet him at the gate.

PRIME MINISTER: Certainly, sir.

KING: I do hope the Red Knight will be able to kill the dragon.

PRINCESS: He didn't say he would kill it. He said he would catch it.

KING: That seems even more difficult to me.

[*The Prime Minister enters.*]

PRIME MINISTER: The Red Knight is here, Your Majesty.

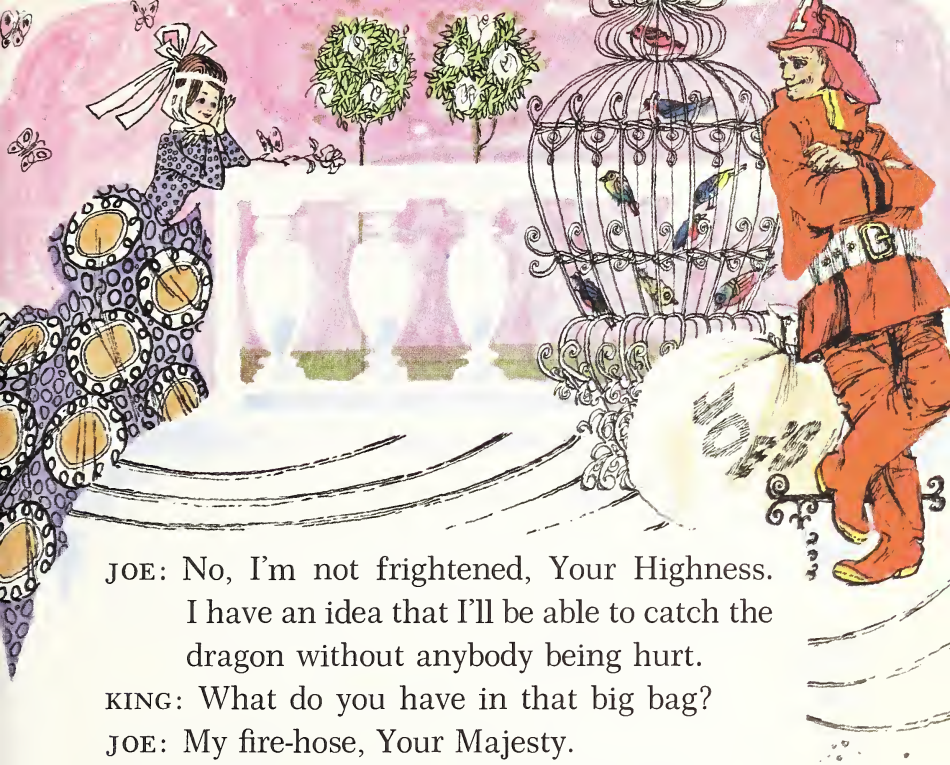
KING: Show him in. Show him in.

[*The Prime Minister brings Joe into the room.*]

KING: Good morning, Red Knight.

JOE: Good morning, Your Majesty. Good morning, Princess. Isn't it a beautiful day?

PRINCESS: I am surprised that you seem so happy. After all, you have to fight a fierce dragon this morning. Aren't you a little bit frightened?



JOE: No, I'm not frightened, Your Highness. I have an idea that I'll be able to catch the dragon without anybody being hurt.

KING: What do you have in that big bag?

JOE: My fire-hose, Your Majesty.

KING: Fire-hose! What good will that be?

JOE: Everyone says it is the dragon's fire that is so terrible. If I can put out the fire we may find that the dragon is not so dangerous after all.

PRINCESS: Please be careful, Red Knight.

JOE: I shall, Princess. You'll see. I shall be back here again in no time.

[*Joe exits.*]

PRIME MINISTER: I'll go to the back gate and see what's happening. Would you like to come, too, Your Majesty?

KING: No, thank you. Fights always make me feel upset.

PRINCESS: Go quickly, Prime Minister. Then come back and tell us what is going on.

[*The Prime Minister exits. Hissing begins.*]

KING: Listen!

PRINCESS: What is that?

KING: It sounds like a hissing noise.

PRINCESS: Oh dear, I hope the Red Knight will be all right.

[*The Prime Minister rushes in.*]

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty! Your Majesty!

KING: Yes, yes, Prime Minister. What news have you?

PRIME MINISTER: The Red Knight is fighting the dragon with his fire-hose!

PRINCESS: Did you see the dragon?

PRIME MINISTER: No, I couldn't see him. There was too much water and smoke about. I could hear him though, and he sounded very angry.

KING: Please run back and look again, Prime Minister. I want to know what is happening, but I'm afraid to look.

[*The Prime Minister exits.*]

PRINCESS: The hissing noise has stopped. Do you think the dragon has eaten the Red Knight?

[*The Prime Minister returns.*]

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty! Your Majesty! They're coming!

KING: Who are coming?

PRIME MINISTER: The Red Knight and the dragon! They are walking up from the back gate together!

PRINCESS: Coming here? Oh dear! Oh dear!

[*Joe enters with the dragon.*]

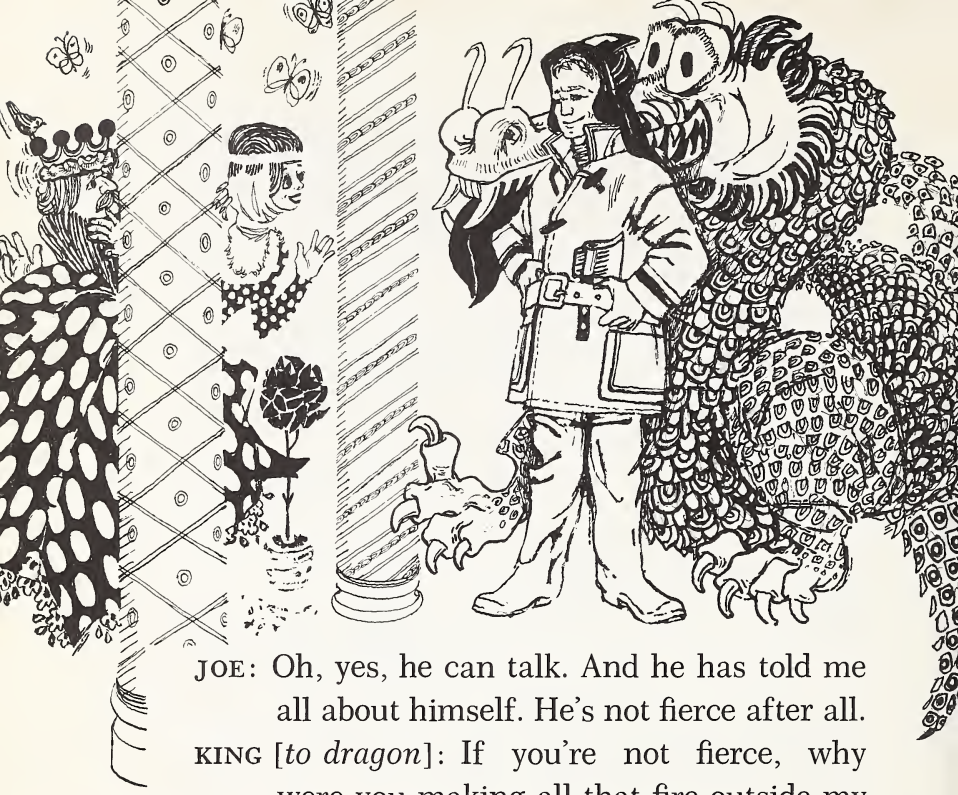
JOE: Your Majesty, here is the dragon you asked me to kill.

KING: Be careful! Don't go near him. He might eat us all!

JOE: Oh, no, he won't do that. He is really a very friendly dragon.

DRAGON: Yes, I am.

PRINCESS: The dragon can talk!



JOE: Oh, yes, he can talk. And he has told me all about himself. He's not fierce after all.

KING [*to dragon*]: If you're not fierce, why were you making all that fire outside my back gate?

DRAGON: I'm sorry if I worried you. I really only wanted to talk to people, but each time I opened my mouth, the fire frightened everybody away.

PRINCESS: We heard terrible hissing noises out there. It sounded as if you and the Red Knight were fighting.

DRAGON: We weren't fighting. The Red Knight was putting out my fire. I must say I feel much better without it.

KING: I do believe that we have been frightened for nothing.

DRAGON: That's right, Your Majesty. It was all a mistake. I never wanted to frighten anybody.

JOE: The dragon would like to ask you something, Your Majesty.

KING: Yes, what is it?

DRAGON: If you send me away from here I shall have no place to go. Would you let me stay in that big cave beside the palace gate? It's the best home I've ever had.

KING: What will happen if you start breathing fire again?

DRAGON: The Red Knight has promised to bring the fire-hose right away if I need it.

PRINCESS: Oh, do let him stay, Father. He's such a nice, friendly dragon.

KING: Very well, he may stay. The Red Knight may keep his fire-hose near the back gate, in case the dragon needs it.

DRAGON: Thank you.

JOE: Thank you, Your Majesty.

KING: Prime Minister, go and find two bags of gold for the Red Knight.

PRIME MINISTER: Yes, Your Majesty.

[*The Prime Minister exits.*]

KING: Now, Red Knight, you will get your reward. You will have the two bags of gold and you may marry the princess today.

JOE: Thank you, that makes me very happy.

PRINCESS: We must get ready at once. I shall wear my best dress.

KING: And I shall wear my best crown.

JOE: I shall wear my best fireman's hat.

DRAGON: And I shall come just as I am.

ALL TOGETHER: And we shall all live happily ever after.

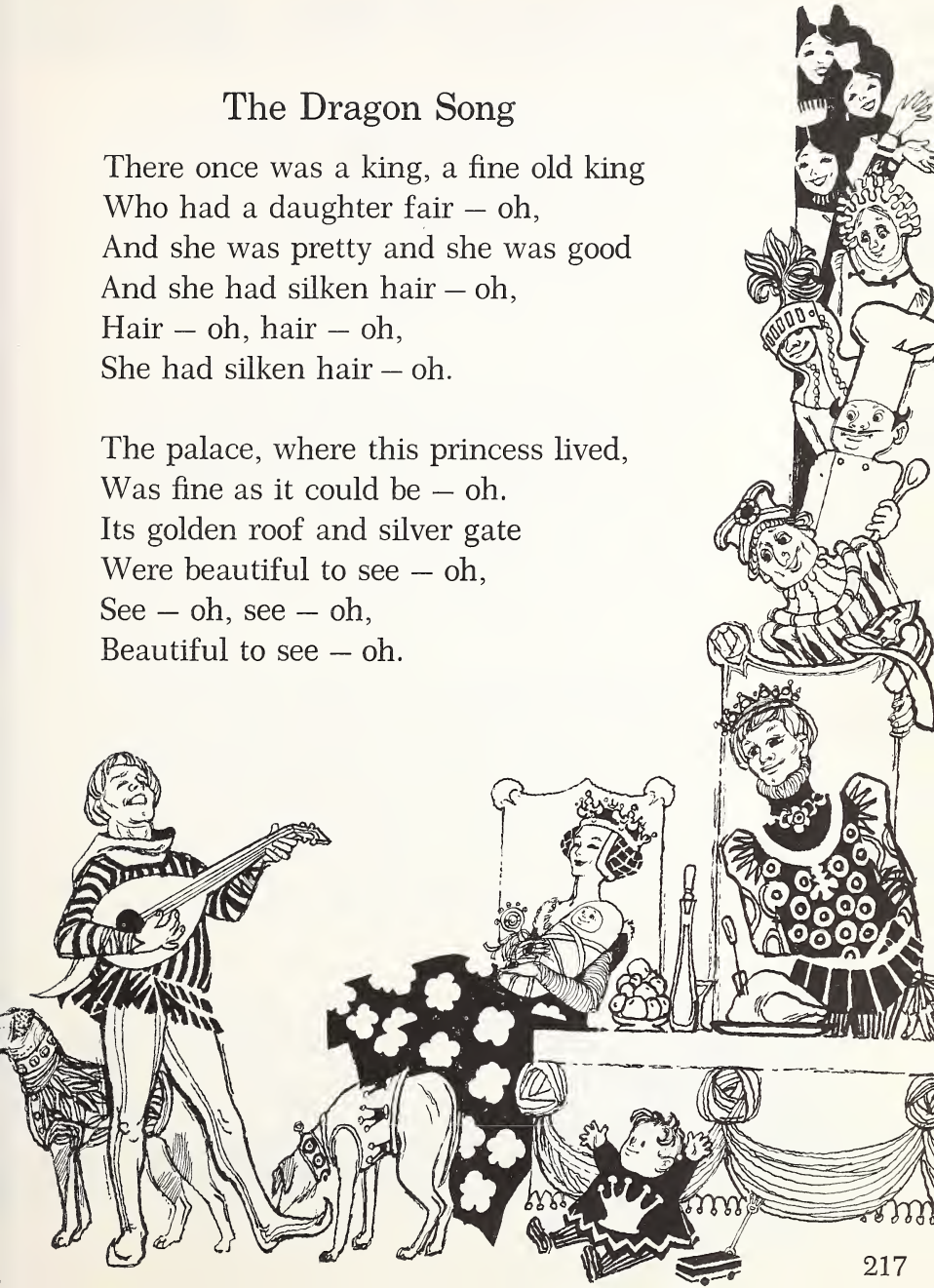
THE END



The Dragon Song

There once was a king, a fine old king
Who had a daughter fair – oh,
And she was pretty and she was good
And she had silken hair – oh,
Hair – oh, hair – oh,
She had silken hair – oh.

The palace, where this princess lived,
Was fine as it could be – oh.
Its golden roof and silver gate
Were beautiful to see – oh,
See – oh, see – oh,
Beautiful to see – oh.





In a cave, beside the palace, stayed
A dragon fierce and green – oh.
He had a face, an ugly face,
That nobody had seen – oh,
Seen – oh, seen – oh,
Nobody had seen – oh.

The king sent out a message long,
To knights, both brave and bold – oh.
It said, in short, "Come kill the beast,
And win a bag of gold – oh,
Gold – oh, gold – oh,
Win a bag of gold – oh."

The knights got out their trusty swords,
And armour bright and fine – oh.
They polished helmets, spurs, and boots,
Till everything did shine – oh,
Shine – oh, shine – oh,
Everything did shine – oh.

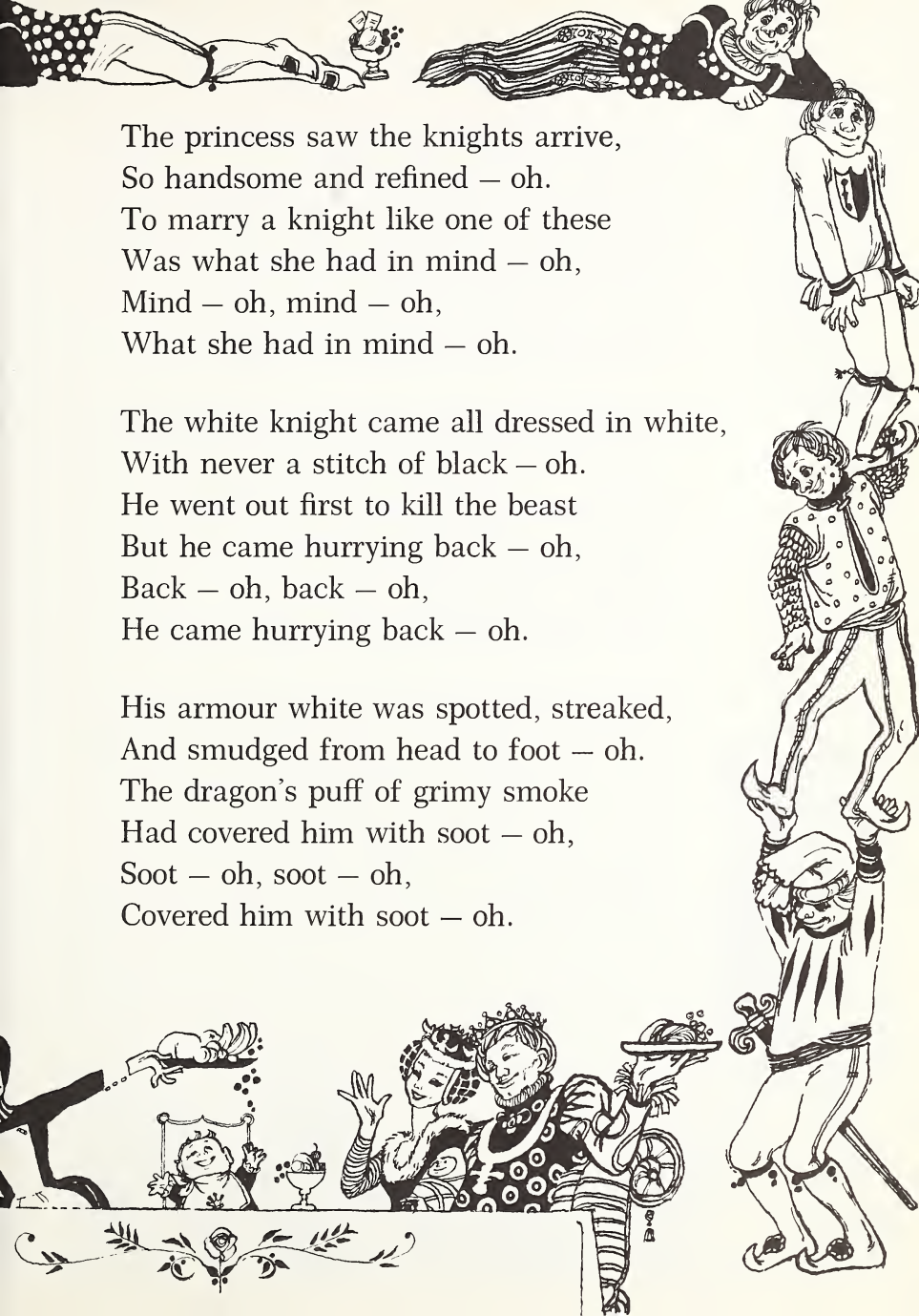




The princess saw the knights arrive,
So handsome and refined – oh.
To marry a knight like one of these
Was what she had in mind – oh,
Mind – oh, mind – oh,
What she had in mind – oh.

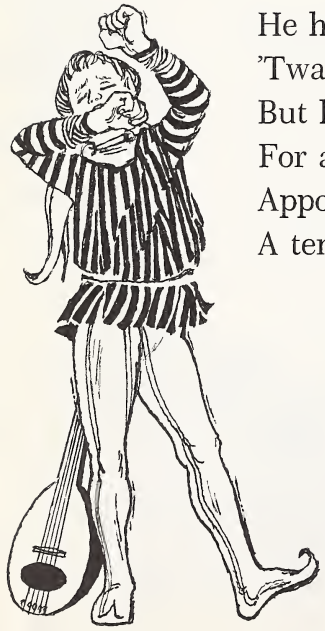
The white knight came all dressed in white,
With never a stitch of black – oh.
He went out first to kill the beast
But he came hurrying back – oh,
Back – oh, back – oh,
He came hurrying back – oh.

His armour white was spotted, streaked,
And smudged from head to foot – oh.
The dragon's puff of grimy smoke
Had covered him with soot – oh,
Soot – oh, soot – oh,
Covered him with soot – oh.

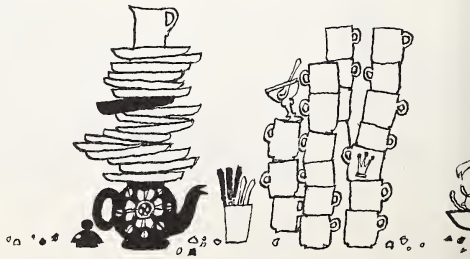


The blue knight took his shiny sword,
To fight the beast he went – oh.
The dragon puffed one puff of fire.
The sword was badly bent – oh,
Bent – oh, bent – oh,
The sword was badly bent – oh.

The black knight trembled at the thought
Of dragons he had seen – oh
He thought about their scary claws
And teeth all flashing green – oh,
Green – oh, green – oh,
Teeth all flashing green – oh.



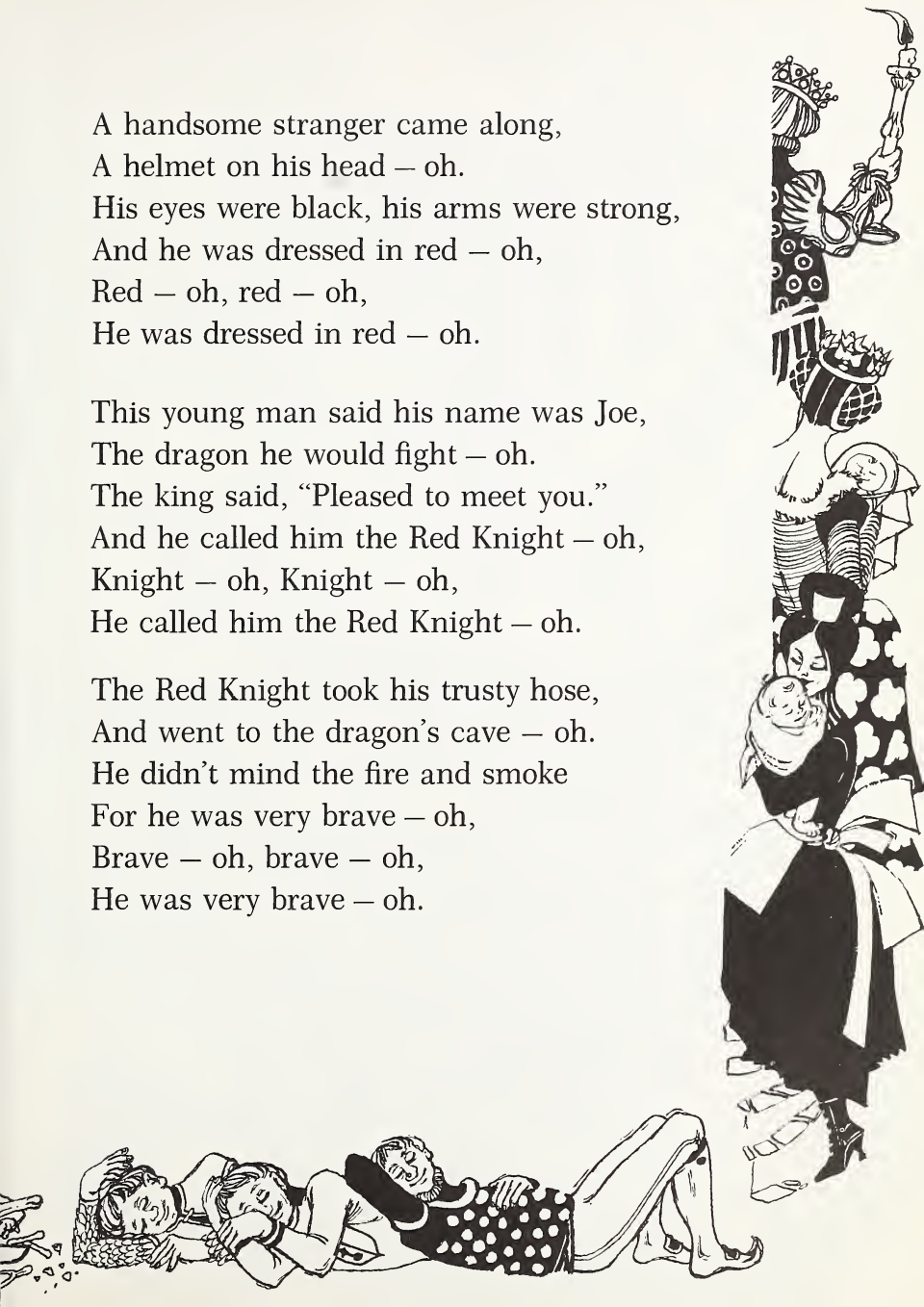
He had to leave, he told the king,
'Twas a terrible disappointment – oh,
But his dentist was expecting him
For a ten o'clock appointment – oh,
Appointment – oh, appointment – oh,
A ten o'clock appointment – oh.



A handsome stranger came along,
A helmet on his head – oh.
His eyes were black, his arms were strong,
And he was dressed in red – oh,
Red – oh, red – oh,
He was dressed in red – oh.

This young man said his name was Joe,
The dragon he would fight – oh.
The king said, "Pleased to meet you."
And he called him the Red Knight – oh,
Knight – oh, Knight – oh,
He called him the Red Knight – oh.

The Red Knight took his trusty hose,
And went to the dragon's cave – oh.
He didn't mind the fire and smoke
For he was very brave – oh,
Brave – oh, brave – oh,
He was very brave – oh.



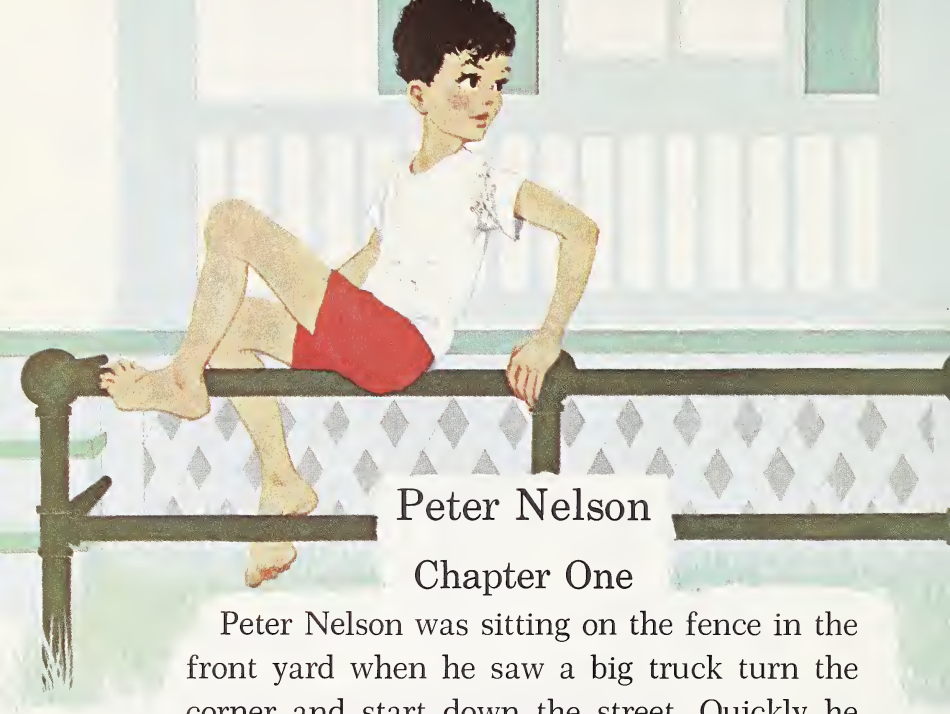
The dragon opened up his mouth,
And made a terrible shout – oh.
The fireman turned the water on
And put the fire out – oh,
Out – oh, out – oh,
Put the fire out – oh.

The king thanked Joe for what he'd done,
And Joe was full of pride – oh.
He'd won himself a bag of gold
And a princess for a bride – oh,
Bride – oh, bride – oh,
A princess for a bride – oh.

Now the dragon lives in his little cave,
As happy as can be – oh.
The princess takes him out for walks
For everyone to see – oh,
See – oh, see – oh,
For everyone to see – oh.




BOOK TWO



Peter Nelson

Chapter One

Peter Nelson was sitting on the fence in the front yard when he saw a big truck turn the corner and start down the street. Quickly he jumped off the fence and ran into the house. He called to his mother, "Mom, Mom, the moving truck is here."

"All right, dear," his mother answered.

Peter ran to the front door and watched a man get out of the truck. It was Mr. Williams. Peter remembered him because he had brought Grandmother's furniture when she had come to live with them.

"Hello, Mr. Williams," Peter called.

"Hello, Peter, how are you today?" asked Mr. Williams.

"I'm fine, thank you," replied Peter.

"This is going to be a busy day for you," said Mr. Williams.

"Yes," Peter answered, "but we're not moving far, just across the street."

"Just across the street, eh? That's not far. Which house is it?" asked Mr. Williams.

Peter answered, "That white one over there with the big red door."

"That looks like a very nice house," Mr. Williams said.

"It is," Peter said, "but it's not as nice as this one."

"Are you sorry to leave this house?" asked Mr. Williams.

"Yes, I am," replied Peter, "but we have to move. They're going to tear down all the houses on this side of the street, to make room for a new park."

"I read about that in the paper," said Mr. Williams. "There's going to be a playground and a swimming pool."

"Yes, and slides and teeter-totters," said Peter.

"Peter, Peter," Peter's mother was calling from the front porch. She came down the walk into the garden. "Good morning, Mr. Williams," she said. "It's a beautiful day."

"Good morning, Mrs. Nelson. It certainly is a beautiful day, a beautiful day for moving," answered Mr. Williams.

Mrs. Nelson turned to Peter. "Peter, please take the key and open up the new house, so Mr. Williams can start moving."

"All right, Mom," Peter said.

He went across the road and opened the big red door of the new house. It was empty and quiet. He walked from room to room listening to the echo of his footsteps. Then he went and stood at the front window and looked at the old house. Peter was very worried. He remembered that some robins had been building a nest in the eaves of the old house. He had watched them from a small attic window. He had seen them building their nest with grass, and small twigs, and some string they had found in the back yard.



The mother bird had laid four beautiful blue eggs in the nest. Peter had wanted to see the baby birds when the eggs hatched. He was very worried that the house would be torn down before the baby birds were old enough to fly.

While he was thinking about the baby birds he saw his grandmother come out of the old house and walk across the street. He went out to meet her on the porch.

"Grandma," said Peter.

"Yes, dear," answered Grandma.

"Grandma, do you think the birds will be all right?" asked Peter.

"I can't hear you, dear," said his grandmother. "You'll have to speak up."

Peter's grandmother was a little hard of hearing.

"I said, do you think the birds will be all right?" said Peter, raising his voice.

His grandmother smiled. "Now, Peter," she said, "as I told you yesterday I'm sure they'll be fine. It's going to be a while before the men begin work on the park. By that time the birds will be grown, and will have flown away."

"But they are only eggs now," Peter said.

His grandmother answered, "I know, dear, but don't forget that birds grow up faster than children. You'll see, everything will be fine. Now run over and help your mother. She has some boxes that you can carry."

"All right, Grandma," Peter said, and he started down the walk.

"And Peter," his grandmother called to him.

"Yes, Grandma," Peter answered.

"Everything will be fine, dear," she said. "Don't worry."

"I won't," Peter said. "I won't."

But Peter couldn't help worrying. His family was the last one on the block to move, and soon the men would come and start tearing down the houses. If the little birds weren't ready to fly, they would be killed when the old house was wrecked.

Chapter Two

Peter and his family had lived in the new house for a week. His mother had put the furniture into place and hung the curtains. Inside it looked very much like the old house. Peter was happy in the new house, but he was worried about the birds. He watched the eaves of the old house whenever he was out playing. From across the street he could see the father and mother birds flying up to the nest. He didn't know whether or not the eggs had hatched.

One night after supper he went into the living-room, where his father was reading the paper.

"Dad," Peter said, "how will I know when the eggs have hatched?"

"What eggs?" Peter's father asked.

"The ones in the nest in the old house," Peter said. "You know, I told you about them."

"Oh yes, I remember now," Mr. Nelson said. He thought for a minute. "If the mother and father birds are flying in and out of the nest quite often it means they are looking for food for the babies. Baby birds need a lot of food."



"I guess they're not hatched yet," said Peter, "because the mother and father don't look very busy. Only one comes out at a time."

"That means that the mother is still sitting on the eggs," said Mr. Nelson.

Peter sighed, "I wonder when they will hatch."

"When they're ready, Peter, when they're ready," replied Mr. Nelson.

Chapter Three

The next afternoon Peter was playing with Billy Dawson, the boy who lived next door. They were playing catch, and Peter was missing the ball all the time. He wasn't watching the ball. He was watching the nest across the street.

"Hey! What are you looking at all the time?" Billy asked.

Peter pointed to the nest. "There's a bird's nest in the eaves of our old house," he said. "It has four eggs in it. I think they'll hatch soon."

"I can't see any nest," said Billy.

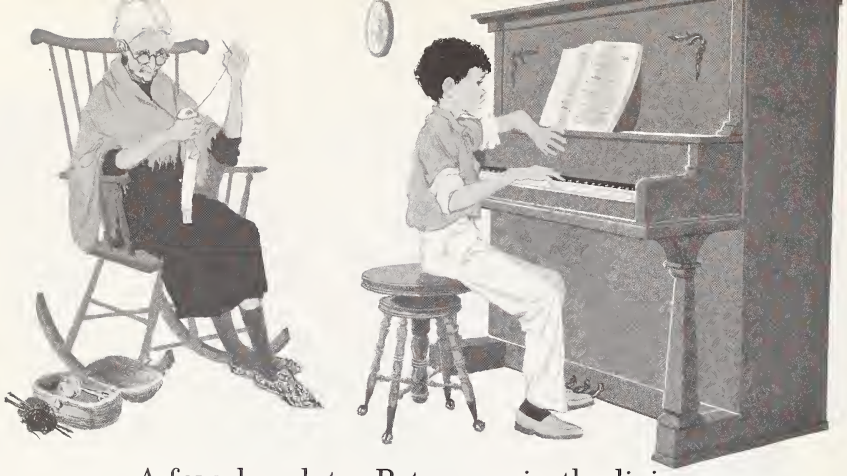
"I know," Peter answered. "You can't see it from here. You can only see it from the attic window in the old house."

"Then how will you know when the eggs have hatched?" asked Billy.

"Dad said that I'd know when I saw the mother and father birds flying around looking for food for the baby birds," answered Peter.

Billy looked up at the eaves again. "Do you think they're hatched now?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so," said Peter.



A few days later Peter was in the living-room practising the piano. Grandma was sitting by the fire-place mending some socks.

"What time is it, please, Grandma?" Peter asked.

"What, dear?" asked his grandmother.

Peter raised his voice. "I said, what time is it, please?"

Grandma looked at her watch. "It's two-fifteen," she said. "You still have fifteen minutes to do."

Just then there was a knock on the front door.

"I'll get it," shouted Peter and ran to the door.

There was Billy. He was very excited. "Peter, come and see," he said. "I think the eggs have hatched. The mother and father birds are flying

around like anything. I think they're looking for food."

Peter ran out into the yard and looked over at the old house. Sure enough he saw one bird fly into the eaves and then very soon fly out again. And then the other bird flew into the eaves, and out again. The two birds were very busy.

Grandma came out the front door. "What is it, Peter?" she asked.

"Grandma, the eggs have hatched," shouted Peter. "Look, you can see the mother and father flying in and out to get food for the babies."

"Why, so you can!" exclaimed Grandma. She put her hand on Peter's shoulder. "You see, dear, everything is going to be fine. In no time at all the baby birds will have grown up and flown away."

Just then there was a lot of noise down the street. Peter and Billy ran out onto the sidewalk to see what was happening. Coming down the street was a big crane. On it was written –

ALEX WINTERS
DEMOLITION

Peter ran to his grandmother. "Grandma," he said, "what does demolition mean?"

"It means the men have come to tear down the houses on the block, Peter," she replied.

"Oh Grandma, they can't do it now!" exclaimed Peter. "The baby birds have just been hatched. It will be a long time before they know how to fly!"

Billy started down the street towards the crane. "Come on, Peter," he called, "let's go and watch it."

But Peter didn't move. He was thinking about the birds. Grandma looked at him and said, "Peter, I'm sure that nothing will happen to the birds. You can see that the men are starting work down at the end of the block. It will be a while before they're ready to work on our old house. Now go along, dear. Go with Billy."

"All right, Grandma," Peter said, and he walked slowly out of the yard and down the street. "I guess Grandma is right," he said to himself. "They are starting work at the other end of the block, and it will take quite a while to get to our old house. How many houses are

there between the corner and the old house, I wonder." He stopped and counted the houses. There were ten. His house was the eleventh, and there were ten more on the other side.

"Maybe the baby birds will have enough time to learn to fly," he thought.

Peter couldn't help becoming interested in the work the men were doing. One of them was driving the big crane right up on the lawn of the first house that was going to be torn down. He didn't start working the crane. He just put it in place and then got out and went over to help some of the other men.

"I wonder when they'll use the crane," said Billy.

"I don't know," said Peter, "but it will be fun to watch."

They could hear hammering inside the house and they could see men throwing lumber out of the upstairs window into the yard.

Some men were putting up a large sign that said –

HOME OF THE NEW CITY PARK



A small truck drove up and stopped. A man wearing a white metal hat got out and came over to Peter and Billy.

"You be careful and keep out of everyone's way, boys," said the man.

"Yes, Mr. Winters," said Billy. "When are you going to use the crane?"

"Not until the work is done inside the houses," said Mr. Winters. "We may use it tomorrow. I guess you want to watch."

"Oh, yes," said the boys.

Peter was sure that Mr. Winters would not want to hurt the birds. He was just about to tell



him about the nest in the old house, when one of the men called, "Alex, can you come over here for a minute?"

"Yes, I'll be right there, Frank," Mr. Winters called back. Then he turned to Peter and Billy. "So long, boys," he said, "I'll see you tomorrow. And remember to stay over there, out of the way."

"We will. Good-bye," said Peter and Billy.

The two boys went back up the street. They stopped in front of the old house. "The birds are still looking for food," said Peter. "Oh, hurry up, birds, hurry up!"

Chapter Four

The next afternoon the men used the crane, just as Mr. Winters had said they would. Peter and Billy stood and watched.

The men attached a long chain to the end of the crane and then put a huge iron ball on the end of the chain. The crane swung the chain towards the house and the ball hit the wall. Crash! Some of the bricks began to fall. Crash! Crash! Crash! The whole wall fell to the ground with a loud noise. Peter and Billy could see into the house.

All afternoon the crane kept working. Crash! Crash! Crash! More and more of the building came down, until at last it was just a heap of bricks and old lumber on the ground.

Mr. Winters came over to Peter and Billy. "You've been good boys," he said. "Come and watch any time you like."

"Mr. Winters, when do you think you'll start work on the middle of the block?" Peter asked.

Mr. Winters answered, "About two weeks from now, I would think. Why?"

Peter decided that he would tell Mr. Winters about the birds. "Well, sir," he said, "I used to live in a house down the street, and when I lived there I saw some birds build a nest in the eaves. The mother bird laid four eggs in the nest, and now they have hatched."

"I see," said Mr. Winters.

Peter went on, "We're afraid that the house is going to be torn down before the baby birds have learned how to fly. They aren't very old yet."

Mr. Winters looked at Peter and Billy. "Let's go and see that nest," he said.

The two boys and Mr. Winters walked up the street and stood in front of the old house. Mr. Winters saw the birds flying into the nest and nodded his head. "Well, Peter," he said, "I can't promise you anything. The city wants its park and I have to do my job. I'm sorry. Do you understand?"

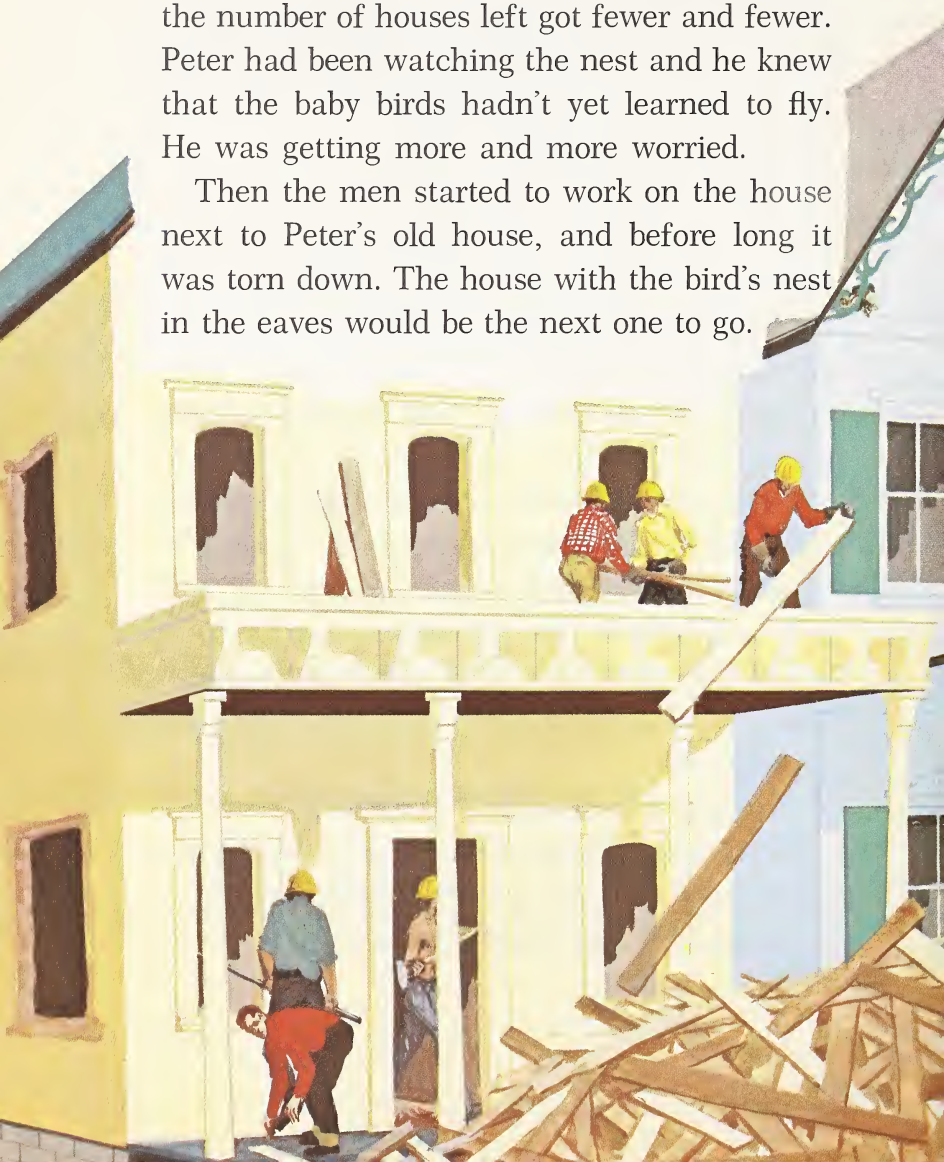
"Yes, sir, I understand," said Peter.

"Thank you," said Mr. Winters. "Well, boys, I have to go now. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-bye," said Peter and Billy.

For the next two weeks the work continued on the block. As the men worked very quickly, the number of houses left got fewer and fewer. Peter had been watching the nest and he knew that the baby birds hadn't yet learned to fly. He was getting more and more worried.

Then the men started to work on the house next to Peter's old house, and before long it was torn down. The house with the bird's nest in the eaves would be the next one to go.



Chapter Five

The men were moving the crane onto the lawn in front of Peter's old house. Peter and Billy were standing and watching. Mr. Winters saw them and came over to them. "Why such sad faces?" he asked.

"We're thinking about the little birds," said Peter. "They haven't learned to fly yet." Mr. Winters looked up at the eaves of the old house. The parent birds were very upset by the noise of the crane. They were flying in and out of the eaves, making chirping noises.

"I think the birds are frightened," said Peter.

"Yes, I guess they are," said Mr. Winters. "But, Peter, I hope you remember what I told you the other day. The city is paying me to do my job and I'm afraid I have to do it. I'm sorry, Peter."

"I know, Mr. Winters. It isn't your fault," said Peter. But he couldn't stop the tears from coming to his eyes.

"Maybe you and Billy should play somewhere else today," said Mr. Winters.

"I guess so," said Billy. "Come on, Peter. Let's go and play ball in my yard."

"All right," said Peter.

The boys started walking slowly down the street. As they did they saw a big green car pull up in front of the old house. The driver got out and opened the back door. A fat little man dressed in grey stepped out. Mr. Winters went to meet him.

"I wonder who he is," said Peter.

"I don't know," said Billy, "but look at Mr. Winters."

Mr. Winters was talking to the man in grey and pointing to the bird's nest in the old house. The little man smiled and said something to Mr. Winters who suddenly looked very happy.

"Peter! Billy! Come here for a minute," called Mr. Winters.

Peter and Billy ran back up the street to the two men.

"Boys," Mr. Winters said, "I'd like you to meet Mr. Carter. Mr. Carter, this is Peter, and this is Billy. Do you boys know who Mr. Carter is?"



Peter and Billy didn't say anything. They both looked down at the ground.

"I can see that they don't," said Mr. Carter.

"Mr. Carter is the mayor," said Mr. Winters. "I told him about the birds and he said that we could start work down at the other end of the block and work our way back to this house."

"Oh, thank you," said Peter. "Thank you very much. That will give the birds plenty of time to learn to fly."

Mr. Carter smiled and said, "What would you think of putting a big bird-bath right here in the new park?"

Peter and Billy laughed. "That's a good idea," they said.

"Well," said Mr. Carter, "we'll have to see about it. Right, Alex?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Winters. Then he shook hands with Mr. Carter and said, "I have to get back to work. Good-bye, sir, and thank you."

"Good-bye, Alex," said Mr. Carter.

Mr. Winters walked over to his men. He said something to them and they started to walk down the street to the other end of the block. One man got in the crane and drove it off the lawn and down the street.

Peter went across the street to his new house. His mother and grandmother were sitting on the porch.

"Guess what?" Peter shouted. "I met the mayor, and he told Mr. Winters not to start work on the old house until the birds were gone. Now the men are working down at the other end of the block. And Mr. Carter is going to put a big bird-bath in the new park, right where our old house is now. Isn't that wonderful?"

"It surely is," said his mother and hugged him. His grandmother smiled and hugged him, too.

"Now go and get Billy," said his mother. "We'll have some ice-cream and cookies."

Chapter Six

While the men were working on the houses down the block, Peter and Billy watched the nest. They saw the baby birds coming out on their first short flight. Their mother flew very close to them, chirping all the time.

Soon the baby birds were flying every day. They were getting bigger and bigger. They began to look just like their parents.

Early one morning Peter and Billy noticed that they were gone.

"I guess they've flown away for good," said Peter.

"Yes," said Billy, "and just in time, too. Look."

The crane was coming up the street. It came right up on the lawn in front of the old house. Mr. Winters was driving it. He put his head out of the window and called to Peter and Billy, "Have they gone?"

"Yes," said Peter, "they flew away this morning."

"That's good," said Mr. Winters and he smiled.



The crane swung the ball and chain. Crash! The brick wall began to crumble. Crash! Some of the bricks began to fall. Crash! Crash! Crash! Part of the side wall fell to the ground with a loud noise. Without that wall, the old house opened its rooms to the street.

"Look," said Peter, "you can see where my old bedroom was. It's the room that's painted

green. And that one, with the red-and-white wallpaper, was Grandma's room."

"I think it looks like an empty doll's house, because you can see in all the rooms at once," said Billy.

All day the work went on. Time after time, the crane swung the ball and chain against the walls. Soon, there was nothing left of the house but a lot of bricks and lumber.

Mr. Winters came over to the boys and said, "That finishes this job. Tomorrow some other men will come and start work on the new park."

"Thank you for saving the birds," said Peter.

"That's all right, Peter," said Mr. Winters. "I hope that you both have lots of fun in the new park."

"We will," the boys said.

"Good-bye, boys," said Mr. Winters.

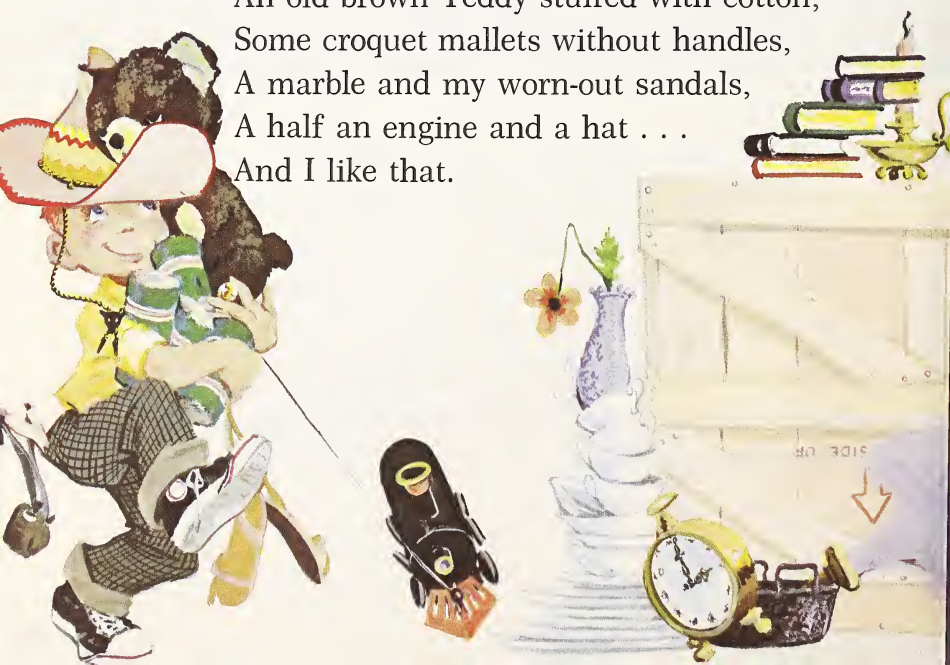
"Good-bye, Mr. Winters," the boys called.

Mr. Winters drove the crane back on the road. It made a lot of noise as it went down the street. Then it turned the corner and was out of sight. Soon Peter and Billy couldn't even hear the noise any more.

Moving

I like to move. There's such a feeling
Of hurrying
  and scurrying,
And such a feeling
Of men with trunks and packing cases,
Of kitchen clocks and Mother's laces,
Dusters, dishes, books and vases,
Toys and pans and candles.

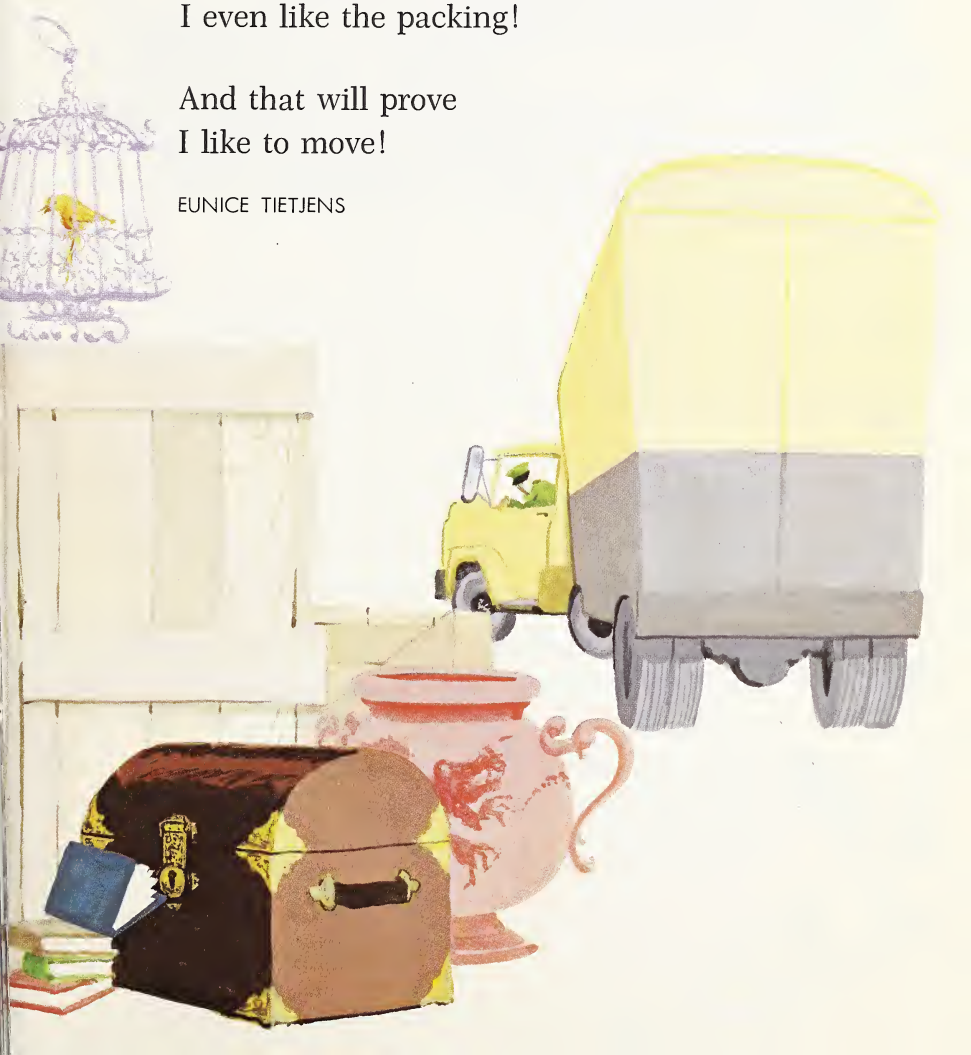
I always find things I'd forgotten:
An old brown Teddy stuffed with cotton,
Some croquet mallets without handles,
A marble and my worn-out sandals,
A half an engine and a hat . . .
And I like that.

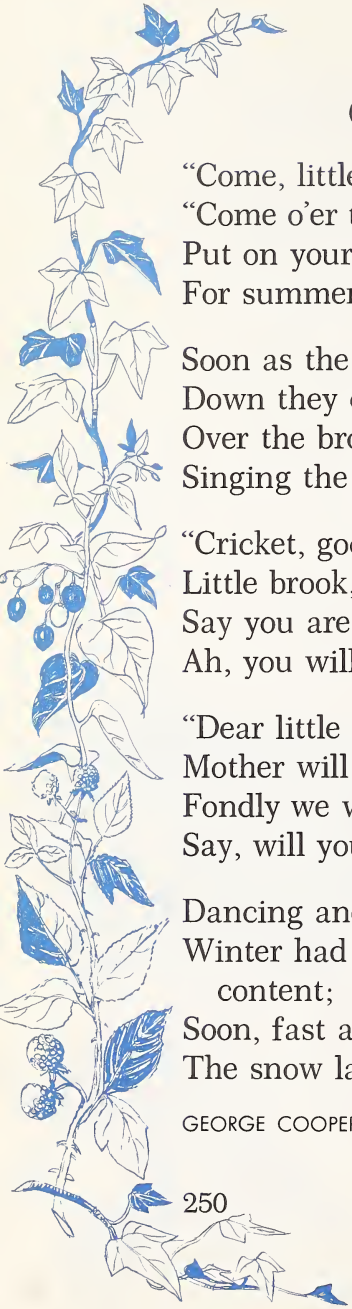


I like to watch the big vans backing,
And the lumbering
    and the cumbering,
And the hammering and the tacking.
I even like the packing!

And that will prove
I like to move!

EUNICE TIETJENS





Come, Little Leaves

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold."

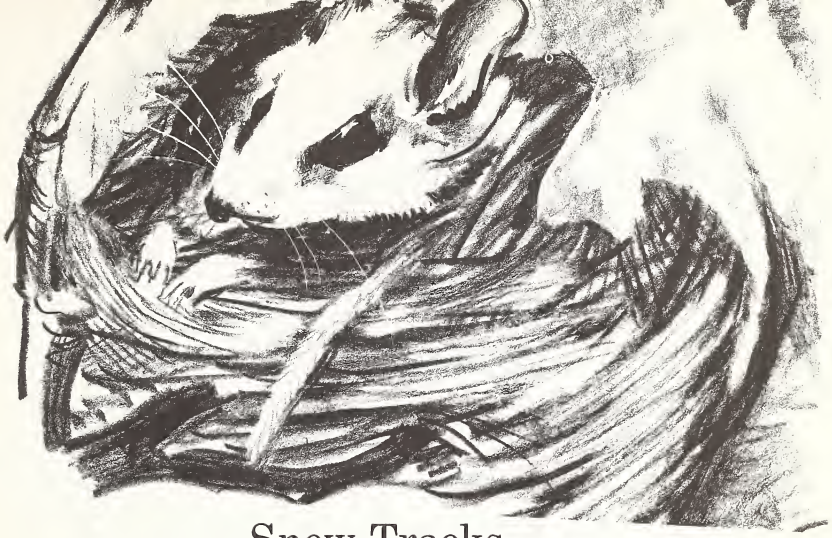
Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.

"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?"

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were
content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

GEORGE COOPER



Snow Tracks

The snow sprinkled out of the sky one day until the floor of the February woodland was as smooth and white as paper. The snow stopped falling in the late afternoon.

For more than an hour the woodland was black and white and silent.

At half past five, a bird's nest rustled on its twig. The wind had not stirred it.

At twenty to six, the roof of grass on the nest lifted and a hazelnut rolled out. It plopped onto the snow, where it lay covered with messages to the woodland. Some of the messages were odours, some of the messages were teeth marks.

Together they told that the hazelnut had just been held and chewed and opened and eaten by a fat old white-footed mouse.

At ten to six, the roof of the nest lifted again, and there sat the fat old white-footed mouse. This was Chief Half-an-Ear, the cautious, wise chief of the streamland mice.

He looked at the hazelnut; he looked at the sky, and he sniffed the woodland floor. Then he rushed down his tree. Little niceties like looking before he rushed had made Chief Half-an-Ear the oldest mouse in the woodland — two and a half years old.

Chief Half-an-Ear stepped on the white, smooth snow and began to write with his feet and tail. His snow prints read like this:



"The snow is so deep that my tail drags, and I cannot run fast. There are no more seeds in my storeroom in the stump. I plod on. There are acorns, maple keys, and beechnuts in my hiding-place under the tree root. I eat an acorn. I walk on, for I smell something under the snow." Here the mouse writing ends.

The weasel in the weasel den awoke and sniffed the air. Then his eyelids closed as he fell asleep again; this time he was only half asleep, not in the deep faraway sleep of the weasel. His nose twitched; his body tensed; his eyes opened again. He was awake and up. He flashed to the door of his den and tasted the odours on the wind. He did not smell the cardinal sleeping in the hemlock, or the juncos roosting in the blackberry thicket.

The weasel dived into the snow as if it were water, tunnelled through it and came up five feet away. He bounced along on top of the snow, dived down for another plunge, and stopped at the hazelnut. He read all the messages written on it, and turned to follow the chief of the mice.

The weasel wrote this:



"I am tracking that delicious old Chief Half-an-Ear. Ha!"

He followed Half-an-Ear to the hiding-place in the stump. He tracked him to the tree roots. Two leaps farther, he read in the snow that Chief Half-an-Ear was gone.

Out from his den near the stream came another snow writer. He was writing this:

"I am large. I am fearless. I walk under the barred owl. I find the diving, sliding weasel trail and I pursue the weasel. Ah, he is following the fat old mouse chief, so I shall track them both. I walk steadily and slowly without fear, for I am the skunk."

The skunk stopped in confusion. The mouse track had disappeared. The skunk read the sign. He read where the weasel had dived in and out of the snow. The skunk dug down to the moss, but still he could not find the mouse chief. He plodded around and around the spot where the mouse had disappeared. Something strange had happened to Chief Half-an-Ear. The skunk decided to track the weasel up the stream to see if he had found any fresh messages from the mouse.



The skunk saw the weasel thrust his head out of the snow and bound to the fan-like snow prints of the owl. The weasel sniffed the prints and read the owl had caught a mouse, but it was a young and tender mouse, not old Chief Half-an-Ear.

The skunk plodded on looking for Half-an-Ear. He found another scent in the snow. It smelled of the cotton-tail rabbit that had bounced away when the weasel slipped past.

Through the dark woods came another snow writer. His snow prints danced and cavorted. He left nose holes that told where he had sniffed into the snow and snorted.

His tracks met the skunk tracks; he followed the skunk tracks to the weasel tracks; the weasel tracks to the mouse tracks.

His tracks were gay tracks that might have been read to say:

"Look at all these interesting remarks in the snow. Everybody is after old Chief Half-an-Ear."

Then his tracks went around and around in circles as he, too, searched for the missing chief of the mice.

Clown-face, the raccoon, made a stomach print in the snow as he all but buried himself, sniffing and hunting for the delicious Chief Half-an-Ear.

He rubbed the snow in his hands and tasted it, for he thought he smelled peanut butter. Being an animal that often visited trash cans, he knew all about peanut butter.

He found neither mouse nor peanut butter, so he followed the skunk and the weasel in their search for Chief Half-an-Ear.



Suddenly all the snow tracks read:

"Run! Run! Run, for your life!"

The raccoon galloped up a tree, passed the tracks of the squirrel, and crossed the thin branches to another tree, to lose his trail in the air.

The skunk lifted his tail and stood ready to fire!

The weasel slipped under the snow and vanished in a pile of fallen limbs.

The feared animal was nearing the woods. His tracks lay in single file behind him. He had been at the barn, had circled the chicken coop, and had gone under the fence by the silo. The tracks had changed when he had galloped across the open field.

The snow tracks circled the hemlock where the cardinal was sleeping. They were pressed back and forth at the base of the blackberry thicket where the juncos were nestled from the cold.

They led right to the grass clump where a pheasant had roosted. Deep wing-prints in the snow told of the frightened flight of the bird.



The tracks stalked on. In single file they entered the woodland. They circled the snow prints of the raccoon, and pounced on the tracks of the skunk. They hurried along the trail of the weasel and stopped at the spot where Chief Half-an-Ear had disappeared. Over that mysterious spot stood the tawny-eyed red fox!

The fox poked his nose in the snow at the end of the mouse trail and his red tongue flashed over his teeth. No mouse! Only the scent of peanut butter.

The fox twisted his big, sound-gathering ears and listened. He darted to cover under the folded laurel leaves. His tracks were twenty feet apart — leaping, frightened tracks.

The scent he left behind drifted to the noses of the raccoon, the skunk, and the weasel. It carried the taint of fright as they looked for deeper cover. The odour of the next snow writer had reached the forest before him.

This animal had also begun his snow writing at the farmhouse. He had come across the trail of the fox and had followed him around the barn. He had tracked him to the chicken coop and out under the fence. He had followed the fox to the hemlock where the cardinal was sleeping, and to the berry bush where the juncos roosted. He found bird prints where the juncos had hopped before going to roost. Then he tracked the fox to the woods, where he found the snow tracks of the raccoon, the skunk, and



the weasel. Presently he discovered the tiny little prints of Chief Half-an-Ear.

Over the spot where the chief had vanished stood a trapper. He looked at all the writing on the snow, and said aloud, "It certainly has been a busy night out here." He looked around once more and observed that everyone who had been hunting was now hiding.



The trapper had come to the woods on business. He leaned down where the trail of Chief Half-an-Ear ended and carefully pushed back the snow. He dug up his little box-trap that could catch an animal alive. He had buried it carefully in the chief's secret trail that led from his nest to the water. The trapper had been pleased with his cleverness. He was more pleased when he looked in the box. "Hooray, and tally-ho!" he shouted.

Nestled in the warm cotton in the trap sat Chief Half-an-Ear, stuffing on peanut butter.

The trapper did not stand still long. The next thing that was written in the snow were his very fastest running prints. The trapper was making tracks that led to the farmhouse as fast as he could print them. The trapper was very frightened. An enormous snow writer was following the footsteps of the trapper. The enormous prints stopped where the trap had been. They told that the great animal had torn the snow to the bare ground, had snuffed up snow and dirt, and then had lunged on down the trapper's trail.

It was the great black bear of the forest who was hungry for a little taste of peanut butter. He slashed a tree to exercise his nails, sniffed the dog prints and cat prints that had been left by a running dog and fleeing cat, and followed the trapper.

He stopped at the edge of the woods and watched the trapper making tracks across the field. He did not follow him any more, for he had been sleeping all winter and was still not wide awake. He just sniffed the last odour of peanut butter on the wind and turned sadly



away. The big old snow writer circled back to his den and scratched his head on his log until he fell fast asleep.

In all the hidden burrows, dens, and holes, small eyes were upon the bear and twisting ears were listening in his direction. When his breathing became almost silent, the fox, the raccoon, the skunk, and the weasel slipped down into their sleeping holes and the story writers went to sleep.

Across the field at the farmhouse, the kitchen

door banged shut and the trapper locked it tight. Then he wrote a message to his mother on the floor and table with wet footprints and other things. It said:

"I have been in the woods. I am safe now. I have been to the cupboard for peanut butter and jelly, and to the refrigerator for milk. I have taken off my coat and boots, and I am in my room admiring the soft, twitching face and bright eyes of this little wild thing I have brought from the forest."

Chief Half-an-Ear was placed in a fine cage filled with cotton, water, and food. He settled down happily to house building. Then he tasted his new exciting foods, and hopped in and out of his nest without a worry in his head. Here there was no fox, no raccoon, no skunk, no weasel. He looked forward to the ripe old age of four or even five.

At dawn the snow circled out of the sky and fell silently on the woodland floor. By seven o'clock in the morning, it had erased the story in the snow. The new snow lay smooth, like white paper, over the land.

Prickly Pete

(In her book, *Brown Paws and Green Thumbs,* Carol Pearson tells true stories of camels, lions, crocodiles, snakes, and other animals. Here is one of her stories retold.)

The baby porcupine, "Prickly Pete", was the first of these little creatures we had ever had. Pete was about as big as my hand when he came to us. He was just starting to be independent, and was so cross that when I opened his box I saw only a ball of quills. Even at that age he knew all about rolling up in a ball. At a mere touch he would flick his little stub of a tail at anyone who bothered him.

I warmed some milk for him and got some rolled oats sprinkled with a little salt. Then I started in earnest to get to know the chap inside the shell of quills. I talked to him without touching him. In a minute he raised his tiny head and blinked at me. Then he braced his stubby tail and sat up to get a better look. He was not a bit afraid; porcupines never are. I held a piece of soaked bread for him to smell. He did so very



carefully, then slowly took it from me with his hands. He nibbled at it steadily. He was a dear little fellow with black face and shiny black eyes; there were brown streaks on the top of his head, and he was shaded brown down to his black tummy. The quills on his back were ivory, circled with black half-way down. Sticking out from among the quills and inches past them were long hairs. When these hairs were touched they acted as an alarm. They set the quills in action. Even when he was sleeping the porcupine's hairs were alert.

The porcupine had very dainty hands. He used his nails as fingers when he ate. When he had finished his meal he licked his fingers clean. I reached down my hand, put my fingers under his tummy, and lifted him up. He lay on my hand, face down, holding on with his front feet and back because he was afraid of falling, but he never tried to bite. I was careful not to alarm him by touching his back. After a few days he would come to me and, getting up on his back feet, hold his hands up asking to be lifted. By then all I had to do was hold my hands down and stretch out my fingers. He would hook his fingernails onto them and come up. Soon all the family could handle him.

The animals in the house got to know Prickly Pete one at a time. Cammie, our springer spaniel, acted like a mother to the baby porcupine from the first. For his daily washing she would turn him over on his back with her nose and wash his tummy and face, leaving his back dirty! Later the monkey that lived in our house learned to tickle the 'pine by rubbing a fine stick up and down through the quills.

We called the porcupine "Prickly Pete" and he got to know that "Pete" was his name. He made no noise at night, and in the day he called only when he wanted something. He slept most of the day but would waken when his name was called. He roamed about at night for the first week or so, but after that he slept at night. Cammie shared her bed with him.

Pete was not afraid of strangers. He would sit looking at them for a while, then sniff around their shoes or pant cuffs. If he liked a newcomer he would give him a surprise by climbing right up his pant leg. Then he would sit quietly on the stranger's arm or shoulder.

Like hound dogs, porcupines have very keen noses, and can follow a scent even a day or two after it has been left. They can return to a home several miles away although they have been carried in a covered box. One day I had gone into a big hardware store and had left the porcupine on the back seat of the car. It was a Saturday and there were many people in the store. I had just reached the counter when people began to hurry away. I turned, and there, coming



through the store, was my Pete. He came right to me calling, "Whaaa, whaaa." I gave him my fingers and swung him up on my shoulder, where he sat kissing the end of my ear. I still wonder that he was able to get out of the car, to follow my tracks down the street, through a door, and to find me in a busy store.

One day when we had gone on a picnic my husband lost the car key from his pocket. Although we searched we could not find the key in the grass. We had almost given up when Pete came along. I pointed to the ground and told

him that we couldn't go anywhere until the key was found. The boys showed him what they were doing and Bill let him smell some money from his pocket. Pete turned, reached down in the grass, picked the key up, and brought it to us. We had to laugh for he certainly made us look foolish.

Pete grew used to me and he would follow me around the house, like a dog. When the small pets were fed, Pete never helped himself to their meals. When a dish was empty, Pete would bring it to the kitchen sink. This was a great help to me.

The second year we had Prickly Pete we decided to take him along with us on holidays. We packed up all the small animals and away we went. It was a very good thing that we had a private lake to go to, because we had such a crowd of animals.

We got to know more about the ways of porcupines on our holiday up north. There, Prickly Pete met others of his kind, and brought them to our camp. We were in for many new adventures with Prickly Pete.

Danger and Adventure

The day Young Blue was born he was already bigger than most fully grown animals. He was a blue whale, and these whales are the biggest animals in the world.

The mother whale began teaching the baby from the time he came into the world. She pushed him to the surface of the water for air a few minutes after he was born. Then she stayed close to him, watching over him and showing him things he had to know. Young Blue learned to swim. He found out how to use his flukes, the ends of his flat tail. He moved his flukes up and down to push himself through the



water. He followed his mother as she dived under the water. When he stayed underwater for ten or fifteen minutes Young Blue held his breath. Then he came back to the surface and let out a puff of moist air that rose like a fountain above his head.

When Young Blue was able to swim well his mother took him out far into the ocean. There he saw many other whales. Some of them looked just like himself but some were quite different. There were young dolphins that played about like puppies. There were shiny black whales with square faces and sharp teeth. Young Blue and his mother joined a pack of blue whales that travelled together. This pack moved around the ocean looking for food.

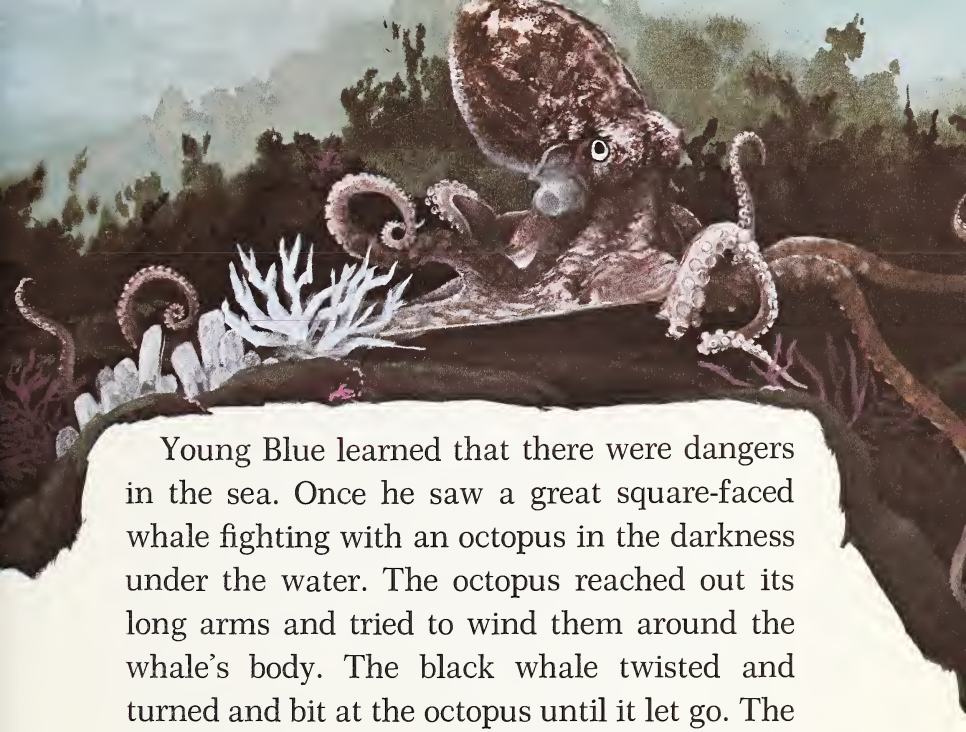
For the first six or seven months of his life Young Blue didn't have to look for his own food at all. When he was hungry he bumped his mother with his big nose. She gave him milk just as a cow feeds her baby calf. When he was old enough Young Blue began to get food for himself. He learned to open his big jaws and take a huge mouthful of tiny sea plants and

animals. He strained out the food and swallowed it. He needed a lot of food because he was growing very quickly.

The pack of whales moved on across the ocean looking for good feeding places. They found "meadows" on the surface of the water. In these places there were so many little plants and animals that the water took on different colours. At times it was red or brown or green. The whales ate tons of food in each meadow. Then they moved on to other feeding places.

Young Blue travelled with the other whales from South America to Africa. They moved along the coast of Africa heading towards the cool waters near the South Pole. Soon they were swimming among great pieces of ice floating in the water. Penguins waddled about on the ice and sleek seals barked noisily. For weeks the pack of whales feasted in the cool waters where there was plenty of food.

As the season changed, Young Blue and the other whales moved again. Winter brought colder weather to the South Pole and the whales swam back to warmer waters.



Young Blue learned that there were dangers in the sea. Once he saw a great square-faced whale fighting with an octopus in the darkness under the water. The octopus reached out its long arms and tried to wind them around the whale's body. The black whale twisted and turned and bit at the octopus until it let go. The black whale hurried to the surface for air. Then he returned to kill the octopus and eat it.

Young Blue learned also of the dangers of man. One day a whaling ship passed close to the pack. One of the biggest whales was cut off from the pack. It was chased by a fast boat until it was too tired to dive any more. Then it was killed by the hunters. The other whales hurried away, swimming faster than the big whaling ship could travel.

A few days later the blue whales saw the fins of five killer whales cutting through the water. They knew their lives were again in danger. The big whales began to dive and swim away. Young Blue's mother stayed near him. One of the killer whales caught up with them. It headed for Young Blue. The baby whale dived deep but the killer came after him. The killer opened its huge jaws and showed its fierce teeth. It tried to bite Young Blue's face. Young Blue had no teeth to use in a fight with the killer whale. For a while it seemed that he didn't have a chance against his swift-moving enemy.

Then Young Blue's mother dived down from the surface. She came between the killer and her baby. She twisted about and smashed her huge tail at the killer. The enemy swam to the surface for air but came back again biting at the



mother's flukes. The great blue whale twisted in pain. The killer moved around to attack her face. It came at her with its great jaws open. Young Blue's mother moved her huge body around and smashed the killer with a tremendous blow. The killer whale was stunned and helpless. It moved to the surface of the water and lay there. Several other killer whales turned upon it, ready to eat it. The young whale and his mother swam away as quickly as they could. The pack of blue whales moved on from this place of danger looking for a sea meadow where they could rest and feed.

They came to the warm waters off the coast of Brazil where Young Blue had been born. Some of the mother whales began looking for quiet places where they could have their babies. The other whales waited in a feeding place near by until the mothers and their new babies could join them.

The babies were born. Then, just as Young Blue had done, they set out on a life of danger and adventure in their travels across the oceans of the world.



Jungle Adventures

In Search of Food

The rain poured down from a cloudy sky on the tops of the thick jungle trees. Under the trees it was hot, and the heavy rain splashed onto the wide leaves and ran in little rivers among the roots of the mangroves. In this steamy, hot, wet jungle Young Elephant was born.

At first the baby elephant and his mother stayed away from the other elephants in the herd. They moved slowly through the thick jungle, so that the mother elephant could find food to eat. She liked bananas, and the sweet young shoots of the bamboo. She picked them with her trunk, and stuffed them in her mouth.

Young Elephant stayed close to his mother all the time. He soon learned to curl his trunk up out of the way, so that he could drink his mother's milk.

Mother Elephant knew that there were dangers in the jungle. She knew that fierce and hungry tigers that prowled silently were always looking for a tasty meal of young elephant. They would not attack a mother elephant, but they would attack a baby if he ever happened to be by himself. So Mother Elephant moved carefully and kept her baby close beside her.

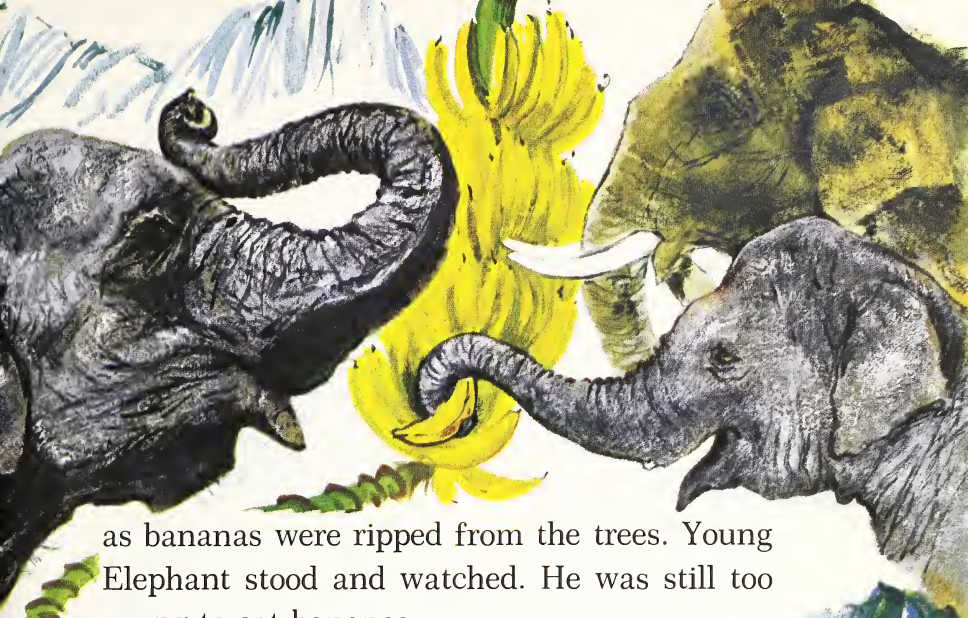
When Young Elephant was a few days old his mother took him back to the herd. There were ten other elephants in the herd. There were two bull elephants, with long tusks. There were young elephants, and old cow elephants.

The leader of the herd was a cow elephant. It was her job to lead the way through the jungle, and make sure that the herd did not run into danger. She listened carefully for any unusual noises that could mean trouble. The elephants followed wherever she went, and felt quite safe as long as she was leading them.

One evening, just before dark, the leader of the herd raised her trunk and sniffed the air. She could smell something delicious. She stopped still, and all the other elephants waited. Then slowly she moved forward. Her enormous feet made very little noise as she picked her way out of the deep forest, and into a clearing where banana trees grew in neat rows. The other members of the herd followed close behind her.

Young Elephant stayed near his mother. He had never taken part in a raid on banana trees. He was afraid of what might happen. The older elephants in the herd had robbed banana trees many times before, and they were not afraid. They knew that the men who owned the trees had no way of keeping elephants out. All the men could do when they found their trees being raided was try to chase the animals away.

The elephants moved among the trees and ate all the bananas they could. They stripped them from the trees with their trunks, and stuffed them in their mouths. The only sounds that could be heard were the loud chewing of the elephants' jaws, and the tearing of branches



as bananas were ripped from the trees. Young Elephant stood and watched. He was still too young to eat bananas.

All at once there was a great burst of noise from the village. Shouting, and beating drums, the men from the village came towards the elephants with lighted torches in their hands.

The leader of the herd raised her head. There was no time to lose. Quickly she turned and hurried into the jungle. The rest of the herd followed. This time they did not bother to be quiet. They crashed through the trees, flattening everything that got in their way. Soon they had left the lights and the noise far behind, and were resting quietly by the banks of a wide river.

Young Elephant stood close to his mother. Now that the men had gone, the jungle was quiet once again. Young Elephant slept.

The next morning the elephants set off once more in search of food. They followed the bank of the river for some time, until the sun was high in the sky. Hundreds of stinging insects buzzed around them in the hot air. The baby was tired, and the insects bothered him. His mother brushed them away with her trunk, but they came back in thick clouds. All the elephants were annoyed by the insects. They walked down to the river and lay in the water to cool themselves and keep the insects away.

Mother Elephant sucked up water in her trunk and sprayed it over Young Elephant's back. He soon found that he could squirt water with his trunk, too. Squealing and splashing, the elephants played in the water. Their big bodies churned up the mud from the bottom of the river, and their trunks sent sprays of water into the air. At last, when they were all tired of bathing, the elephants climbed out of the river and lumbered back into the jungle to find food.

The Trap

The hot, wet season was over, and the cooler dry season had come. Young Elephant still stayed near his mother, but now he was able to find his own food. The elephants spent most of the day and night gathering food.

One day, the leader of the herd sniffed the air with her trunk. She seemed a little worried, and she led the herd off in a different direction. Every so often she stopped, and listened, and sniffed the air. And every time she did so she moved off in a different direction with the herd, following nervously, close behind her.

By nightfall the elephants knew that something was wrong. No matter which way they went, the same frightening smell of men came to them. As time went on the smell of men became stronger. They moved forward again, but now they could see lights on either side of them, and strange noises followed them. The leader started to hurry, and soon all the elephants were crashing through the thick undergrowth. The lights and noises came nearer.



Young Elephant was carried along by the huge bodies of the big elephants pressing around him. He cried out in fright, and looked for his mother, but all he could see were the legs of the grown-up elephants.

Suddenly, the leader stopped. In front of her was a strong, high wooden fence. She moved off to the right, but there was a fence there, too. Frightened, she turned to the left. Another fence appeared in front of her. The rest of the

big animals tried frantically to go back the way they had come, but they soon found that they were surrounded by fences. The elephants had walked into a *keddah*, which is a special trap that men build to catch wild elephants.

For several days the frightened elephants hurled their huge bodies against the bars of the keddah, trying to break down the walls of their prison, but it was impossible.

At last, when the elephants had grown tired, the men who had built the trap appeared. They were riding on their tame elephants and carrying strong ropes. From the herd they picked out four young cow elephants, and with the help of their tame elephants they drove these cows into a small yard. Some of the men went back to the keddah and took down one of the fences.

Suddenly the other animals realized that the fence at one end of the keddah had been taken away. Pushing and stumbling, the animals hurried towards the opening in the fence. They wanted to get away from the frightening smell of men as quickly as they could.

Young Elephant squealed unhappily, as the

huge bodies of the other elephants pressed around him. They pushed him ahead of them as they hurried out of the trap. In all the noise and excitement he was cut off from his mother. She was at the back of the herd, frantically searching for her baby.

At last the men were left far behind. The elephants slowed down to a walk, and some of them began to feed from the trees. Young Elephant scrambled about among the bigger elephants, searching for his mother. She was searching for him, too, but she could not find him. The herd of elephants moved on through the jungle.

Young Elephant could not move as quickly as the other larger animals. He dropped back behind the rest of the herd, and that was where his mother found him.

The young cow elephants that had been caught in the trap never returned to the herd. They were trained to work for men, lifting and carrying logs to the saw-mills.

Young Elephant stayed with the herd. His jungle adventures were just beginning.

In Time of Silver Rain

In time of silver rain
The earth
Puts forth new life again,
Green grasses grow
And flowers lift their heads,
And over all the plain
The wonder spreads
    Of life,
    Of life,
    Of life!

In time of silver rain
The butterflies
Lift silken wings
To catch a rainbow cry,
And trees put forth
New leaves to sing
In joy beneath the sky
As down the roadway
Passing boys and girls
Go singing, too,
In time of silver rain
    When spring
    And life
    Are new.

LANGSTON HUGHES

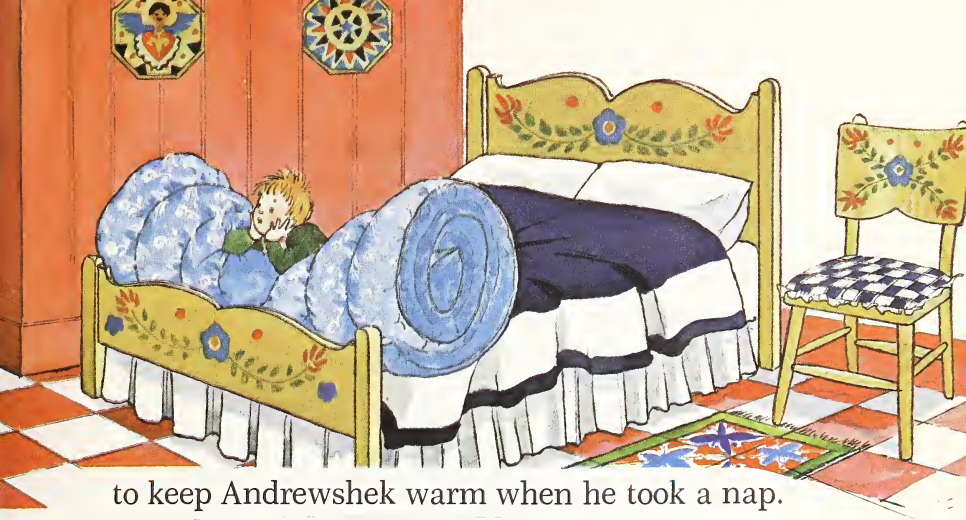


The Poppy Seed Cakes

Once upon a time there was a little boy and his name was Andrewshek. His mother and his father brought him from the old country when he was a tiny baby. Andrewshek had an Auntie Katushka and she came from the old country, too, on Andrewshek's fourth birthday.

Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka came on a large boat. She brought with her a huge bag filled with presents for Andrewshek and his father and his mother. In the huge bag were a fine feather bed and a bright shawl and five pounds of poppy seeds.

The fine feather bed was made from the feathers of her old green goose at home. It was



to keep Andrewshek warm when he took a nap. The bright shawl was for Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka to wear when she went to market. The five pounds of poppy seeds were to sprinkle on little cakes that Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka made every Saturday for Andrewshek.

One lovely Saturday morning Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka took some butter and some sugar and some flour and some milk and seven eggs and she rolled out some nice little cakes. Then she sprinkled each cake with some of the poppy seeds that she had brought from the old country.

While the nice little cakes were baking, she spread out the fine feather bed on top of the big bed, for Andrewshek to take his nap.

Andrewshek did not like to take a nap. Andrewshek loved to bounce up and down and up and down on his fine feather bed.

Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka took the nice little cakes out of the oven and put them on the table to cool; then she put on her bright shawl to go to market. "Andrewshek," she said, "please watch these cakes while you rest on your fine feather bed. Be sure that the kitten and the dog do not go near them."

"Yes, indeed! I will watch the nice little cakes," said Andrewshek. "And I will be sure that the kitten and the dog do not touch them." But all Andrewshek really did was to bounce up and down and up and down on the fine feather bed.

"Andrewshek!" said Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka, "how can you watch the poppy seed cakes when all you do is to bounce up and down and up and down on the fine feather bed?" Then Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka, in her bright shawl, hurried off to market.

But Andrewshek kept bouncing up and down and up and down on the fine feather bed and

paid no attention to the little cakes sprinkled with poppy seeds.

Just as Andrewshek was bouncing up in the air for the ninth time, he heard a queer noise that sounded like "Hs-s-s-s-sss," at the front door of his house.

"Oh, what a queer noise!" cried Andrewshek. He jumped down off the fine feather bed and opened the front door. There stood a great green goose as big as Andrewshek himself. The goose was very cross and was scolding as fast as he could. He was wagging his head and was opening and closing his long red beak.

"What do you want?" said Andrewshek. "What are you scolding about?"

"I want all the goose feathers from your fine feather bed," quacked the big green goose. "They are mine."

"They are not yours," said Andrewshek. "My Auntie Katushka brought them with her from the old country in a huge bag."

"They are mine," quacked the big green goose. He waddled over to the fine feather bed and tugged at it with his long red beak.



"Stop, Green Goose!" said Andrewshek, "and I will give you one of Auntie Katushka's poppy seed cakes."

"A poppy seed cake!" the green goose quacked in delight. "I love nice little poppy seed cakes! Give me one and you shall have your feather bed."

But one poppy seed cake could not satisfy the greedy green goose.

"Give me another!" Andrewshek gave the green goose another poppy seed cake.

"Give me another!" the big green goose hissed and frightened Andrewshek nearly out of his wits.

Andrewshek gave him another and another and another till all the poppy seed cakes were gone.

Just as the last poppy seed cake disappeared down the long neck of the green goose, Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka appeared at the door, in her bright shawl. "Boo! hoo!" cried Andrewshek. "See! that naughty green goose has eaten all the poppy seed cakes."

"What? All my nice little poppy seed cakes?" cried Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka. "The naughty goose!"

The greedy goose tugged at the fine feather bed again with his long red beak and started to drag it to the door. Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka ran after the green goose and just then there was a dreadful explosion. The greedy goose who had stuffed himself with poppy seed cakes had burst and his feathers flew all over the room.

"Well! well!" said Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka, as she gathered up the pieces of the big green goose. "We soon shall have two fine feather pillows for your fine feather bed."

The Picnic Basket

One cool summer morning Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka said, "Andrewshek, I think I will put some sandwiches and some cottage cheese and some poppy seed cakes and two eggs in our picnic basket. Then we will go to the park and eat our lunch there, near the water."

"May I go with you, Auntie Katushka?" said Andrewshek.

"Of course you may go to the park with me," said Auntie Katushka. "But first we have a great many things to do, before we can start to the park. I must go into the garden and catch the white goat. I will tie her up so she will not run away. Please find the kitten, Andrewshek, and put her in the cellar, so she will not worry the chickens while we are gone."

"Yes, indeed, I will find the kitten and put her in the cellar," said Andrewshek, "so she will not worry the chickens while we are gone."

But all Andrewshek really did was to lift up the red-and-white napkin that Auntie Katushka had laid over the picnic basket and look



at the eggs and the poppy seed cakes and touch the sandwiches and taste the cottage cheese.

The goat was not easy to catch. The goat wanted to go to the park, too. She galloped around and round the garden.

At last Auntie Katushka caught her and tied her firmly to a post.

Then Auntie Katushka went into the house to get Andrewshek and the lunch basket. She saw Andrewshek peeping under the red-and-white napkin and tasting the cottage cheese. He had forgotten all about the kitten.

The kitten was nowhere to be found. "I think she must be paying a visit to the Mouse family," said Auntie Katushka.

Then Auntie Katushka put on her bright shawl and took her umbrella with the long crooked handle under one arm. Then she picked up the lunch basket with the red-and-white napkin on top and she and Andrewshek started for the park.

They went down the hill and across the tracks and past the market and down a long street until they came to the park by the water.

Andrewshek sat down on the grass beside a little stream. Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka laid her umbrella with the long crooked handle, and the basket of lunch on the grass beside Andrewshek.

"Andrewshek," said Auntie Katushka, "I must go to the spring and get some water for us to drink. Please watch the basket with the eggs and the sandwiches and poppy seed cakes and cottage cheese while I am gone."

"Yes, indeed, I will watch the basket of lunch," said Andrewshek.

But what Andrewshek really did was to say to himself, "I would like to take off my shoes and my stockings and wade in the little stream. I believe I will!"

Andrewshek took off his shoes and his stockings and went wading in the little stream.

A big white swan came floating calmly down the stream. He saw the picnic basket lying on the grass. He stopped and stretched and stretched his long neck, till he could touch the basket. "Honk! honk! honk!" said he. "I wonder what is under the red-and-white napkin."

The big white swan lifted the napkin with his red bill and looked in the basket. "Oh, oh, oh! Won't Mother Swan be pleased with this nice lunch!" said he. "Sandwich bread makes fine food for baby swans."



He picked up the basket in his strong red bill and floated it ahead of him down the stream.

Andrewshek could not wade after the big white swan. The water was too deep.

"Stop! stop! White Swan!" cried Andrewshek. "That is my Auntie Katushka's picnic basket and it has our lunch in it. Please put it back on the grass."

"No, indeed! I will not put the basket back," honked the big white swan. "Sandwich bread makes fine food for baby swans and I have ten baby swans to feed."

The big white swan gave the picnic basket a little push with his red bill. The basket floated on down the little stream. The big white swan floated calmly behind it.

Just then Andrewshek's Auntie Katushka came hurrying up with the spring water. She saw the big white swan floating down the stream, with the lunch basket floating ahead of him.

Andrewshek stood in the middle of the stream, crying.

Auntie Katushka picked up her umbrella



with the long crooked handle. Auntie Katushka ran along the shore until she overtook the big white swan, with the lunch basket floating ahead of him.

She caught the handle of the picnic basket in the crook of her long-handled umbrella. She drew the basket safely to shore.

"Well! well!" said Auntie Katushka, as she spread the red-and-white napkin on the grass, and laid the sandwiches and the poppy seed cakes and the cottage cheese and the eggs upon it. "It always pays to carry an umbrella to a picnic."



Anansi the Spider Man

Kisander

KISANDER was a cat.

Anansi and Mouse were afraid of Kisander. She could see in the dark. She could walk so swiftly and so softly that no one knew when she was coming. Anansi and Mouse (whose full name was Mouse Atoo and whose pet name was Moos-Moos Atoo) feared Kisander's sharp teeth and cruel claws and her eyes that shone bright in the dark.

But Kisander had a dokanoo tree, and the tree had lovely puddings on it. No one else had such a tree. Anansi and Moos-Moos both loved the puddings, and whenever they went past Kisander's garden they wondered how they could get some of the puddings from Kisander's tree.

Kisander was very proud of the tree. In the mornings she would go out and take a hoe and dig around the roots of the tree until she had made a little gutter. Then she filled the gutter with water, and this made the puddings grow large and sweet.

One evening Mouse Atoo was talking with Brother Anansi.

Anansi said, "Did you see the dokanoo tree in Kisander's garden, Mr. Moos-Moos Atoo?"

"Yes," said Moos-Moos, "and do you know, Brother Anansi, I would like to lay my hands on some of the lovely puddings on that tree. They are ready for picking now. My mouth waters every time I think of them."

"And mine, too, Mr. Moos-Moos Atoo. Whenever I pass by Kisander's house I go very quickly and very quietly, but last evening the puddings seemed so lovely that I had to stop and look at them. Couldn't we creep into Kisander's yard and pick some, Brother Moos-Moos Atoo?"



Anansi and Moos-Moos whispered together. Later that night, at about nine o'clock, Anansi and Moos-Moos Atoo stole out of their houses. No one was looking. Quietly they crossed over the gully and crossed the field. Then they crawled under the hedge and so got into Kisander's garden.

There was the dokanoo tree. They could see its shape in the darkness, and Anansi whispered, "Moos-Moos, I tell you what I will do. I will go up the tree and knock off the puddings. You must stay at the bottom of the tree. Watch carefully. If you hear that old Kisander come out you must call to me."

So Moos-Moos stayed at the bottom of the tree while Anansi climbed up to the branches where the puddings grew. His eyes had become accustomed to the darkness of the night, and he could make out the puddings clearly. When he looked down he could see his friend Moos-Moos turning his head this way and that on the lookout for Kisander.

Slowly and carefully Anansi crawled out on to a branch. Here was a pudding hanging all



ripe and ready. He drew his knife and cut the stem. The dokanoo fell "boof" on the ground. Moos-Moos and Anansi waited breathlessly, without a sound.

Kisander, asleep in bed, was awakened by the sound and said, "What's happening to my dokanoos? They are falling off the tree in the night. The breeze must be stronger than when I went to bed." Then she turned over and went to sleep again.

Brother Anansi crawled further along the branch. Here was another lovely pudding, all ripe and ready. Quickly he drew his knife and cut the stem that held the pudding to the tree.

"Boof," the pudding fell to the ground.

Kisander turned over in her bed. "What is happening to my dokanoos?" she said. "They are falling off by themselves in the night. They must be getting too ripe." Then she turned over and went back to sleep.

Anansi and Moos-Moos breathed again. That last "boof" had been very heavy, but no one in the house had stirred. Kisander was a sound sleeper. They had only two dokanoos. It was worthwhile trying to get a third.

Anansi crawled further out along the branch. He drew his knife and cut a third dokanoo. This was an even heavier one. It fell "boof" to the ground; and this time Kisander got out of bed saying, "I must go out and see what is happening to my puddings."

So Kisander came to the door of the house, opened it, and looked out. Kisander's eyes shone in the dark. Moos-Moos heard the door open, and he saw the two eyes shining in the darkness. He must warn Anansi; but he dared not use Anansi's name, since Kisander would hear and would find out who was picking the puddings.

"I will call him Ceiling Thomas," thought Moos-Moos quickly to himself, "because he is a spider and walks on the ceiling." And so he called out,

"Kisander, Kisander,
Sing Atoo, Atoo, Atoo, sing Atoo.
Ceiling Thomas run oh!
Ceiling Thomas run oh!
Ceiling Thomas I am going to run oh!"

In a flash Moos-Moos was through the hedge and away, while Kisander came running out towards the dokanoo tree. She looked here and there and all around. No, there was nothing but three dokanoos lying where they had fallen on the ground.

"I must get a lantern to see what is the matter," said Kisander. She hurried away and in a minute or two came back with a storm lantern. She looked everywhere but could see nothing except the three dokanoos on the ground. She walked around the tree. There were only the three dokanoos on the ground. Kisander said, "Hi! This is the first time that I have ever seen dokanoos fall off a tree all by themselves, and with their stems cut by a knife!"



Anansi was still up in the tree, hiding behind the leaves. When Kisander went back into the house with the dokanoos, he jumped from the tree — "boof" — and ran away as fast as he could. Kisander hurried back into the garden and looked all around. No, there was no other dokanoo on the ground. "That's funny," said Kisander.

She never found out what had made that last "boof."

Sh!

"Sh!" says mother,
"Sh!" says father.
"Running in the hall
Is a very great bother."

"Mrs. Grumpy Grundy,
Who lives down below,
Will come right up
First thing you know."

"Sh!" says father,
"Sh!" says mother.
"Can't you play a quiet game
Of some kind or other?"

JAMES TIPPETT

The Little Old Woman Carries On

How She Travelled on Water

Next morning the Little Old Woman said to herself, "Now that I have rested it is high time I began to think about travelling to and fro on water."

She did her housework and fed her rats and geese and tended her soup garden. Then she sat down and began to think about travelling to and fro on water. After a while she said, "To my mind, the best way to travel on water is in a boat. As I have no idea where to get one, I suppose I must use my head and find out."

The Little Old Woman tied a wet towel around her forehead and sat down with her forefinger against her nose and closed her eyes. She had just started using her head when the pack pedlar came to her door, crying his wares.

"Any ribbons, bobbins, sticking-plasters, calicos, mousetraps, skillets or treacle today?" he cried.

"Not today," said the Little Old Woman. "But if you have something in the way of a boat, I



might buy it and save myself the trouble of using my head."

"I have some fine toy boats," he said. "I have toy sailboats, tugboats, fishing boats, canal boats, and pirate boats."

One by one he took the toy boats out of his bag and set them on the table. "They are very fine," said the Little Old Woman, "but I have no use for a toy boat."

"How about a gravy boat?" the pack pedlar asked, and he took a blue china gravy boat out of his bag and set it on the table.

"It is very pretty," the Little Old Woman told him, "but I do not need a gravy boat."

"What kind of a boat *do* you need?" asked the pack pedlar.

"I need a boat suitable for me and my geese and rats to use in travelling to and fro on water," said the Little Old Woman. "If you do not have such a boat, perhaps you can tell me where to find one."

"I have seen many boats in my time," said the pack pedlar. "There was the big boat that brought me here from the old country, for one."

"Would you say it was big enough to hold me, my rats and geese, and all our baggage?" she asked.

"I would say it was big enough and more," the pack pedlar replied.

"Good enough!" said the Little Old Woman. "And now, if you will be so kind as to fetch it here, I will gladly pay you for your trouble."

"That I cannot do," the pack pedlar said, "for this boat I speak of is far off on the shores of the ocean."

"But how are my rats and geese and I to travel on this boat if it cannot be fetched to us?" cried the Little Old Woman.

"That is easy to answer," said the pack pedlar. "Since the boat cannot be fetched to you, you must take your rats and geese and baggage, and travel on land until you get to the boat."

"No, thank you," the Little Old Woman said. "I have already had enough travelling here and there and up and down on land to last me a lifetime. Do you know of a boat nearer home?"

"In the willows on yonder river is a small rowboat that I use to ferry myself to and fro," said the pack pedlar. "It is close at hand, and if it suits you, you are welcome to use it."

"A small rowboat close at hand will suit me very well," said the Little Old Woman. "It is good of you to let me use it."

"I am happy to be of service," the pack pedlar said. "And now, I must bid you good morning and a pleasant voyage."

As soon as the pack pedlar was gone, the Little Old Woman set about getting ready to travel to and fro on water. She packed the rats' patchwork quilts, the red coats of the geese, and her own clothes in her green carpetbag. She packed her market basket with corn, apples, and

peanuts for the geese's lunch. And she packed a picnic basket with bread, cold cuts of veal, jam, pickles, and jelly for her own lunch.

When all her packing was done, the Little Old Woman put on her Easter bonnet and her best black lace mitts. She caught the geese and rats, one by one, and put their red harnesses on them. She tied the harnesses to her apron strings, and picked up the two lunch baskets with one hand, and the green carpetbag and big purple umbrella with the other hand. With the rats and geese following behind her, the Little Old Woman set off to the nearby river. In the willows, she found the pack pedlar's rowboat.

"So far, so good," said the Little Old Woman. "I have only to get my rats and geese, our baggage, and myself aboard and off we will go."

The Little Old Woman unfastened the harnesses of the rats and geese from her apron strings, and tied them to the prow of the rowboat. Next, she got her baggage aboard, and last of all, she climbed into the rowboat and sat down. As she was untying the boat from a small



willow tree, she said, "I will row us across the river and there we will have our lunch. When I have rowed us back again, we will have travelled to and fro on water as the gypsy woman said I should. Then my travels will be over and I can go back to my little yellow house and enjoy my home comforts in peace."

Meanwhile, the geese had jumped into the river and were swimming away from the boat as far as their red harnesses would let them. When the Little Old Woman tried to row, the oars splashed them and tangled in the red harnesses. The geese hissed and squawked and tried to break away from the boat. They tried so hard to break away from the boat that it began moving. Pulling the boat behind them, the geese started swimming down the river.

"It is very kind of the geese to pull the boat and save me the bother of rowing it," the Little Old Woman thought. "The only trouble is they are swimming *down* the river, and I want to travel to and fro, *across* the river. I had better stop them while I try to figure out a way to make them go where I want them to go."

The Little Old Woman grabbed hold of a willow branch and held fast to it while she tried to figure out a way to make the geese go where she wanted them to go. After she had figured and figured, she said, "I will fasten an apple to the end of a willow pole and dangle it over the heads of the geese. The geese will swim after the apple and it will be easy for me to make them go where I want them to go."

The Little Old Woman tied up the rowboat while she broke off a tall willow pole and fastened an apple on the end of it with a bent hairpin. "Since the geese are kind enough to pull the boat and save me the bother of rowing, I may as well leave the oars behind," she thought.

She lifted the oars out of the oar locks and hid them under the willows. Then she untied

the boat and held the willow pole so that the apple dangled over the geese. The geese saw the apple and swam after it. The Little Old Woman pointed the willow pole towards a pine woods across the river and, swimming after it, the geese pulled the boat behind them.

"How clever I was to figure out a way to make the geese pull the boat across the river," said the Little Old Woman. "Thus far I am finding travelling to and fro on water far more pleasant than travelling here and there and up and down on land."



Swimming after the apple, the geese pulled the rowboat straight across the river. When they got to the pine woods on the far side, the Little Old Woman put down the willow pole and climbed out of the boat. She rolled a rock on the end of the boat's rope and unloaded her baggage. Then she untied the rats and geese, and gave them their lunch.

As she was spreading out her own lunch under the pine trees, she thought, "What a pleasant place this is! As long as I am here I may as well have a quick look around, and see what there is to see."

After the Little Old Woman had eaten her bread, cold cuts of veal, jam, pickles, and jelly, she got up and had a quick look around. On the ground, under the trees, she saw heaps of pine cones and pine knots.

"These pine cones and pine knots would burn brightly in my fire-place," she said. "I will take some of them home in my market basket." She filled her market basket with pine cones and pine knots and put it in the rowboat.

The Little Old Woman took another quick



look around. In a sunny field, she saw many stalks of goldenrod and Queen Anne's lace.

"These flowers would brighten my house," she said. "I will pick some of them to take home with me." She picked some goldenrod and Queen Anne's lace and put it in the rowboat.

Once more the Little Old Woman had a quick look around her. By a zigzag fence she saw some thimbleberry bushes covered with ripe berries.

"These thimbleberries would make me a fine batch of jam," she said. "I will fill my picnic basket with them to take home with me."

She fetched her picnic basket and began picking the thimbleberries. By the time she had filled the basket, the sun was beginning to set.

"How time flies," exclaimed the Little Old Woman. "I never would have believed it could

take me so long to have a quick look around. If I am to get home before dark I must make ready to set off at once."

The Little Old Woman made ready to set off. One by one, she caught her rats and geese and tied them to the prow of the boat. Then, she climbed into the boat and jerked its rope out from under the big rock. The geese began swimming away from the shore and pulling the boat behind them.

"Now I will hold the willow pole so that the apple will dangle over their heads," said the Little Old Woman. "The geese will swim after the apple and we will be home in no time."

But when the Little Old Woman picked up the willow pole, she saw that there was no apple dangling from the end of it.

"Mercy on me," cried the Little Old Woman, "the geese have eaten the apple and I have nothing to dangle over their heads to make them pull the boat home. This is a fine mess I've got myself into, and to get out of it I shall have to use my head as I've never used it before."

The Little Old Woman dipped her pocket

handkerchief into the water and tied it around her forehead. She put her forefinger against her nose and closed her eyes. Then she set to work using her head as she had never used it before. Because she had been in the warm sun all day the Little Old Woman was sleepy. The harder she used her head, the sleepier she got, and soon she was fast asleep. While the Little Old Woman slept, the geese kept on swimming and pulling the rowboat behind them. Pretty soon, the rowboat gave such a bump that the Little Old Woman woke up.

"Dear me, I must have dozed off and goodness only knows where the geese have pulled the boat!" exclaimed the Little Old Woman. "I could open my eyes and find out, of course, but I will not take time for that now. Instead, I must use my head and find a way to make the geese pull the boat home."

Keeping her eyes tightly closed, the Little Old Woman put her forefinger to her nose. She was just about to use her head when the rowboat gave another bump. The Little Old Woman went on trying to use her head and the rowboat



kept on bumping. At the same time the geese began hissing and honking and the rats began squeaking and squealing.

"What with wondering where the geese have pulled the boat, and what is bumping it, and why the rats and geese are making so much noise, I'm afraid I am not using my head very well," said the Little Old Woman. "Perhaps I had better open my eyes and see what is what."

The Little Old Woman opened her eyes. The first thing she saw was that the geese had pulled the rowboat across the river to the very spot where she had found it hidden in the willows. The next thing she saw was that the geese had

waded out of the water and were trying to break away from the boat. They were trying so hard to break away, they were bumping the boat on the shore.

"How ever did the geese know enough to come home?" the Little Old Woman asked herself. "For the life of me, I cannot remember using my head and finding out a way to make them do it!"

She climbed out of the boat and fastened it to the willow tree. Then she untied the geese and rats and picked up her baggage. With their red harnesses dragging after them, the rats and geese ran home as fast as they could run. As she followed them, the Little Old Woman kept asking herself how the geese knew enough to come home. When she opened her gate the rats and geese ran to meet her.

"Squeak, squeak," said the rats, and they sat on their hind legs and sniffed at her fingers.

"Honk, honk," said the geese, and they flapped their wings. Then the Little Old Woman knew why the geese had known enough to come home. "The geese came home because they



were hungry and wanted their supper," she said. "All I needed to do was to sit in the boat and let them pull it behind them. And as I did just that, it is as plain as day that I was using my head, even when I slept."

The Little Old Woman fed her geese and rats and cooked her own supper. As she was eating, she thought, "This has been a great day indeed. I have travelled to and fro on water, and, thanks to the geese pulling the boat, I was spared the bother of rowing. I have brought home many pine cones and pine knots for my fire, a bouquet to brighten my house, and enough thimbleberries to make me a fine batch of jam. And, best of all, by dozing off in the boat, I have found out that I can use my head when I am sound asleep every bit as well as when I am awake."

Eletelephony

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant –
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone –
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee –
(I fear I'd better drop the song
of elephop and telephong!)

LAURA E. RICHARDS



Tickie-mouse Sandwiches

Jeffie was a little boy who was just big enough to go to school. On the first day of September the boy next door showed Jeffie the way to school. He took him along three streets and across a bright green field scattered with daisies and yellow jump-in-the-eye. (If you don't know what jump-in-the-eye flowers are, don't worry, because nobody else does either.)

On the way to school that day, the boy-next-door asked Jeffie, "Why do you want to go to school? What do you want to learn? What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Jeffie replied, "I can't answer all those questions, because you asked me too many of them together." Then he ran off sideways after a green frog.

"Come back, Jeffie!" said the boy-next-door. "I promised that I'd look after you. Jeffie . . . Jeffie . . . where are you?" He ran down a small winding hill, up a pathway, and he peered under bushes and shrubs. But there was no sign of Jeffie. "Oh, my goodness, where on earth can he be?" he thought. "If anything has happened to Jeffie, it will be my fault for not watching him, and for asking too many questions at one time. Jeffie! JEFFIE! JEFFIE!" he called through his hands, making a trumpet of them.

Down by the pond, which was so small that it looked like a splash of blue paint, came an answer. It wasn't Jeffie's voice at all. It went "Bronk-gronk, up-gronk, grup-gronk."

The boy-next-door ran down to the pond and squinted his eyes through the brown bulrushes. "Jeffie . . . where are you? Are you all right? What are you doing?" he called.

"You're doing it again," came Jeffie's voice.

And after him came a chorus, "You're doing it again, BRONK-GRONK!"

"Ask me one question at a time and I'll answer you," called Jeffie.

"Jeffie! Where are you? What . . . oh dear, only one question. Well . . . umm . . . what are you doing?"

"Talking to the frogs, of course," answered Jeffie.

The boy-next-door folded himself up tight, like a parcel, put his chin on the ground, and looked through the ferns. He could see Jeffie, and five frogs of all different sizes, chatting and having morning tea.

"You may come in, too, if you can think yourself small enough," said Jeffie.

All the frogs nodded their heads and said, "UP-GRONK", meaning "yes".

The boy-next-door squeezed his eyes tightly and held his breath, and thought about being a small dog. When he opened his eyes, he was still boy size.

"Not good enough," said Jeffie. "Think smaller."

So the boy-next-door squeezed his eyes tightly and thought about being a smaller dog. When he opened his eyes and looked, he was almost small enough to squeeze through the ferns, but not quite. So he squeezed his eyes tighter, took a deep breath, and thought about being new-puppy size.

While he was breathing deeply, a croaky voice said, right in his ear, "Good, now try one of these. They're very good for making you thin."

The boy-next-door opened his eyes wide, and there he was, surrounded by boy-sized frogs and Jeffie. Soft green ferns waved over his head like trees, and the tiny pond looked large enough to splash and swim in. A boy-sized frog was offering him a lily-pad plate full of goodies.

"What are they? When did I?" the boy-next-door began.

Jeffie said sternly, "One question at a time!"

"Oops, sorry!" said the boy-next-door. He looked at the plate, and saw on it the strangest-looking food. "One question, please, what are they?" he asked, as he pointed to the brightly-coloured goodies.

"Tickie-mouse sandwiches," said the frogs together.

"What on earth are they made of?" asked the boy-next-door.

"Oh dear," sighed Jeffie, "you do ask a lot of questions. Why don't you just go ahead and try one? I'm going to have one."

They both took sandwich-shaped sandwiches and bit into them. They tasted a little like checked gingham. That was mainly because they were made of checked gingham. Then the funniest things happened to the boys as they started to chew on them. Their tongues tickled, and their teeth tickled, and they began to laugh and laugh. Jeffie had another checked gingham tickie-mouse sandwich, and the frogs each had one. Soon everyone was laughing, and the ferns waved like tall trees with all that laughter, and it sounded very happy and good.

"Shouldn't they be called tickle-mouth sandwiches?" gasped the boy-next-door.

"Of course not!" said one of the frogs. "They're tickie-mouse sandwiches. They're specially made in the Mouse House around the



corner," and he bit into a bright blue-and-white-gingham sandwich, and began laughing once again.

Suddenly Jeffie said, "Oooh, school! We set off for school, remember?"

The boy-next-door got up and looked around for his schoolbag. There it was, just beyond the fern-trees, and it looked enormous. He said, "Oh frog-boys, how do we get back to school size, please?"

The frogs smiled and said, "That was good. Only one question that time . . . you're improving, boy-next-door!"

The biggest frog said, "Watch me!" He puffed out his cheeks and his throat and his tummy and said, "I'm thinking elephant!"

The boy-next-door and Jeffie puffed out their cheeks and their throats and their tummies and thought elephant. Suddenly they were back on the way to school with their schoolbags swinging from their hands. They ran hard, up the yellow path, towards the white schoolhouse. They could hear the bell ringing, and they knew that they'd make it, if they hurried.

Just once, they turned their heads back, and although they were quite big boys (big enough to go to school), they thought that they could see five little green frogs waving after them, and they thought they could hear five little voices saying, "BRONK-GRONK, GRUP-GRONK, BRONK-GRONK, GRUP-GRONK. Come back soon and have some tickie-mouse sandwiches with us."

Always after that morning, on the way to school, and coming home from school, too, whenever Jeffie and the boy-next-door heard the frogs laughing by the blue paint-splash pond in the field, they knew that there was a tickie-mouse-sandwich party going on, and that the frogs were enjoying themselves.

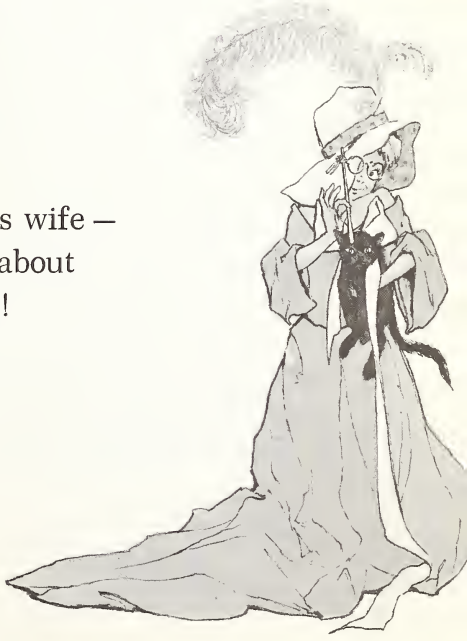
Run a Little

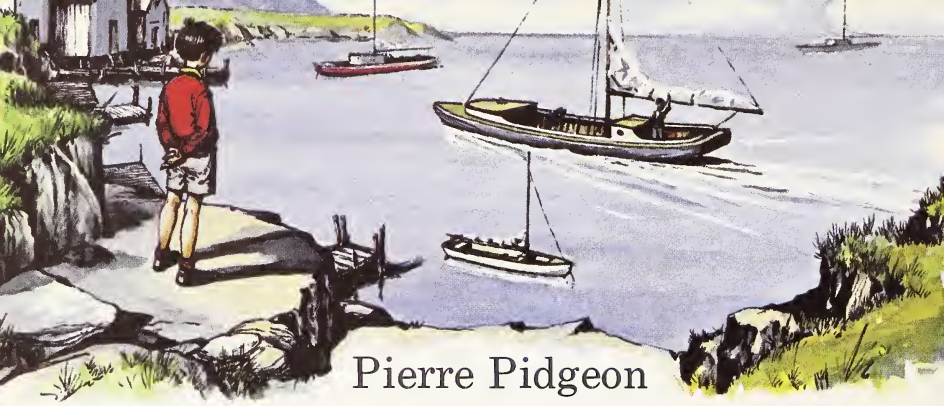
Run a little this way,
  Run a little that!
Fine new feathers
  For a fine new hat.
A fine new hat
  For a lady fair –
Run around and turn about
  And jump in the air.



Run a little this way,
  Run a little that!
White silk ribbon
  For a black silk cat.
A black silk cat
  For the Lord Mayor's wife –
Run around and turn about
  And fly for your life!

JAMES REEVES





Pierre Pidgeon

Pierre Pidgeon was seven years old, waiting to be eight. He lived in a part of Canada called the Gaspé, which is a large piece of land surrounded on three sides by water.

His father was a fisherman who sailed out in his boat every day. Very often, he left early in the morning when Pierre was still asleep. But every afternoon Pierre went down to the dock to watch his father's boat come in and to help unload the fish.

Since fishing didn't bring in much money to take care of the Pidgeon family, Pierre's mother baked bread in an outdoor oven and sometimes sold it to tourists who came along the road, and Pierre liked to help her.

Pierre liked to do lots of things. He liked to drive a dogcart and sail on his father's boat.

But most of all he liked to build ship models. It took a great deal of patience to do this, but when he grew tired of it, Pierre would always run down to the beach to play.

He liked visiting the store near the dock where the boats came in. The shelves were full of canned foods and cloth and fishing tackle and clothes for the people who lived in the town, and there were wood carvings for tourists who liked to buy souvenirs. But most of all Pierre liked the shelf halfway up on the right, just inside the door. For one day, when he walked inside the store to buy a spool of thread for his mother, he looked at that shelf. There in the middle of it he saw a beautiful ship model. It was the nicest he had ever seen. It was even better than the ones he made, because it was all inside a bottle!

Mr. LeClerc, who ran the store, saw Pierre looking at the boat-in-the-bottle. "How do you like that ship model, Pierre?" he asked.

"I like it very much!" said Pierre, "but how did the man ever make it inside the bottle?"

"Ah," said Mr. LeClerc, and smiled at Pierre.

"There is only one way for ships to get inside bottles. They grow inside!"

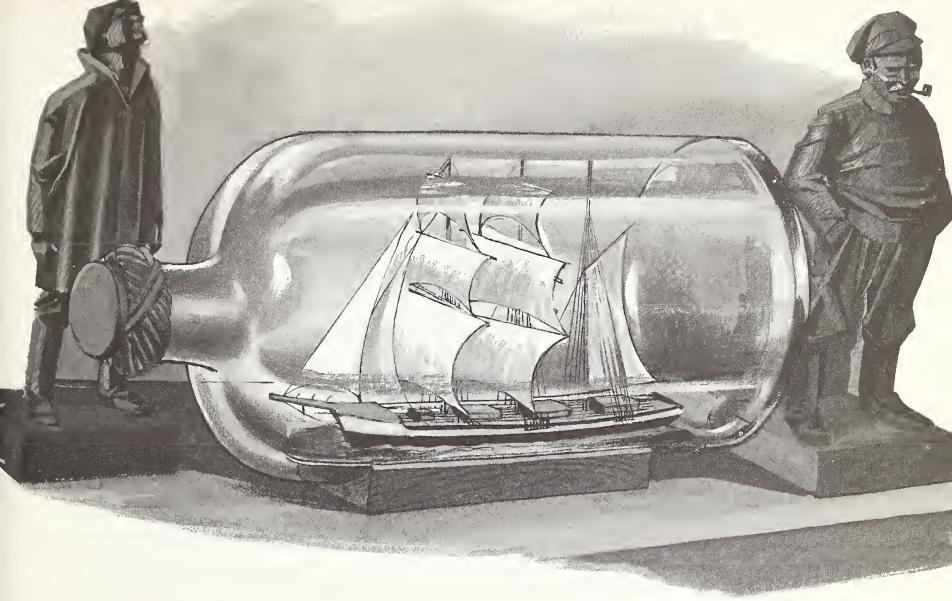
Pierre looked at Mr. LeClerc. "But boats aren't alive! How can they grow inside a bottle, if they aren't alive?"

Mr. LeClerc shook his head. "I don't know, Pierre. But ships can move just like dogs and horses and oxen, and how else could a boat get inside a bottle if it weren't very small indeed, as small as a seed bean?"

Every time he went to the store, he stopped to look at the boat-in-the-bottle and wished it belonged to him. Once he asked Mr. LeClerc how much it cost, and Mr. LeClerc put his head on one side and said, "That's a very good bottle. I should say a dollar."

Pierre felt very sad inside, because he knew he would never have a whole dollar all his own to spend.

His mother knew Pierre was seven, waiting to be eight, and one day when they were all sitting out by the windmill, she asked him what he would like for his birthday. Pierre thought of the shelf halfway up on the right just inside



the door of the store by the dock, and his eyes grew very bright. "I should like the boat in Mr. LeClerc's store," he cried, "the boat-in-the-bottle!"

Pierre's mother smiled at him. "But you can make boats," she said.

Pierre sighed. "But I can't bottle them!" he said.

One day Pierre walked along the road driving Henri, the ox, to the pasture. Henri was not an ox to be hurried, so Pierre strolled behind, only switching him once in a while when he stopped to munch clover by the roadway.

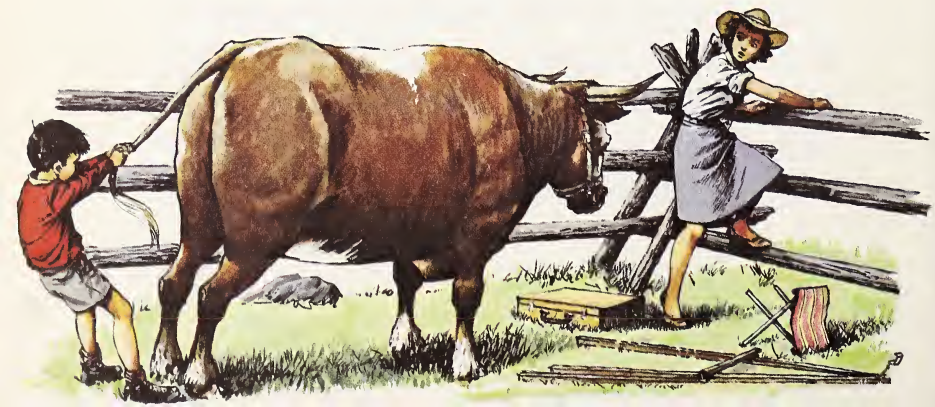
When they came to the pasture there was a fine long view of the sea, and Pierre sat down to look at it. As it was a very warm day, he soon put his cap over his face and went to sleep.

But it did not take him long to wake up, when he heard someone calling, "Oh, help!"

He jumped up! He saw a lady caught in a corner of the pasture fence by a very large ox. His horns were lowered, but Pierre knew from the spots on his back that it was Henri. Pierre ran up and held onto his tail. "He will not hurt you," he told the lady. "Henri is a very gentle ox."

"That may be," said the lady, "but I'd just as soon he stopped staring me in the face."

Pierre tugged at Henri's tail and the ox turned away and went back to the clover. The lady brushed her skirts and picked up the little camp stool and small easel she had dropped.



"I want to paint a picture," she said. "Do you think you can keep that ox from pushing me off the edge of the cliff while I do it?"

Pierre said he thought he could. The lady set up her camp stool and sat on it and balanced her easel so that it stood up straight. She took out her sketch pad, and arranged her paints on the ground. Pierre sat down where he could watch Henri, who was not fierce at all when you knew him. Pierre also kept an eye on the lady, who squinted out at the ocean as she painted.

"What is that odd-looking rock out there?" she asked Pierre.

"We call it the ship of stone," Pierre explained, "because it is shaped like a boat."

The lady worked a long time and Pierre felt that she kept looking at him. When she put her paints away and finished washing off her paint brushes, Pierre jumped up. He wanted to see what she had painted. The lady let him look, and right spank in the middle of the picture was Pierre Pidgeon, keeping an eye on Henri.

"That's me!" cried Pierre.

"So it is," said the lady. "And here is something for rescuing me from that ox." She gave Pierre a dollar!

When he had stopped looking hard at the dollar and had said thank you, he gave Henri a warm slap, and ran off down the road to the village.

When he reached Mr. LeClerc's store, Pierre stopped short just outside the door. Suppose someone else had bought the boat-in-the-bottle! His heart beat three times as fast as it usually did, as he walked in the door. And then his heart beat even faster than that — the boat-in-the-bottle was still there!

"Good afternoon, Mister Pidgeon," said Mr. LeClerc, smiling at him. "Have you come for another look at your boat?" Pierre nodded and looked at it speechlessly. The bottle shone in the afternoon sunlight, and the boat inside looked as if it were sailing along on a good stiff breeze.

Pierre felt the dollar in his hand and then he walked all around the store. There were the big round balls of coloured candy that his little sister liked, and the silky skeins of embroidery



thread that his mother liked. But Pierre came back to the shelf halfway up on the right, just inside the door.

"Mr. LeClerc," said Pierre, swallowing hard. "I want the boat-in-the-bottle." He held out the dollar, which was now crumpled in his fist.

Mr. LeClerc blinked. "Well, well!" he said, and reached up for the bottle. He put it down on the counter in front of Pierre, who picked it up very carefully in both hands.

"Do you want a box for it?" Mr. LeClerc asked.

"No, thank you," said Pierre. "I shall carry it very carefully and take it straight home so it won't break." He looked at it again. "The bottle has much too small a neck for anyone to push the boat through it. How do you suppose the boat does get in the bottle, Mr. LeClerc?"

"I don't know, Pierre. But if you ever find out, you'll be a very smart boy indeed."

Pierre walked out very carefully and watched his feet as he went down the three front steps of the store. He went along the rocky road by the beach and up the hill to the house.

There was his mother smiling from the doorway. Running around the corner of the house came his little sister. The Newfoundland dog, Genvieve, who often pulled their dogcart, came bounding around the corner, too. She was a very big dog, and was very fond of Pierre. She was so glad to see him now that she sprang towards him happily. Pierre held the bottle high over his head. "Be careful, Genvieve!" warned Pierre, but he felt the bottle slip. Out it flew from his hands.

"Oh!" he wailed, and shut his eyes tight.



Crash! When he opened his eyes, there was the bottle in a hundred pieces on a stone at his feet.

"Bad Genvieve!" said Pierre, and the big dog hung her head and looked at Pierre sadly.

Pierre bent over to see how much of a shipwreck it was, and found that the little boat was still whole, but the masts and sails had fallen lengthwise along the top of the deck. It looked as if it had been through a very bad storm. He held it up to his mother. "This was the boat in the bottle," he said.

Mother knew Pierre's heart was as broken as the bottle. "Come inside for supper," she said to him. "It's a very nice boat, even without the bottle."

"But it's broken," said Pierre and put it down tenderly on the shelf in the kitchen. He succeeded very well in keeping the tears from rolling down his cheeks while he ate his boiled potatoes and fish.

His father and little sister were very sorry, too. "I remember seeing that a good many times in the store," his father said. "Just last month I picked up a bottle like it that was washed up on the beach. It's down in the boathouse."

"Maybe I could put the boat in it," cried Pierre, and then felt very sad, because he didn't know how the boat could possibly get inside the bottle. It seemed as if Mr. LeClerc were right. Boats did grow up in bottles.

After a while he told his family how he had earned the dollar to buy the boat. They were all delighted. Everyone agreed that Henri was a very smart ox.

After supper his father sat on the front doorstep with his pipe, while his mother put his little sister to bed. Pierre took the shipwrecked boat off the shelf and ran around to the back of the house where the boathouse stood. He

took Genvieve along, too, because if he kept her with him, she couldn't come bounding out to meet him. In a corner he found the bottle his father had told him about, and it was just the same as the bottle he had broken. He rubbed the dust off on his shirt, but the narrow neck still looked much too small to put a boat with all its masts and tiny sails through.

Inside the bottle was a rusty fish-hook. Pierre poked his finger in and as he pulled the hook out, he had an idea. He picked up the little boat and pushed the masts down flat along the deck, the way they had fallen when the bottle broke. Then the boat just slid through the neck of the bottle! Pierre stared and stared! He had a boat-in-the-bottle.



He tied a piece of string to the fish-hook and dangled it inside the bottle until the prong caught lightly in one of the little sails. Then he pulled until the masts stood up, as firm and straight as ever. He tugged gently until the fish-hook came out, and then the little boat looked just as if it were sailing along on a good stiff breeze inside the bottle.

Pierre called out, "Oh!" and ran to the house as fast as he dared. Father jumped up to keep Genvieve away, and his mother came running downstairs with the baby in her arms.

"Look!" cried Pierre. "It's really my own boat-in-the-bottle now!"

They put it over the mantelpiece in the house, where Genvieve couldn't reach it, and Pierre looked at it proudly. He ran to the front door, but his mother called, "Pierre, where are you going? It's time for bed."

"Oh, please!" cried Pierre. "I want to tell Mr. LeClerc how to grow a boat-in-a-bottle!"

Pierre's mother smiled. "All right," she said, and Pierre ran off down the road as fast as he could.

Dark

The dark is a soft surprise in the summer,
Creeping up slowly while you're playing
outside,
Riding your bicycle, tossing a ball,
Talking and laughing with the other kids.

Under the suddenly wakened street lamps
The islands of light are softly surrounded,
Where flowers, grass, stones, keep their
daytime colours,
A voice from the house is calling your name.

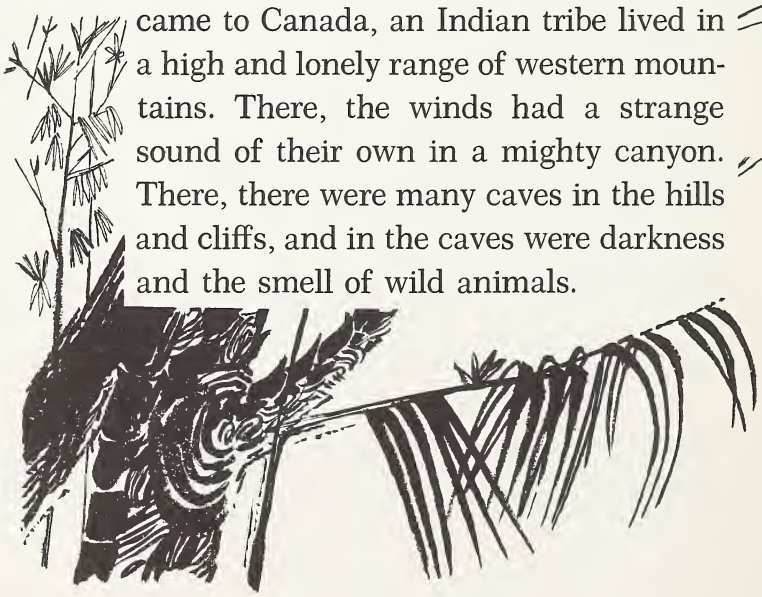
Later, you can lay your head on the dark
And pull it up, quietly, over you
And think of the things that you'll do
tomorrow;
Those things you can see in the dark.

HARRIET ATTRIDGE



The Little People of Crazy Mountain

NARRATOR: Long ago, before the white man came to Canada, an Indian tribe lived in a high and lonely range of western mountains. There, the winds had a strange sound of their own in a mighty canyon. There, there were many caves in the hills and cliffs, and in the caves were darkness and the smell of wild animals.



One morning, when the men were away on a hunting and trading trip, the women and children woke to find that their meat and fish-foods had been stolen from their food-storage, and from their smoke-racks. When they looked for the thief, they found strange footsteps that had been left in the dust in the silence of the night. Then they knew that the Little People had come back to the high country — the little Dwarf People, who hated the Indians, because the Indians grew so tall.

The women of the tribe sent three young people to hunt for the Dwarfs, and to ask for the return of the food. These three were, Ton Axe, son of the Tall Man, and Skelsa, and the girl Camas, who was named after the camas lily. But when the sun began to go down, Skelsa became lost, and only Ton Axe and Camas remained, still hunting for the Dwarfs, and still calling and calling for the lost boy, Skelsa.

TON AXE: Skelsa! . . . Skelsa!

CHORUS [*eerie echo*]: Skelsa! . . . Skelsa!

CAMAS: Skelsa! . . . Skelsa!

CHORUS [*echo*]: Skelsa! . . . Skelsa!

CAMAS: Listen, Ton Axe, to the echoes. I do not like this echo, and this wind!

TON AXE: It is because we are near Crazy Mountain, where even the voice of the wind is mad! And it is said — it is said —

CAMAS: What is said, Ton Axe?

TON AXE: It is said by the old men, who are very wise, that the Dwarf People live in a cave in Crazy Mountain. [*He looks around for* SKELSA.] I have heard that the Dwarfs put people to sleep, and then leave them, standing on their heads!

CAMAS: I heard that when the Dwarf People play this trick, they cannot be seen, but their laughter can be heard. Oh, I am frightened!

TON AXE: The shadows are growing dark. We *must* find Skelsa! [*calls*] Skelsa . . . !

CHORUS [*echoes and eerie wind*]: Skelsa . . . !

CAMAS: Ton Axe, those echoes make me feel mixed up. I feel lost! I must run, run, so I can find the trail!



TON AXE: No, Camas – *NO!* [*He grips her belt firmly.*] You must never run when you feel lost — for if you once start, you cannot stop running.

CAMAS: Then hold my belt tightly, and I will try not to run. But aren't you afraid?

TON AXE: Most of the time I am not afraid, but now I am a little afraid.

CAMAS: Poor Skelsa, he is alone and lost on Crazy Mountain. It makes me cry [*cries*].

TON AXE: Hush, Camas. We will save our strength by resting here. Then we will find Skelsa in the morning.

SKELSA: [*hidden, yawns heavily*].

TON AXE: Camas — did you yawn just now?

CAMAS: No, Ton Axe — but I thought I heard some sound.

SKELSA: [*yawns again*].

CAMAS: Ton Axe, was it you who yawned just now?

TON AXE: No, Camas, but a strange sound came from behind that bush. We must look. [*They push the "bush" aside, and there is* SKELSA, *standing on his head, fast asleep.*]

CAMAS: It is Skelsa, sound asleep, standing on his head!

TON AXE: Skelsa . . . Skelsa . . . wake up! Skelsa, what are you doing?

SKELSA: I am dreaming, Ton Axe. I am dreaming that the Dwarfs said I would sleep for ever. [*He yawns.*] But that was just a dream!

CAMAS & TON AXE [*together*]: Wake up! Wake up! [SKELSA *slumps to the ground, fast asleep.*]

TON AXE: Oh poor Skelsa, how wrong you are to say this is just a dream!

CHORUS: [*Faint, wild dwarf-laughter, mixed with the wind.*]

TON AXE: Oh, you mean Little People, you stole our meat-food, you put Skelsa to sleep, and you laugh at us!

CHORUS: [*Laughter and wind even more faintly.*]

CAMAS: Ton Axe, I feel it again — those voices make me feel as though I must run — run!

TON AXE: *No*, Camas, not towards Crazy Mountain, that is bad magic!

ITSA [*rises from his hiding-place*]: Girl! Stop! [*He holds out his staff to stop her.*] It is dangerous to run when you feel lost.

CAMAS: You are a funny-looking little boy! Why — you are a Dwarf!

TON AXE: Did you laugh at us? If you did, I must fight you.

ITSA: I did not laugh at you. But it is a great sin for me to talk to you. It is against our law.

CAMAS: What would your Dwarf People do to you, little boy?

ITSA: I do not know, but so long as I did not grow tall, they would not kill me.

TON AXE: Dwarf Boy, what do they call you in your tribe?

ITSA: My name is Itsa, and I should not be talking with you.

CAMAS: But you are kind! Perhaps you can help us waken Skelsa.

ITSA: Oh yes, the thing to waken him is — [*He looks around uneasily.*]

TON AXE: Is what, Itsa? Camas has said you are kind. Will you be kind enough to waken Skelsa??

ITSA [*behind his hand*]: Waking-weed!



CAMAS AND TON AXE [*together*]: Waking-weed? [*They all get down to hunt in the grass.*]

ITSA: Yes, waking-weed! It looks like a buttercup, it smells like a rose, and at night it folds its leaves to sleep . . . Here! [*He holds it up.*]

TON AXE: Now what do we do?

ITSA: Pinch the leaf tightly, then wave it three times under Skelsa's nose, like this . . .

SKELSA [*sneeze*]: A-a-a-ash, a-a-a-a, Choo!

ALL THREE: He's awake, Skelsa is awake!

SKELSA [*yawns and stretches*]: I must have fallen asleep. I dreamed of Dwarfs. That was silly, I do not think there are any Dwarfs. [*sees* ITSA] Oh! What are *you*?

ITSA [*bows*]: I am Itsa the Dwarf Boy, and I really should not be talking with you. Good-bye.

ALL THREE: Don't go.

SKELSA: Can you prove you are a Dwarf?

ITSA: Oh yes, see . . . here is the mark of my height on my staff.

ALL THREE: Let us see! [*They examine the notch on the staff.*]

ITSA: See how my head is no higher than this mark? [*He measures with bent knees so he can "grow" later.*]

SKELSA: But Itsa, aren't you going to grow *up*?

ITSA: Oh no! We Dwarf People grow *old,* but it is against our law ever to grow *up.* [*Points up.*]

ALL THREE: Poor Itsa, he can't grow up! [*Put their arms around* ITSA.]

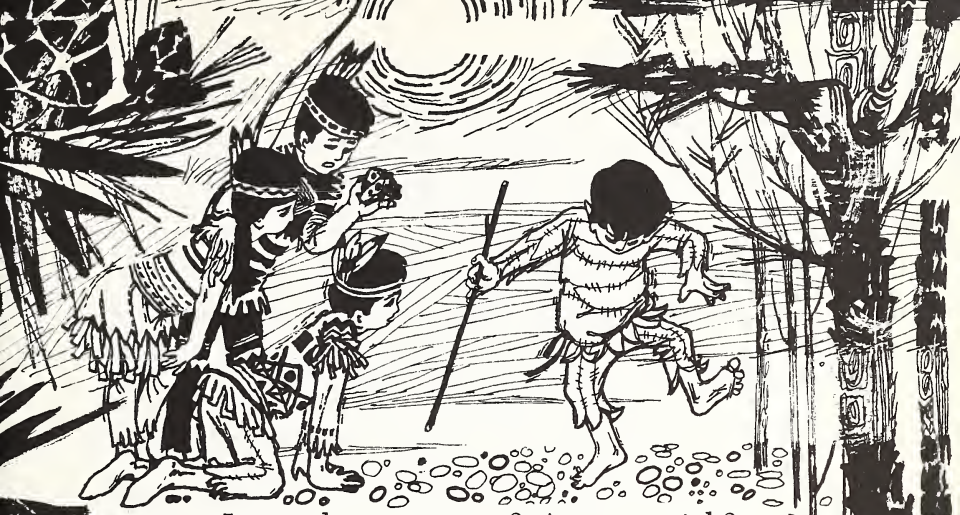
SKELSA: I'm hungry. Did anyone bring some berry cake?

TON AXE: I brought some, enough for all of us. Enough for you, too, Itsa!

ITSA: So this is Indian food! It is very good. I like it.

TON AXE: Itsa, will you please tell us why the Dwarfs stole our meat-food from where we store meat, and where we smoke meat, and where we cook meat?

ITSA: Oh yes, Ton Axe, I will tell you. It is because meat-food makes the Indians grow so tall. We do not like the Indians to be so tall —— Oh! Oh! . . . Oh! [*Feels himself, head, arms, legs.*]



CAMAS: Itsa, what is wrong? Are you sick?

ITSA: Oh! I feel so strange! Oh! I cannot keep still! Oh! What is happening? Oh!

TON AXE: Please tell us, Itsa, where do you hurt?

ITSA: So strange, all over, I feel *stretched!*

THE THREE: Stretched? [*They look at the berry cake in their hands.*] Meat-food! He's growing! Itsa is *growing!*

SKELSA: The measuring-stick, hurry, we must measure him!

CAMAS: How can we measure him when he can't keep still?

TON AXE: Skelsa and I will hold him down, Camas. You measure him. Now!

CAMAS: Be comforted, Itsa, it's only a tiny, wee, *little* bit you've grown. See? Just that much!

ITSA [*still jerking and worried*]: Oh dear me, was there meat in that berry cake?

CAMAS: Yes, Itsa. We always put deer-fat in our berry cakes.

ITSA: This is all my fault. There is a Dwarf law against eating Indian food. I, Itsa, broke that law.

CAMAS: But you are only a wee little bit bigger, Itsa. You are still safe.

ITSA: Oh, but Camas, I can still feel the stretching. How do I know when it will stop?

SKELSA: Tell us, Itsa, what do the Dwarf People eat?

ITSA: The low, low, blue huckleberry. Not the tall one, the low one, close to the ground. That is ours. When the Indians pick it, it makes the Dwarf People angry!

TON AXE: Itsa, if the Indian People promise to leave the low huckleberries for the Dwarf People, would the Dwarf People give us back our meat-food?

ITSA: M-m-m-m-m, let me think. They might, Ton Axe. For such a promise they might give you back your meat-food. But you could never find the Dwarf People.

TON AXE: But you, Itsa, you could take us to the Dwarf People!

ITSA: Oh, Ton Axe, it is not safe! Only our Dwarf leader can be seen. Only he gives the word that is law. He frightens me!

TON AXE: Where are the other Dwarfs?

ITSA: They stay hidden behind the mists of Crazy Mountain. They do as our leader tells them to do, and they speak as our leader tells them to speak.

TON AXE: But Itsa, that is like slavery. Have you no council where each man speaks his mind?

ITSA: What is council?

TON AXE: It is like this. [*The three face each other.*]

TON AXE: I wish to go to the Dwarf leader to bargain with him for the return of our meat-food. Is that your wish also, Camas and Skelsa?

SKELSA AND CAMAS: It is our wish also, Ton Axe. Let us go now.

ITSA: So that is council. Very well, I shall take you. [*Turns towards the echoes, puts his hands to his mouth and calls*] E-e-e-e-e-e-e o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

CHORUS [*echoes and wind*]: E-e-e-e-e-e-e o-o-o-o-o-o-o!

CAMAS: What is that? It frightens me! Why did you do it?

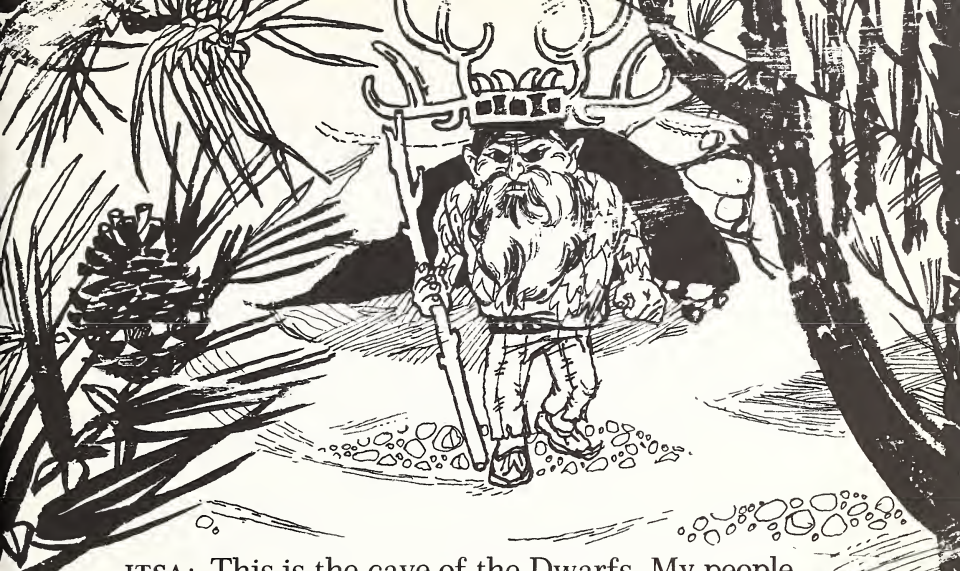
ITSA: To let my people know that I am bringing strangers in. Now, form a line holding hands. I will lead you. You must keep your eyes closed!

SKELSA: Itsa, what will happen if we forget, and open our eyes?

ITSA: You will be condemned to float in the mists and drift in the winds for a hundred years and a day. You will never again see the sky or touch the land! You will be like ghosts, for ever.

ITSA [*leads them around with their eyes closed*]: Now you may open your eyes.

SKELSA: This feels like a cave.



ITSA: This is the cave of the Dwarfs. My people are hidden behind that mist. [*Points to the* CHORUS.] Here comes Fistud, our leader. You must bow. [*The three bow.*]

DWARF LEADER [*struts in and bullies*]: So! Here are the Indian young! Bah! Already you are too tall! [*Walks around them looking at them.*] Ugly — ugly — ugly!

CAMAS: Oh, Leader of the Dwarfs, we have come to speak to you of the blue huckleberry that grows from sea level to mountain height . . .

SKELSA: In swamp land, and in mountain meadows . . .

TON AXE: The low huckleberry, oh Dwarf Leader!

DWARF LEADER [*angrily*]: The *dwarf* huckleberry, oh you young of a thieving people! That berry is the food of the Dwarfs, and yet you pick it!

TON AXE: Oh Dwarf Leader, if the Indians promise to leave the low huckleberry, will you return our meat-food?

DWARF LEADER: H-m-m-m-m! Well . . . Yes! [*shouts towards the* CHORUS] Carriers, return the meat-food to the camp of the Indians!

SOME OF THE CHORUS: We go, oh Fistud, our leader!

DWARF LEADER: Itsa, take these ugly tall people back to Indian ground.

ITSA: Oh! Oh! [*He is growing again.*] Oh! Oh! [*Stands to his full height.*]

DWARF LEADER [*shouting*]: Itsa has grown! Itsa has broken our law! [*Turns to* CHORUS] People of The Mountain, what do we do with a Dwarf who breaks our law?

CHORUS: Throw him on the rock ledge where the winds will seize him! [*Two rush forward and drag* ITSA *away.*]

DWARF LEADER: Now leave our mountain, ugly ones! And be glad it is dark, for no tall people are permitted to see the paths of the Dwarf People. *Go!* [*The three turn and, holding hands, go stumbling out in the "dark".*]

CHORUS [*Winds beginning faintly on a distant note.*]

SKELSA: Poor Itsa, I can hear the winds rising to sweep him off the rock ledge! Listen! A voice!

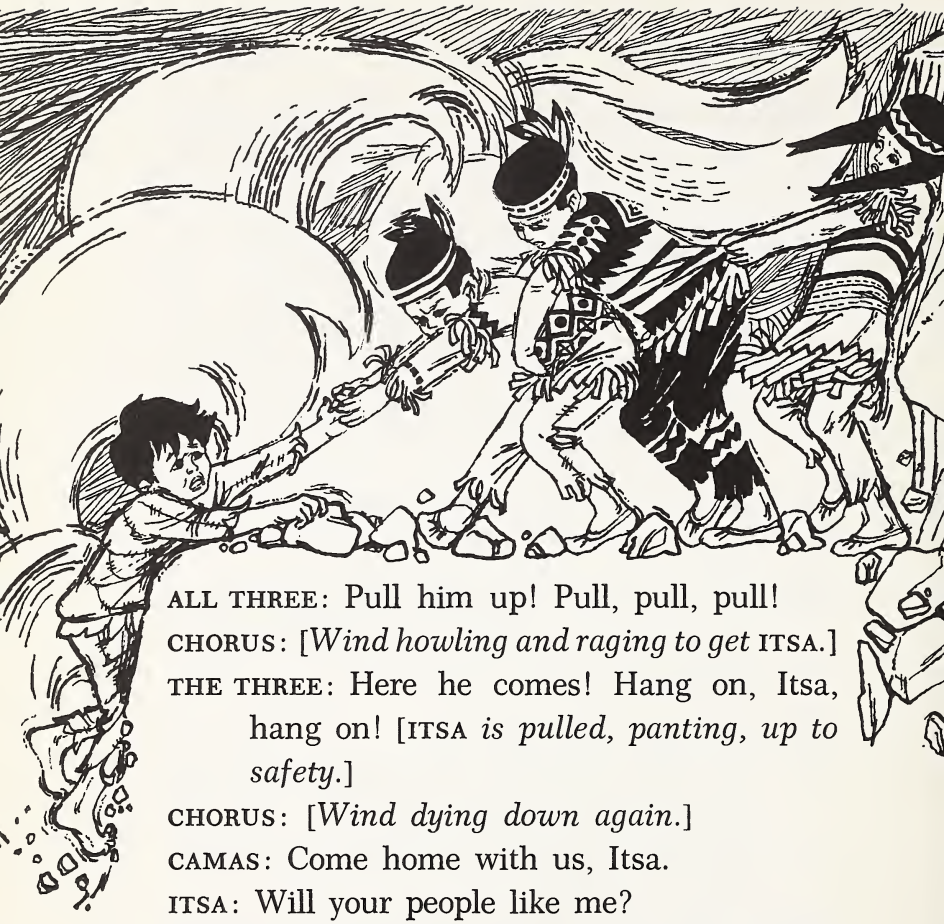
ITSA: Help me! Oh, help me!

TON AXE: Why, it's Itsa! He is on a rock ledge right beneath us! [*Calls*] Itsa, can you reach my jacket? [ITSA *"pulls" as though being drawn up.*]

SKELSA: Itsa is pulling on Ton Axe's jacket! [*Arms around* TON AXE'S *waist, he pulls.*]

CHORUS [*Winds rise in ferocity.*]

CAMAS: The winds are trying to pull Itsa off the rock ledge!



ALL THREE: Pull him up! Pull, pull, pull!

CHORUS: [*Wind howling and raging to get* ITSA.]

THE THREE: Here he comes! Hang on, Itsa, hang on! [ITSA *is pulled, panting, up to safety.*]

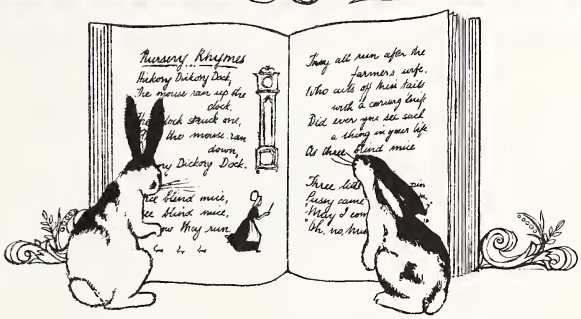
CHORUS: [*Wind dying down again.*]

CAMAS: Come home with us, Itsa.

ITSA: Will your people like me?

TON AXE: We like you, Itsa, they will like you, too. [*As the four exit, the winds rise slightly for a moment. At the same time one* CHORUS *member howls like a wolf, then one hoots like an owl.*]

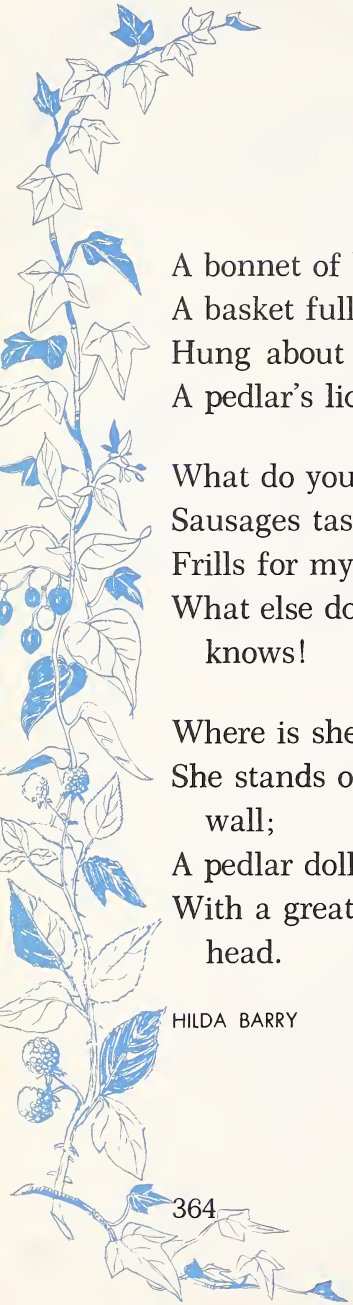
THE POETRY BOOK



Small Joys

Stroking grey velvet pussy-willows,
In spring;
Hearing those silver songs
The thrushes sing:
Seeing, in summer sunshine,
After showers,
Bright butterflies sip honey from
The smallest, sweetest flowers.

HILDA BARRY



The Pedlar Doll

A bonnet of black and a cape of red,
A basket full of ribbons and thread,
Hung about with houseware, see her stand;
A pedlar's license and a broom in her hand.

What do you need? She has it for sure,
Sausages tasty or peppermint pure,
Frills for my lady, white woollen hose.
What else does she have there? Goodness
knows!

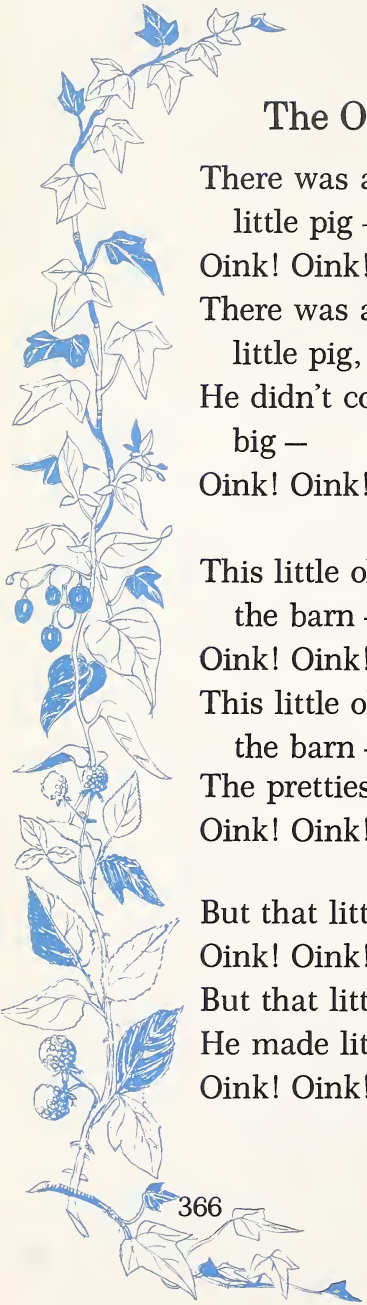
Where is she walking? Nowhere at all.
She stands on the shelf with her back to the
wall;
A pedlar doll, selling ribbons and thread;
With a great glass dome clamped over her
head.

HILDA BARRY

Some One

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure — sure — sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still dark night;
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

WALTER DE LA MARE



The Old Woman and The Pig

There was an old woman, and she had a
little pig –
Oink! Oink! Oink!
There was an old woman and she had a
little pig,
He didn't cost much 'cause he wasn't very
big –
Oink! Oink! Oink!

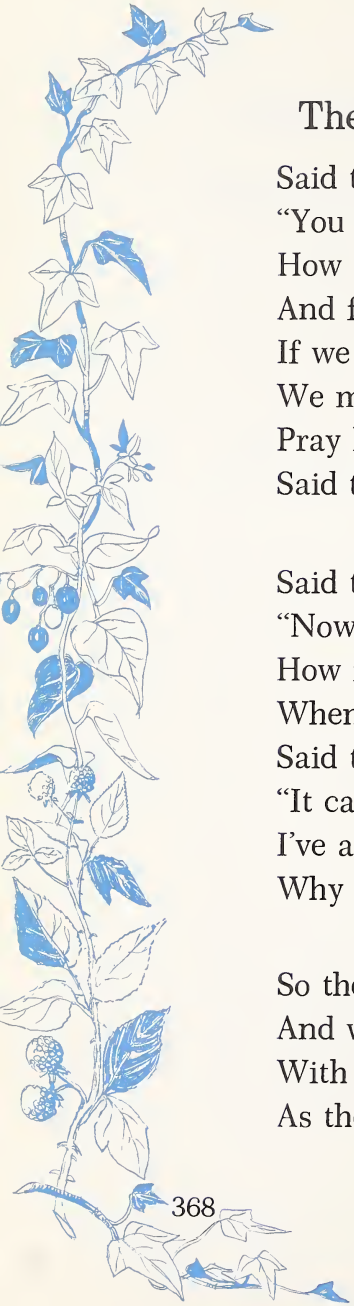
This little old woman kept the pig in
the barn –
Oink! Oink! Oink!
This little old woman kept the pig in
the barn –
The prettiest thing she had on the farm –
Oink! Oink! Oink!

But that little pig did a heap of harm,
Oink! Oink! Oink!
But that little pig did a heap of harm,
He made little tracks all around the barn.
Oink! Oink! Oink!

The little old woman fed the pig on clover,
Oink! Oink! Oink!
The little old woman fed the pig on clover,
And when he died, he died all over.
Oink! Oink! Oink!

The Pony

[*Make motions suggested by the response.*]
Call: Li'l girl, li'l girl!
Response: Yes, ma'am!
Did you feed my pony?
Yes ma'am!
Did my pony eat?
Yes ma'am!
What did you feed him?
Corn and hay.
How did he eat?
Gluppity, gluppity!
Did my pony run?
Yes, ma'am!
Well, how did he run?
Buckitty, buckitty!
Buckitty, buckitty!



The Table and the Chair

Said the Table to the Chair,
"You can hardly be aware
How I suffer from the heat
And from chilblains on my feet.
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk;
Pray let us take the air,"
Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
"Now you know we are not able:
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk!"
Said the Table with a sigh,
"It can do no harm to try.
I've as many legs as you:
Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound
As they toddled round and round;

And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day;
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse
Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
"O delightful little brother,
What a lovely walk we've taken!
Let us dine on beans and bacon."
So the Ducky and the leetle
Browny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads
Till they toddled to their beds.

EDWARD LEAR



The Engineer

Let it rain!
Who cares?
I've a train
Upstairs,
With a brake
Which I make
From a string
Sort of thing,
Which works
In jerks,
'Cos it drops
In the spring,
Which stops
With the string,
And the wheels
All stick
So quick
That it feels
Like a thing
That you make
With a brake,
Not string. . . .
So that's what I make,
When the day's all wet.
It's a good sort of brake
But it hasn't worked yet.

A. A. MILNE

This is Hallowe'en

Goblins on the doorstep,
Phantoms in the air,
Owls on witches' gateposts
Giving stare for stare,
Cats on flying broomsticks,
Bats against the moon,
Stirrings round of fate-cakes
With a solemn spoon,
Whirling apple parings,
Figures draped in sheets
Dodging, disappearing,
Up and down the streets,
Jack-o'-lanterns grinning,
Shadows on a screen,
Shrieks and starts and laughter –
This is Hallowe'en!

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON



The Kite

How bright on the blue
Is a kite when it's new!

With a dive and a dip
It snaps its tail

Then soars like a ship
With only a sail

As over tides
Of wind it rides,

Climbs to the crest
Of a gust and pulls,

Then seems to rest
As wind falls.

When string goes slack
You wind it back

And run until
A new breeze blows

And its wings fill
And up it goes!

How bright on the blue
Is a kite when it's new!

But a raggeder thing
You never will see

When it flaps on a string
In the top of a tree.

HARRY BEHN

The Isle Should Have a Pine-tree

It takes a little island
To button down a pond
Within its frill of shores and woods
And pleated hills beyond.

The isle should have a pine-tree,
The tree should have a bird,
And the bird should sing the sweetest song
The ear has ever heard.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



Snail

Snail upon the wall,
Have you got at all
Anything to tell
About your shell?

Only this, my child –
When the wind is wild,
Or when the sun is hot,
It's all I've got.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Snail

Little snail,
Dreaming as you go.
Weather and rose
Is all you know.

Weather and rose
Is all you see,
Drinking
The dewdrop's
Mystery.

LANGSTON HUGHES

Song of the Pop-bottlers

Pop bottles pop-bottles
  In pop shops;
The pop-bottles Pop bottles
  Poor Pop drops.

When Pop drops pop-bottles,
  Pop-bottles plop!
Pop-bottle-tops topple!
  Pop mops slop!

Stop! Pop'll drop bottle!
  Stop, Pop, stop!
When Pop bottles pop-bottles,
  Pop-bottles pop!

MORRIS BISHOP



Listen to the Wind

Listen
To the wind
Listen to the wind
Listen to the wind, wind, wind, wind, wind
He's roaring up the hill and whirring round the house.
He's whistling round the corners and rattling all the doors.
A blustering, boisterous, monstrous sort of wind
Listen to the wind, wind, wind, wind, wind
Listen to the wind
To the wind
Sighing

MARY McB. GREEN

Dan Dan

Dan, Dan, the Gingerbread man.
Bake him and eat him
As fast as you can.
Curranty buttons, curranty nose,
A shaped piece of dough
For his jacket and hose.

HILDA BARRY

To the Teacher

TREATS AND TREASURES, a basic reader at the Grade Three level, is the fifth book in the *Young Canada Reading Series*.

Book One

Book One is written in controlled vocabulary. The 457 words introduced are listed below. Not listed are words formed by:

(a) combining two known words into a compound form.

(b) extracting one part of a known compound.

(c) adding or removing endings *s*, *es*, *d*, *ed*, *n*, *en*, *ing*, *ly*, *y*, *er*, or *est*.

(d) dropping the final *e*, doubling the final consonant, or changing *y* to *i* and adding an ending.

(e) adding a possessive ending.

(f) contracting one or more letters.

Book Two

Book Two is written in restricted, but not rigidly controlled, vocabulary. The 349 words most likely to require teaching have been listed. Words that are not listed are those formed by the application of procedures noted for Book One, and words that may easily be deduced using word attack skills. Words used in poems are not included in the list.

Book One

1 treats
treasures

10 Bobby
yard
floor
walls
ladder

11 sisters
Penny
secret
curious

12 races
brother

13 family
uncle

14 exclaimed
whose

15 cross
turtle

16 ourselves
right

17 careful
excited

18 lot
begin

19 arrive
noticed

20 hall
set
still

lay
step
21 win
circles
22 prize
string
tiny
duck
23 dining
candle
year
24 sang
part

---

25 job
delivered
wet
27 burn
darkness
suppose
28 yesterday
remembered
29 frightened
somebody
slippers
bathrobe
worry
30 shadow
blind
policeman
31 towards
32 smiled
woke

---

34 sailing
fill
bottom
35 teeter-totter
swings
slide
36 skipping
dress
straight
love
else
37 meet
held
38 catch
threw
large
torn
passed
40 piano
lesson
pointed
twins
exactly

---

41 telephone
rang
42 hours
helicopter
often
road
43 short
44 airport
pilot
Stan
airplane
standing
45 seat-belts
noise
speak
blades
whirl
lifted
same
46 backwards
felt
trucks
47 quite
yet
hover
49 saved
life

---

54 castle
shone
sweep
55 Majesty
crown
wore
hook
56 mirror
57 ugh
kitchen
59 tired
unhappy
cupboard
telescope
branch
60 reached

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62 beanstalk
cheese
63 led
64 worth
aha
65 angry
listen
66 silly
decided
sight
67 huge
giant
thump
68 oven
quiet
terrible
shake
quake
fee-fi-fo-fum
smell
blood
Englishman
71 whole
meat
72 comb
laid
73 hid
74 harp
almost
axe

---

76 Crackle
toes
witch
edge
77 except
78 mice
79 scratch
whisper
80 spiders
81 awake
midnight
82 awakened
loud
Crinkle
83 city
86 everybody

---

90 Rush
Cape
91 question
kingdom
clever
fresh
salt
92 swamp
servant
93 allowed
music
tip-toed
94 enter
slipped
lady
discovered
96 searched
ill
soup
bowl
97 send
recognized
98 cruel
driven

99 shook
sent
prepare
tasted
100 alive
drove

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105 welcome
double
camp
West
106 rodeos
learn
trails
106 corral
107 bunk
pool
office
shed
108 chapter
folder
holiday
109 sign
map
112 stable
stalls
hay
113 Hank
groom
brush
curry-comb
114 yippee
explained
fence
tied
reins
rails
saddles
feed
115 Rick
116 rest
rules
obey
boasting

117 harm
118 bell
rock
pretending
Ken
120 event
wild
swung
posts
121 Ace
bronco-
buster
buck
122 kicked
hung
123 knees
patted
124 bed-roll
different
pack-horse
125 alone
Trout
Stream
126 line
pork
toast
marsh-
mallows
127 guitar
128 bright
lying
129 close
shivering
131 built
dry
132 mind
133 mounted

---

136 dollar
jingled
Paul
Bimbo
broom
pocket

137 painted
since
138 tent
present
140 empty
141 wonderful
Gloria
ringmaster
142 Handy
juggler
143 pink
144 guests
145 balloons
146 juggling
idea
hundred

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147 Zip
Wendy
Mitchell
aunt
Mary
porch
rake
148 stared
leash
skunk
149 tame
hug
kiss
bite
150 spray
rubbed
against
chased
151 instead
152 sill
meow
153 hissing
bat
paws
nice
155 amazed
collar

156 Jensen
past
unhooked
157 corner
principal

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160 parrot
Percy
Gray
baked
lonely
161 reason
perch
sea
captain
taught
coffee
break
162 visitors
ruffle
163 pushed
further
164 raised
wagged
person
beak
above
restaurant
suit
165 poured
cup
tea
166 tapping
drank
cocked
167 silent
ruin
screamed
168 cracker
broke
shoulder
169 annoyed
certainly

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172 Bremen
musicians
donkey
rid
173 rob
174 wrong
join
rooster
cock-a-
doodle-doo
175 chop
dangerous
176 brayed
spend
below
178 monster
179 bit

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180 gaily
Dutch
bulldog
Ross
McKay

181 growl
luckily
Janie
less
nasty
choosing
182 special
usual
chime
cuckoo
tick
changed
half
183 grabbed
184 although
gas
finally
185 mailman
basket

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186 Raccoon
pale

187 mask
bushes
Weasel
188 fiercely
strange
189 cave
honeycomb
191 marching
thick
delicious
192 bank
stuck
lick

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196 Knights
characters
page
Prime
Minister
Joe
197 ye
kill

198 exits
arrange
reward
199 especially
brave
opposite
sword
200 sharp
201 fight
202 chance
203 important
204 bent
206 true
207 soot
smoke
208 Highness
curtain
209 worst
210 difficult
211 hose
215 mistake
breathing
case

Book Two

224 Nelson
Williams
furniture
226 key
echo
eaves
attic
228 wrecked
229 whether
230 sighed
231 Dawson
232 practising
233 crane
Alex
demolition
235 lawn
hammer-
ing
lumber
236 metal
238 attached
iron
middle
240 continued
241 parent
chirping
fault
243 mayor
plenty
246 crumble

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251 sprinkled
smooth
rustled
hazelnut

plopped
messages
odours
cautious
chief
252 niceties
253 plod
beechnuts
tensed
cardinal
hemlock
juncos
thicket
tunnelled
bounced
plunge
254 barred
pursue

steadily
255 confusion
dissap-
peared
256 thrust
tender
scent
cavorted
snorted
remarks
257 stomach
buried
258 lose
vanished
limbs
single
silo
nestled

pheasant
259 stalked
mysterious
tawny
260 tongue
twisted
laurel
taint
261 observed
262 tally-ho
263 enormous
lunged
exercise
264 burrows
direction
265 refrigerator
admiring
settled
ripe
erased

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266 prickly
porcupine
creatures
independent
age
mere
bothered
earnest
shell
braced
soaked
267 nibbled
ivory
inches
alarm
alert
268 dainty
stretch
Cammie
spaniel

269 slept
roamed
several
271 foolish
private
crowd
adventures

---

272 born
world
surface
flukes
273 moist
fountain
ocean
dolphins
square
travelled
months
274 strained
swallowed
tons
South
America
Africa
coast
cool
penguins
waddled
sleek
feasted
swam
275 octopus
276 enemy
277 tremendous
stunned
Brazil

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278 jungle
mangroves
steamy
herd
279 prowled
attack
tusks
unusual
280 members
raid
stripped
281 burst
torches
282 squirt
283 nervously
285 frantically
surrounded
keddah
hurled
realized
stumbling
286 excitement
scrambled

---

288 Andrewshek
Katushka
shawl
291 attention
292 delight
satisfy
greedy
293 naughty
dreadful
exposition

---

294 sandwiches
cottage
cellar
295 firmly
296 umbrella
crooked
handle
297 swan
calmly

---

300 Anansi
Kisander
Atoo
Moos-Moos
dokanoo
puddings
gutter
302 gully
crawled
hedge
accustomed
303 breathlessly
breeze
304 heavy
worthwhile
warn
305 Ceiling
Thomas

---

308 fro
towel
forehead
pedlar
wares
ribbons
plasters
calicos
skillets
treacle
309 canal
pirate
gravy
china
310 suitable
fetch
311 willows
yonder

ferry
service
pleasant
voyage
patchwork
quilts
carpetbag
312 pickles
harnesses
apron
aboard
un-
fastened
prow
untying
313 gypsy
comforts
peace
oars
tangled
squawked
314 figure
dangle
317 goldenrod
thimble-
berry
batch
318 jerked
319 handker-
chief
dozed
322 bouquet

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324 Tickie
Jeffie
scattered
daisies
either
325 peered
trumpet
bronk-
gronk
squinted
bulrushes
326 chorus
ferns
sizes
squeezed
327 croaky
offering
lily-pad
sternly
328 gingham
laughter
gasped
329 beyond
improving

---

332 Pierre
Pidgeon
Gaspe
tourists
333 models
patience
carvings
souvenirs
bottle
Le Clerc
334 oxen
335 Henri
pasture
strolled
switching
clover
336 view
gentle
staring
skirts
easel
337 cliff
balanced
sketch
338 rescuing
heart
speech-
lessly
skeins
em-
broidery
339 crumpled
340 New-
foundland
Genvieve
fond
wailed
341 length-
wise
342 succeeded
boiled
potatoes
agreed
ship-
wrecked
343 narrow
344 prong
mantel-
piece

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346 Crazy
Narrator
tribe
range
western
canyon
347 trading
silence
country
Dwarf
Skelsa
Camas
eerie
349 grips
hush
strength
yawns
350 slumps
351 Itsa
rises
staff
353 sneeze
prove
height
examine
notch
354 measures
356 huckle-
berry
357 mists
slavery
council
bargain
358 con-
demned
359 Fistud
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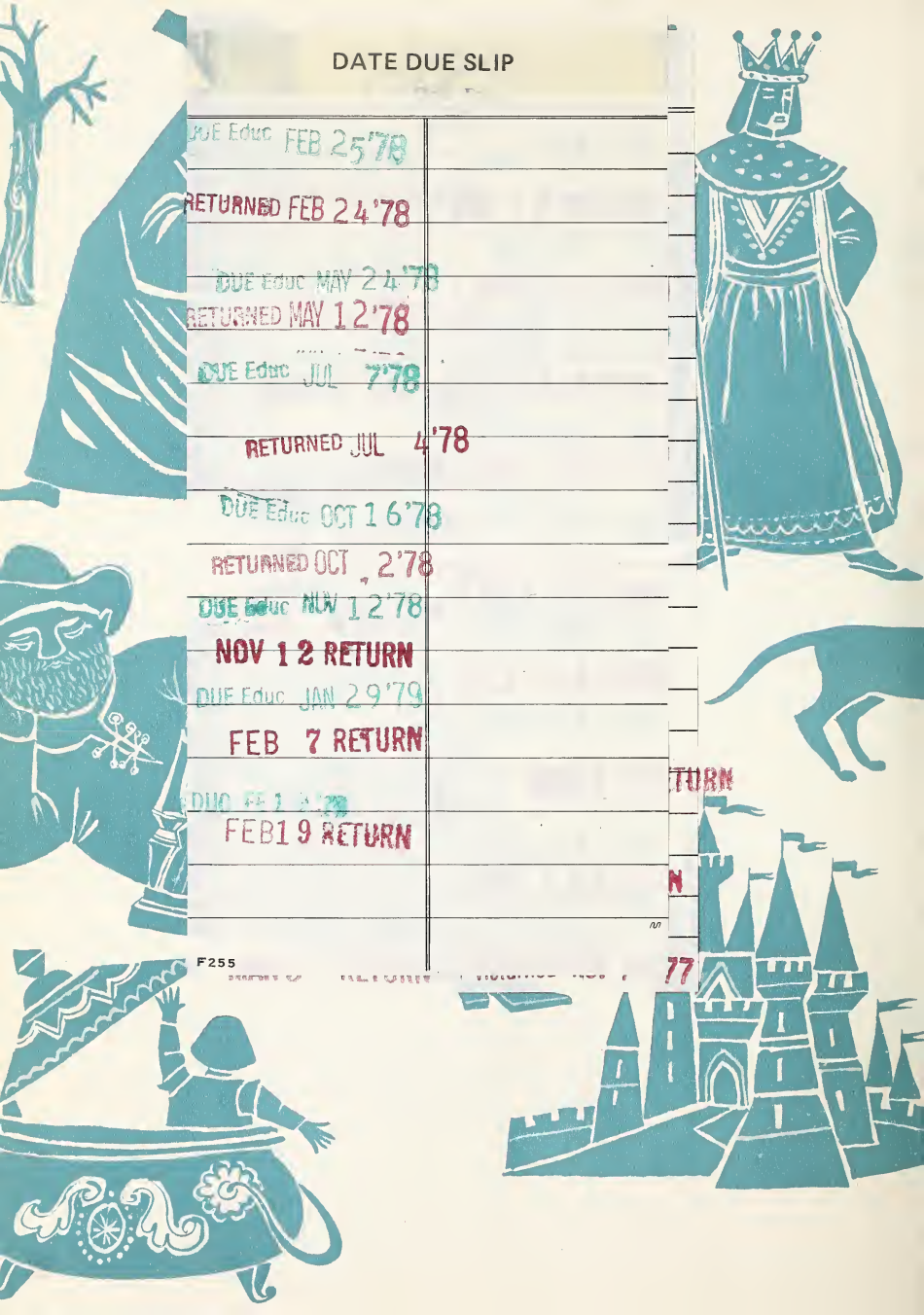
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